

To Hell With It

by LittleGee

Category: This is The End

Genre: Friendship, Humor

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-08-06 19:03:36

Updated: 2014-12-28 22:20:47

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:25:02

Rating: T

Chapters: 14

Words: 62,636

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: If someone had told me that James Franco's housewarming party would end in the Biblical apocalypse, I would have laughed and called them bat-crap crazy. What's ironic is that James Franco's housewarming party ended in the Biblical apocalypse. Now I'm trapped in a house with James, Seth Rogen, Jay Baruchel, Craig Robinson, Jonah Hill and Danny McBride. Well, goodbye to my sanity.

## 1. Hollywood Whore

\*\*A/N- Hi everyone! Summer holidays mean free time, and free time means new FanFiction ideas, hence why this little fic has popped out of my somewhat disturbed brain. Ask me my favourite movie, and I will nearly always say \*\*\_\*\*This Is The End\*\*\_\*\*. It brings together nearly all my favourite actors, and I\*\*\*\*'\*\*\*\*\*m automatically drawn to anything created by Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg. But what would happen if a girl was part of the group? That\*\*\*\*'\*\*\*\*\*s the thought I\*\*\*\*'\*\*\*\*\*ve been having anyway, so I decided to do a canon fic feature a female OC. Now, pre-warning you, I am English, not American. So, if I use phrases that are English, or mess up an American phrase, please don\*\*\*\*'\*\*\*\*\*t hesitate to correct me!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter One- Hollywood Whore<strong>

God, I wished I was home right now. I hated thinking of my poor old house sitting up in the Hollywood Hills, alone, empty, sad. It wasn't even like I had an excuse to be away; I wasn't the one who was filming on location, unlike my boyfriend, Dave Franco, who had pissed off to film yet another disturbing solo episode for Funny Or Die. I'd been in a few of his little videos and honestly, I always wanted to bleach my tongue afterwards.

I'm not some kind of fucking prude, though! Okay, when you've been in as many Seth Rogen/Judd Apatow/Evan Goldberg movies as I have, you really do have to keep an open mind about, wellâ€|everything. When

you've had some of the lines I've been forced to say over the last seven or eight years, all forms of modesty go straight out the fucking window. Let me spin you a timeline of my acting career:

2005: I, Mackenzie Bolton, moved to Los Angeles, California as a fresh-faced, innocent twenty-year-old to pursue my very clichéd dream of becoming an actress. Not too long after arriving, I received a small, two-episode part in the first season of *Supernatural* as a demon who pretended to help the Winchester brothers and ended up getting stabbed in the throat for betraying them.

2006: After no roles, or even any call-backs, since *Supernatural* I was getting ready to give up hope and move back home to Amityville, New York when I finally won the role of Will Ferrell's teenage daughter Cosmopolitan in *Talladega Nights*.

2007: After the (somewhat surprising) success of *Talladega*, I was contacted by director/producer Judd Apatow who was interested in me auditioning for a movie he was directing, *Knocked Up*, where I would play Marnie, the live-in younger sister of Katherine Heigl's and Leslie Mann's characters Alison and Debbie. I accepted and got the part, quite flawlessly I might add. This is how I met my now very closest friend, Seth Rogen.

Not long after this, Judd called me again and asked if I would consider a main role in his and Seth's latest masterpiece, shall we call it. This was the role of Clarissa; awkward, clumsy, anti-social geek and best friend of Jonah Hill, Michael Cera and Christopher Mintz-Plasse in a little-known project called *Superbad*. I now fondly look upon that movie as my big break in Hollywood, making me a household name in comedy. That was when I decided any serious projects I had planned to do could go and fuck themselves straight up the ass.

2008: I like to think this is where my movie career took off. Being good friends with Seth, he offered me a role in his weed-based, action comedy *Pineapple Express* as one of drug lord Ted's psycho henchpeople, Mandy, gun-toting assassin extraordinaire. This is how I met three of my other best friends, James Franco, whose character I shot in the leg, Danny McBride, whose character had a thing for my character, and Craig Robinson, who'd had to physically throw me at Seth's character like a human bowling ball.

At the after party for the movie, James introduced me to his brother Dave, who I knew from his thirty-second role in *Superbad*, when my character had told his character that he could take the two points his soccer team was losing by and deep-throat them. But apparently that hadn't put him off me in anyway, and five months later, *Us Weekly* got hold of a pap picture of the two of us kissing on Venice Beach and published it, revealing to the world that we were dating. We've been together ever since.

Then came the role of porn star Lolabelle in *Zack and Miri Make a Porno*. That is not a role I will ever, ever be proud of. Very few twenty-three-year-olds are willing to go full-frontal, butt-ass naked on camera and I am one of them. Still, I had to show my ass, and my boobs were more than slightly visible; to this day I have never let my father anywhere near that movie, and my mother is probably turning in her grave whenever it's mentioned.

I also had relatively decent parts in non-Rogen-devised movies. I played self-conscious sorority girl Jayden in The House Bunny \_opposite my Superbad \_co-star Emma Stone, I did a voiceover as the talking butterfly Nimah in Kung Fu Panda \_ (though Seth had also starred with me) and I was in Step Brothers \_as John C. Reilly's character's younger sister Callie. 2008 was a crazy year for me.

2009: A calmer year, thank fuck. Nothing really came up for me aside from a small part in Funny People \_as up-and-coming comedienne Isabella, and I was also in a seven episodes of How I Met Your Mother \_as Ted's girlfriend Tamara.

2010: Trying to find a new genre to break into in the movie industry is not very easy, so playing spring breaking college girl Josie in Piranha 3D \_as my attempt at horror was definitely not my best idea. The fake leg they gave me for when I was ripped apart by the piranhas made me look fat. So then, because I had loved the originals so much, I tried out the A Nightmare On Elm Street \_reboot, playing Harley, Nancy's best friend. I died in that too, FYI.

On the plus side, I also had a voiceover role in How To Train Your Dragon \_as dragon hunter Åshild , alongside my good friends Jonah Hill and Chris Mintz-Plasse, and it is also the movie in which I became very close friends with Jay Baruchel. Though I knew him from Knocked Up\_, it was HTTYD \_ that sealed our friendship.

2011: This was a pretty fun year. James, Danny and I teamed up again in Your Highness\_, where I got to try out my skills with an English accent as Princess Theodina, James and Danny's warrior sister. I was also in Bridesmaids \_as, well, bridesmaid Aimee.

2012: This was the first proper time Dave and I got to work together, as I had a role in 21 Jump Street \_as Jonah and Channing Tatum's Jump Street co-officer, Kira. This was also the first time in five years that I was turned down for a role.

James had put me forward to Harmony Korine to audition for Faith in Spring Breakers\_. I was called back for a screen test with James and everything. We enacted the scene where Alien attempts to comfort Faith in the pool room in full costume, so I nearly shit myself laughing, seeing him in that Hawaiian shirt and those cornrows. Though to be fair, the first thing he said when he first saw me in my orange-and-turquoise bikini was that I looked like a prostitute. Either way, I was too 'confident and assured' for Faith, apparently, so the role was given to Selena Gomez\_, of all people. I've never really gotten over the irritation of that.

2013: Well, that's where we are now. So far, there's not really been anything worth noting, aside from a stream of commercials for Victoria's Secret in which I look super hot, and I was in a few episodes of The Big Bang Theory \_as a potential girlfriend of Stuart the Comic Store Owner called Scarlett, but it transpired she was only with him so she could own the comic book store and intended to sell it. Heavy stuff for that show, actually.

I'll never regret being in so much comedy, because if I hadn't, I'd probably be stewing around back in Amityville on my sofa with a bottle of vodka in my hand, wondering what my life would be. Or I'd

be a prostitute. One or the other. I just try to think positive.

And without those movies, I wouldn't have the close-knit gang of morons known as Seth Rogen, James Franco, Jay Baruchel, Craig Robinson and Danny McBride to call my best friends. And I wouldn't now be lying on my bed in Seth's guest room, orange iPhone 5C pressed to my ear, grumbling at Dave in total annoyance.

"What the fuck do you mean, filming's delayed for five more days?!" I said desperately.

"The camera guy broke his leg," Dave explained. "So we haven't shot anything for two days."

"You've been gone two weeks!" I practically exploded. "The video's ten minutes long! How does it take more than two weeks to film something ten minutes long?!"

"Um, well--"

"On second thoughts, I don't wanna know," I said with an unintentional laugh. "I just remembered why I refused to be in any more of those videos. But seriously, Dave. It's James' housewarming tonight! You were supposed to be back before we went!"

"I know, it's not like I haven't realised that. It's really shitty that I can't go."

"This is going to break the poor man's heart. You're aware of that, right?"

Now it was Dave's turn to laugh. "He's a big boy, he'll be fine."

"Okay, but when your brother starts crying on my shoulder because he misses you so much, I'm FaceTiming you and bombarding you with the guilt."

"That seems fair." I could practically feel Dave's grin through the phone. There was a sudden pounding on the bedroom door, like someone was trying to get in with a goddamn battering ram.

"Mack!" Seth's voice came through the door. "Get off the fucking phone!"

"Hold up, Rogen!" I shouted back. "We're having a crisis in here!"

The door opened, revealing Seth leaning on the doorframe. "Can't you guys have phone sex some other time? You'll see each other in like three hours!"

"Ha-di-fucking-ha," I said sourly. "You're hilarious, Seth. And no, we won't. Their cameraman had the fucking indecency to go and break his leg. The filming's been delayed."

"Wait, he's not coming?"

"Nada."

"Oh man. James is gonna be offended."

"Tell him to stop making me feel bad!" protested Dave. "I can't fucking help it!"

I laughed. "He said stop making him feel bad, because he can't fucking help it."

Seth also laughed, his trademark 'har-har-har' sound. "I'm just telling it like it is. Anyway, we have to go. Jay's flight lands in an hour, and we gotta get to LA International."

"Oh shit. I totally forgot about Jay!" I exclaimed, clapping my phone-free hand to my forehead.

"I'm sure he'll appreciate that," Seth said dryly.

I shot him the finger, then turned my attention back to my cell. "Sorry baby, but that's my cue to leave. I'll call you tomorrow, yeah? I doubt I'll be in a position to talk after your brother's infamous party."

"Just try not to end up like you were at the \_Jump Street \_wrap party."

"That was a year ago!" I whined. "Stop bringing it up! Why can't we just forget it?!"

"You turned your cop costume into a stripper outfit and started pole dancing in front of the entire party. I'm not gonna forget that for a long time. And then there was the situation at \_our\_ housewarming."

"We are \_not\_ supposed to talk about that! Ever!"

That was probably the \_worst \_experience of my life. Not only was I totally shitfaced that time, but I was high too, on a mixture of ecstasy, shrooms and weed. This led to me removing every last piece of my clothing, raiding our fridge and covering myself in Nutella and peanut butter and offered Dave a 'snack' by licking me clean, again in front of the entire party. This was the reason I now tried to avoid getting overly drunk, though I knew tonight would end up being a very large exception to this. Didn't nobody leave a James Franco party sober.

"And on that note," I said tightly. "I will talk to you tomorrow. Love you, babe."

"Love you too, Kenzie," he replied. "I'll be home soon."

"You'd better be," I retorted, but I made a 'mwah' noise down the phone and hung up. Seth, meanwhile, was bent double, pretending to vomit on the carpet.

"You guys are sickeningly in love," he informed me.

"You only have yourself to blame, since you and James are the only reason I got to know him," I shot back, sticking my tongue out at him.

"Like I knew you'd start sucking his dick after five minutes!"

"Why do you think I'm now borderline teetotal?"

"Dunno. You're getting more mature, more boring. Your old age," he mocked.

"I'm twenty-eight!" I shrieked, throwing a pillow at him. "I'm younger than \_everyone \_in our little group! \_Everyone\_!"

"Alright, chill out!" he ordered, holding up his hands in a surrendering gesture. "You'll give yourself a fucking aneurysm. And seriously, get dressed. We really need to go."

"Yeah, yeah," I replied, waving my hand dismissively. "Give me ten minutes. Go smoke a joint or get the house half-presentable or something."

"You're giving me permission to smoke? Seriously?"

"Not permission, as such. It's a mere suggestion. Now fuck off." I stood up and shut the bedroom door in his face, before turning and raiding the half-empty wardrobe for clothing to replace the old t-shirt of Dave's I was wearing. I ended up in white sweatpants, a black crop top (that showed off the bottom of the colourful flower-and-butterfly tattoo on my back) and white flip-flops, minimal make-up and had my long brown hair up in a messy ponytail. I really wasn't overly bothered about being photographed like this.

"'Kay, Rogen, I'm ready now!" I called, grabbing my orange satchel bag and shoving in my purse and cell phone.

He was waiting by the front door, a flat cap placed on his head. "Jesus Christ, I will never understand how long it takes women so fucking long to get ready."

"I was fifteen minutes!" I said irately, walking up to him and raising my eyebrows at his headgear. "Nice hat," I smirked, sauntering out the door and getting into his car.

\* \* \*

><p>"Can we go to Carl's Jr. when we've got Jay? I'm hungry as fuck."<p>

Seth groaned, practically head-butting the steering wheel. "Come on, Mack, don't give me the option! You know I can't!"

I rolled my eyes heavily. "Please, spare me all this 'cleanse' bullshit again. You are not cleansing! I've been on God knows how many of the fucking things, so I think I know what I'm talking about! Stop trying to do them!"

"Yeah, well we can't all be size four Victoria's Secret models, can we?"

"Oh sweetie," I said comfortingly, patting his cap. "Your chub makes you adorable, and don't let any of those tabloids tell you otherwise."

"I know I'm adorable," he replied, flashing me the famous Rogen Lopsided Grin. "I'm fucking endearing. I'm like a teddy bear."

"A teddy bear that smokes a fuck-ton of weed." He didn't correct me, for obvious reasons.

The LA International parking lot was, no surprised, full to the brim. We were lucky enough to get a space pretty close to the airport entrance. Still, this was mainly because if I'd not spotted the space and starting screaming, "Park! Park! Park! Parkparkparkparkpark!" whilst flapping my arms in the direction of the gap, we'd still be aimlessly driving around.

As we made our way to Jay's terminal, pushing through the typical huge crowds, I couldn't help but wonder why nobody had invented teleporters yet. It would make everything so much easier. No more flying, no more cars or bikes or boats. Hell, no more walking. Less pollution too. Oh my God, if I put that forward to some Greenpeace shit I could totally become a philanthropist.

"We're kinda early," Seth muttered, looking at his watch.

"How early?" I asked, narrowing my eyes.

"Only ten minutes," he answered. "No need to shit yourself, this won't be eating into your pre-party beauty regime."

"I do not have a beauty regime!" I said hotly. "There is nothing wrong with weekly waxing and daily self-facials! Which, FYI, I've already done today!"

"How could you give yourself a facial? Dave's not here," he said suggestively, quirking his eyebrow at me, causing me to gasp and slap his arm.

"That's disgusting! God, and to think, I used to be so innocent before I met you."

"Yeah, Amityville's really Virtue City, y'know, with all those demon possessions."

"Those were never proved! Demon possessions aren't real things! Anyone with half a brain could tell you that!"

Silence followed that. We were too busy trying to look to see if Jay's flight had landed. However, the things that weren't silent, however, were the fans. Every so often we'd get someone yelling one or both of our names, to which we would awkwardly smile or raise a hand at.

"Mom! Mom, I think that's Seth Rogen and Mackenzie Bolton over there!"

"Hey, Seth Rogen! What up, man!"

"Oh my God, Mackenzie Bolton! Hi!"

"Holy shit, Jessica, it's Seth Rogen! Andâ€¦no way, Mackenzie Bolton too! Quick, let's take a selfie with them in the background!"

"\_Welcome to Los Angeles International Airport\_," the Tannoy system suddenly announced. "\_Attention, all passengers. Do not leave your baggage unattended.\_"

"That must mean a flight's landed," I said musingly, more to myself than as a conversation starter. Sure enough, people came flooding out of the doors at the end of the terminal and the crowd dispersed, but Jay wasn't one of them. For another few moments Seth and I looked around, when the doors opened again, and Jay emerged, holding his arms out.

Almost simultaneously, the three of us began laughing and jumping around, excitement hanging in the air.

"Yay!" I squeaked, clapping my hands.

"We're so happy!" Jay pretty much squealed. "Look at this!"

"What's happening, man?" Seth asked him as they enveloped each other in a huge man-hug.

"Good to see you, buddy!" Jay returned as Seth literally lifted him off his feet.

"Where's mine?" I demanded, and Seth released Jay so he and I could embrace.

"Hey Mackenzie, it's been a while."

"Yeah, only a bit!" We let go of each other and Jay took a step back so he could see both me and Seth.

"How you doing?" he asked us.

"I'm good, man," Seth replied.

I shrugged. "Same old, same old. I've been living with this douchebag for the last two weeks, so I can't complain." I gently elbowed Seth in the ribs.

"I thought you were living with your boyfriend now?"

"Oh yeah, I am. But, he's away filming, so what can ya do."

"So how long has it been, man?" Seth asked him.

"Sometime in the lastâ€¦" Jay thought for a moment. "Inside of a year or something."

"Oh my God, I can't believe it's been that long!" I remarked.

"Well, I have the best weekend ever planned, man," Seth announced. I cleared my throat significantly. "Fine. \_We \_have the best weekend ever planned."

"Just wait till you see what we've done," I added. "You are gonna \_love \_it!"

"Lay it on me!" Jay exclaimed with another throwing-arms-out gesture



as we turned and headed in the direction of the exit.

"We don't wanna ruin it," said Seth.

Suddenly, a reporter with a cameraman behind him popped up out of literally nowhere. "Seth Rogen!"

"Oh shit, here we go," Seth muttered. "Hey," he said to the reporter.

"How's it going, man?" There was the buttering upâ€|

"Yeah, good."

"So, you like, always play, like, the same guy in every movie." And there was the signature paparazzi sting. "When are you gonna do, like, some real acting, man?"

"Okay, thank you." Seth's tone was abrupt and vaguely offended. Jay and I, meanwhile, were attempting to keep out of the camera's range.

"Give me something!" the pap implored. "Give me, like, the laugh, man! Give me the Seth Rogen laugh." I was surprised that Seth actually did what they asked; I sure as hell wouldn't have. "Seth Rogen, everybody!"

"Always nice to be treated like the wall," I mumbled to Jay, who nodded grimly.

\* \* \*

><p>"Alright," Jay said once we were back in the car and on our way back to Seth's. I'd let him call shotgun. "I've landed, I'm here, we've said our hellos; can we <em>please <em>go to fucking Carl's Jr.?!"

"Ha!" I shouted gleefully from the backseat. "Thank you, Jay! See, I told you, I \_told \_you-" I jabbed Seth on the shoulder. "We should go to Carl's Jr.!"

Seth turned to raise an eyebrow at me, then turned his eyes back on the road. "Erâ€|" he began apologetically. "I would love to. I'm on aâ€|"

"If you say 'cleanse' one more time, I'm gonna junk-punch you," I warned him.

"I can't really eat that stuff right now," he back-pedalled.

"What." Jay sounded scandalized.

"I'm on this cleanse," Seth said quickly, and I kicked the back of his chair.

"You're on a \_what\_?" Now Jay just sounded confused, like the word 'cleanse' was Pig Latin or something.

"I'm on a cleanse," Seth repeated.

"You just sealed your junk-punch fate, my friend," I told him. Meanwhile, Jay was trying and failing to contain his disbelieving laughter.

"\_What\_" he said again.

"It's good for you!" Seth insisted. "I didn't know- you're supposed to take six shits a day!"

"Well \_that\_\_\_'\_\_\_s \_total bullshit," I said.

"It's true!"

"You're supposed to shit twice a day!" said Jay.

"And even that's pushing it," I tacked on.

"No, that's not true," Seth attempted to explain. "That's what they used to think. Now they \_know \_you're supposed to shit six times a day."

"Who is this 'they'?" I asked. "And how exactly are they testing how many times a day it's healthy to shit?"

"So you're not drinking." Jay was trying to understand what Seth's 'cleanse' entailed, apparently. "You're not smoking weed. You're not-"

"No, no, I'm drinking and smoking weed," Seth corrected him.

"But-" Jay frowned.

"You see why I said he's not cleansing?" I said to him.

"What? I'm on a cleanse, I'm not psychotic," Seth joked. "Look guys, if you stopped eating gluten, you'd feel way fucking better all day! Whenever you feel shitty, that's 'cause of gluten."

"That's not true!" said Jay.

"It is true!"

"Where the fuck does gluten even come into this?!" I demanded.

"Who the fuck told you not to eat gluten?!" asked Jay.

"It's just true!" Seth persevered.

"You don't even know what gluten is!" shouted Jay.

"I know what fucking gluten is!" Seth argued.

"You have no idea what gluten is!"

"I do know what gluten is!"

"Do tell us, then," I challenged, folding my arms.

"Gluten's a vague term!" he defended himself, already totally wrong. "It's something that's used to categorise things that are bad, you

know? Calories, that's a gluten. Fat, that's a gluten."

I actually could not believe my ears. "Are you being fucking serious?!"

"Somebody just told you that you probably shouldn't eat gluten, and you're like," Jay arranged his facial features into a dumb expression and made his voice deeper. "'Oh, I guess I shouldn't eat gluten'."

"Gluten means bad shit, man, and I'm not eating it," Seth said with an air of finality.

And yet, it was fifteen minutes later that we found ourselves parked outside the nearest Carl's Jr., stuffing our faces with the various fried goods on the menu. The boys would not shut up making appreciative 'mmm' noises, something I was able to control myself.

"God!" Seth basically moaned in delight. "Each bite is better than the previous bite!"

"It is," agreed Jay.

"Amen to that," I said, swallowing my mouthful of Sante Fe Chicken.

"Gluten!" Seth cheered, and Jay and I raised our burgers up and cheered too. This really was what life was all about; good friends, good food and good times. I wouldn't want to change my life right now for absolutely anything.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN- Well, I hope you enjoyed the first chapter!  
I\*\*\*\*\*m not exactly expecting a ton of feedback for this, as the  
\*\*\_\*\*This Is The End \*\*\_\*\*category is so small, so if you are  
reading, words can\*\*\*\*\*t describe how happy I would be if  
you\*\*\*\*\*d review! They mean so much, and I always take  
advice/ideas to heart! So please review! Xx Gee xX\*\*

\*\*PS- If you go to my profile, there is a link to the model I have  
chosen to portray Mackenzie. Usually I use actors, but since this  
purpose of this movie was actors playing themselves, that  
wouldn\*\*\*\*\*t really work. I\*\*\*\*\*m also creating a Polyvore  
collection too, so have a look at that too! It\*\*\*\*\*s linked as  
\*\*\*\*\*Mackenzie\*\*\*\*\*s Style.\*\*\*\*\*

## 2. Cocaine Nose and Trendy Clothes

\*\*A/N- Well, I didn't expect to get reviews or follows this quickly,  
but there they are! That really has honestly surprised me. So thank  
you so much, CourtneyMisfitMarie, Mariah smiley, DemmarisAoka, Guest  
and Morgan for reviewing!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter Two- Cocaine Nose and Trendy  
Clothes<strong>

Temporary home sweet temporary home. I loved Seth's place, especially since he had it all refurbished about eight months ago. Don't get me wrong, mine and Dave's place in the Hills was gorgeous too; we had all big glass walls, white exterior, marble pool area and crazy bright furniture inside that totally clashed with the classy-looking outside. But something about Seth's place just seemed more fun—maybe it was because he had an air hockey table and we didn't.

"Hey, this looks beautiful!" Jay announced as the three of us walked through the front door.

"Yeah, do you like it?" asked Seth. "I totally redid it."

"It's fucking awesome!" Jay replied appraisingly.

"It's all new," said Seth, beginning to point various things out as he led Jay through to the living room. "Those are new."

"God \_damn\_, son!" Jay exclaimed.

"It's pretty nice, huh?" said Seth.

"So this is how the other half lives," Jay joked.

"God, I know right?" I said, kicking off my flip-flops. "I'm tempted to take up permanent residency. You'd love that, wouldn't you, Rogen?"

"Yeah, Mack, because I'm sure your BF would really fucking appreciate that," he replied wryly.

"Hey, who ruled him out?" I shot back. "He's moving in too."

"Anyway," he said quickly. "Look, we got air hockey tables," he said to Jay.

"Jesus Murphy!" Wow, how boring was Montreal if this was the kind of reaction Jay had to typical LA life?

"Right? Okay, get ready Jay." Seth and I paused in the archway that led into the living room.

"Get your ass ready for the best weekend of your life," I said, gesturing into the room by throwing out my arm. Jay took one step in, saw what was on the coffee table and starting whooping, running round the sofa. I laughed; I'd never seen the man so excited.

"Look at it, man!" said Seth, sitting down on the sofa with Jay. I just leant across the back cushion.

"Oh my—|are you serious?!" Jay said almost disbelievingly.

"We stocked up on all your favourite things!" I said. "Check it."

"Starbursts and Airheads on a—|a...and it says Jay," he listed, his eyes settling on his name written out in blunts.

"In joints," Seth elaborated.

"In joints," Jay repeated.

"In joints," I also said. They both looked at me oddly. "What? I wanted to get in on the joint lovin' too!"

"It says Jay in jays," Seth continued.

"Now I know what you did while I got changed," I said. "But I would just like to point out that the Starburst were my idea."

"Seth Rogen, Mackenzie Bolton," Jay said, sounding touched. "You are just the best people."

"Oh sweetie," I said, hugging him round the neck from behind. "We do try."

"Yeah, we know you don't love it in LA so we figure we'll make itâ€|y'know, we'll lube up your entry a little," explained Seth.

"It eases the transition," agreed Jay. "This is the much-needed foreplay."

I pulled a disgusted face. "Nice analogy, guys. And on that note," I slapped my hands on the sofa and stood up with a stretch. "I shall leave you to your man time. I've got stuff to do anyway. Catch you on the flipside." That 'stuff' was the two hours it would take for me to get ready for Franco's party.

I left the boys to it, grabbing some towels from my room and stepping into the en suite shower room, stripping off my sweats and crop top. Even through the sounds of the shower hammering against the glass shower door I could still hear what sounded like Jay and Seth running a fucking marathon. The Backstreet Boys' \_Everybody (Backstreet's Back) \_was also being played so often I was ready to go out there and throw the iPod dock out the goddamn window.

Still, I was so happy that Jay was here, and that he was actually acting like he \_wanted \_to be here. I knew just how much he really did hate it in Los Angeles, what with his stupid hipster attitude to life, so being honest, actually managing to persuade him to get on a plane and fly over here was a miracle in itself.

"Everybody, yeah," I sang, massaging shampoo into my hair. "Rock your body, yeah. Everybody, rock your body right. Backstreet's back, ALRIGHT!" Okay, so I was officially going to kill those two for getting that fucking song stuck in my head.

I shut off the shower and groped around for the towels that I'd dumped on the floor, eyes shut against the remaining suds that were attempting to battle their way into my retinas. I rubbed one against my face before tying my hair up in a towel turban and wrapped the other one around my soaking frame, padding into the bedroom and opening the wardrobe.

Great. Now for the difficult part. What in the name of \_hell \_was I supposed to wear? A lot of famous people were gonna be there, like a lot. That called for more than my usual skinny-jeans-and-tank-top

attire. But then again, it wasn't exactly like this was going to be a formal occasion! I couldn't turn up in one of my signature Hervé Leger bandage dresses like it was a red carpet event! GAH!

Okay. Middle ground, middle ground—I thought desperately, flicking through the few clothes I'd brought to Seth's. Eventually, I settled on a pair of black shorts, glossy black tights, an orange camisole, a leather jacket and black spike-heeled ankle boots. That seemed like the happy medium.

I dressed at a leisurely pace, then set to drying my hair with my hairdryer. I left it floating down in natural waves around my shoulders and down my back—my favourite style. I could never be bothered with all the curling tongs/hair mousse/hair gel/hair dye bullshit.

I didn't apply any makeup yet; I'd wait until half an hour before we left. Instead, I went through to the guys to tell them they had an hour before we needed to move our asses. I walked in on Seth announcing, "My eyes feel like they're melting."

"Because that's healthy," I commented, making them both jump.

"Jesus, Mack!" gasped Jay. He turned round and looked at me. "What're you all dressed up for?"

"For—wait." I narrowed my eyes at Seth. "Dude, you didn't tell him?"

"Um—" was all Seth said.

"For fuck sake, Rogen!" I groaned, whacking the back of his head. "Great. So you're gonna spring this on the poor man an hour before we leave?"

"What are you guys talking about?" Oh right. Jay was still in the room.

"Actually, Mack was just thinking—" \_thwack\_. "-ow! Mack and I were thinking that we should go to Franco's house soon. He's having a housewarming party; he just finished building his house. I haven't even seen it yet, but it's supposed to be bonkers!"

"I can confirm that the house is indeed bonkers," I said. "James emailed Dave some pics about two, three weeks ago just before they finished building. Seriously, that shit isn't a house; it's a fucking art piece."

"I haven't been in LA in like, a year," Jay pointed out. "And I came here to chill with you guys."

"We can chill together, and we'll chill with those other guys," Seth suggested.

"Yeah, we can chill as a pack," I said. "A pack of—chillers."

"Will I even know anyone there?" Jay demanded.

"You know James Franco," Seth reminded him.

"James Franco can't even remember my name," Jay said bitterly.

"It's cool, he forgets it tonight and I elbow him in the dick," I said. "No biggie. And hey, Jonah Hill's gonna be there too."

"Can't stand him, he can't stand me," Jay said.

"He's like the nicest guy in the world! He likes you so much!" Seth sounded genuinely surprised, even though we knew there had been some tension between Jay and Jonah, right from our How To Train Your Dragon days. "Out of nowhere, he just said, 'You know what? Jay's an inspiration'." Jesus, laying it on a bit thick, bro!\_

Jay saw right through this. "There is no way he said that, also, just can't stand him."

"Okay, fine," Seth said exasperatedly. "Craig Robinson."

"Never met him," Jay said sulkily. He was getting beating down and was gonna crack, I could tell.

"He's an absolutely hilarious dude," I said, smiling.

"Yeah! He sweats a lot, but he's a great guy," added Seth. "So it's gonna be fun, man."

"Pleeeasee come Jay!" I begged, forcing myself into the gap between the guys and- somewhat irritatingly, I'm sure- began headbutting Jay's shoulder. "Please, please, please, pleeeasee!"

"Okay," he finally agreed. "For you, I will go."

"Yesss!" I cheered, fist-pumping the air.

"I promise, I'll stay with you all night," assured Seth. "Okay?"

"Yeah, and so will I," promised.

"See?" Seth pointed at me. "Mack's got your back too. We won't ditch you-" At this point, Jay tried to interrupt him. "No, because we want to be with you all night. Right, Mack?"

"Fucking A-right, my man."

"And you know why else?" he continued. He reached over me and caressed Jay's cheek. "'Cause nobody puts Jay in the corner."

Jay simply batted his hand away.

\* \* \*

><p>So we succeeded in getting Jay into a taxi on the way to Franco's. So that was Miracle Number Two of the day. I myself was actually pretty buzzed for the party. I hadn't seen James in person in about a month, because the way I saw it FaceTime did not count. He'd been busy filming and sorting out the final details of his house, and I'd been prepping for filming to start on <em>Kick-Ass 2

<em>where I was playing Rosa Holmes, or Lady Katana, master swordswoman of the Toxic Mega Cunts.

"Come on Jay, smile!" I said in a sing-song voice. "It really won't be as bad as you think. I promise." Jay just continued to glower out the window. I kicked him in the shin. "\_Smile\_, for fuck sake!"

"I'm going to really hate this," he muttered.

"God, you are such a party pooper," I remarked. All he did was frown at me and glare out the taxi window. I was seriously resisting the urge to grab him by the scruff of his t-shirt, shaking him and scream, "LIGHTEN THE FUCK UP!"

I watched his face growing steadily more and more sulky as we drove through Hollywood, and saw him form a face like thunder as soon as we pulled up outside Franco's insane-looking house.

"Awesome!" said Seth as we drew to a stop.

"Holy shit," I breathed as I paid the cabbie and the three of us exited the taxi. "It's even more impressive in person. Or would that be in house?"

"This is crazy," Seth agreed.

"Yeah?" Jay didn't sound so sure.

Seth turned to look at him. "Yeah, man, right? Look at it!"

"It's a bit much," said Jay, ever the pessimist.

"I don't think it is too much," defended Seth.

"It's the right amount of 'much'," I said.

"I think it's right on the money," said Seth.

"What is he, Pablo Escobar?!" demanded Jay.

"Come on man, this is an awesome street!" Seth tried to persuade him. "Channing Tatum lives up there!"

"For the love of-" sighed Jay. "Will you stop talking about-"

"This is the sexiest street in America," Seth interrupted.

"What is it with you and Channing Tatum?" I asked.

"I think he's attractive," Seth replied defensively.

"Yeah, you and ninety-two percent of the world," I retorted as we approached Franco's front door and Seth knocked.

"I think it's a cool house," he said.

"I know you do," said Jay, rolling his eyes.

"I can't wait to see inside it," Seth continued. "That's why I'm excited!"



"We get it!" I said exasperatedly. "You're excited! Just shut up, man!" That was when the door opened.

"Ha-hey! Yes!" cheered James, pulling Seth into a man-hug. "What's up man?! Seth!"

"Hey man, how's it going?"

"Hey! Let's get some loving over here too!" I exclaimed, pushing Seth behind me. "What up, my brother!"

"What's up, my brother's ho!" he laughed, pulling me into a hug too. "Mack, it's been way too long!"

"Urgh, tell me about it," I replied as we let go of each other. "This house better be worth it."

"You look taller," he commented.

"Yeah, well, I can never wear heels when your brother's around, can I?" I quipped. "Since he's such a short-ass that we're the same height."

"Wait, is he not here?"

"Hate to say it, but no," I said regretfully. "Filming's delayed, which is so totally shit."

"Fuck. Well, I'm so happy you're both here," he said.

"We're so happy to be here," said Seth.

"Hey, Johnny, what's up?" James said heartily, shaking Jay's hand.

"It's just Jay," he corrected in a tone that was one hundred percent 'just don't act like I'm bothered by this. FYI, I'm really bothered by this.'

"It's Jay," I affirmed. "How many times have I gotta remind you, Franco? Seriously, you get his name wrong again and I will straight-up elbow you in the dick. Got it?"

"I'll never forget it again, man," he said, quickly hugging Jay too, who looked very uncomfortable. "Good to see you! Come on in," he invited.

"Yeah. Yeah, great," Jay said, his false enthusiasm already faltering.

"Check it out!" James announced, gesturing around the huge living area we were now standing in. "My new place!"

"Awesome, man!" Seth said admiringly.

I merely repeated my sentiments from earlier. "Ho-ly shit, dude. This is crazy!"

"Designed it myself," James said proudly.

"I can tell," I teased. "This place has 'James Franco's twisted imagination' written all over it. Especially the dick statue." I jerked my thumb in the direction of said statue. "Compensating for anything?"

"Well, I think it's really cool," said Seth. "This place is beautiful, man."

"Kiss-ass," I mock-coughed.

"This place is like a piece of me," James said in his typical melodramatic way. "You three just stepped inside me."

Jay and I both pulled revolted faces, but Seth carried on the joke with, "You let us all come inside you. Yeah."

"The icing on the cake," James said mysteriously. "Check it out." He gestured up, and revealed to us two hand-painted canvasses that read \_James Franco\_ and \_Seth Rogen\_. \_The A in James and Franco spread through both the names, and the Es in Seth and Rogen were linked too. "Painted them myself."

"We can tell," I said. "I'm more than a little offended that I'm not up there too."

"Your name's too long," he teased. He looked at Seth for his reaction. "Side by side. A team."

"Holy shit," Seth said with a laugh.

"So is itâ€¦weird?" James asked anxiously, or as close to anxious as James could get.

"No," Seth assured him, but I did catch Jay nodding his head, though quickly turned this into a shake of 'no.'

"You sure?" James pressed.

"I really like it," Seth promised.

"So Kenzie, what do you think?"

"I think I'd like it more if my name was up there too."

"What do you think, Jay?" Well, props to the man for actually getting Jay's name right.

Jay shrugged. "I'm not a big art guy."

"Oh shit," I said under my breath. Don't ever, ever, \_ever\_ say you don't like art in front of James Franco unless you want a ten-minute lecture on how everything around you is, in fact, art.

"You don't like art?" James asked. Oh Jesus, right on cue.

"Well, come on," Jay said. "I-

"You play video games?" James cut across him.

"Yes," Jay replied warily.

"Well guess what, buddy? You like art."

"Yup," Jay said with a nod.

"You ever been to Subway?"

"Yes."

"You order a sandwich? Someone put that together for you, dude. That's art."

"Sandwich artist," Seth tacked on.

"So let me lay this on you, Jay," James said.

"Oh fuck," Jay and I said in unison, as I knew exactly what was coming, having had the same lecture a couple of months back.

"Your momma's pussy was the canvas, your dad's dick was the paintbrush. Boom-" he clicked at Jay. "You're the art. Huh?"

Jay clearly had literally no idea how to reply. "Thanks, James Franco."

"And on that highly disturbing note," I said, flicking my hair over my shoulder. "I'm going to mingle. Seth, Jay, Franco." I nodded at them each in turn before turning on my heel.

\* \* \*

><p>"Oh my God, Jason!" I shrieked, throwing my arms out. "It's been forever, bro!"<p>

"Hey, Mackenzie!" Jason Segel replied, giving me a hug. "Long time, no see!"

"How many years has it been?" I asked. "Like, four, yeah?"

"Something like that," he replied. "So how's \_How I Met Your Mother\_'s most hated character these days?" My character Tamara had been a complete bitch, your typical spoiled rich daddy's girl who dangled Ted on a string for months. There had been hate mail sent to the screenwriters to have her violently killed off- and I loved it.

"I'm good. Awesome, actually," I said with a smile. "I've got some good projects lined up in the next few months and they're looking positive. Yourself?"

Jason and I spent a good fifteen minutes catching up on news from the last four years. Then I saw someone else across the room.

"Dude. Dude. \_Dude\_!" I exclaimed, clutching his arm. "It's Rihanna! Oh my God, it's Rihanna! I fucking love her! Holy fuck! I gotta go talk to her!" And before Jason could even reply, I was speeding across the room to where Rihanna was standing by a table nearâ€|oh fantastic. Michael Cera.

Over the last couple of years, Michael had turned into a real douchebag. We'd been good friends; great friends, actually. From \_Superbad\_ right up until a couple of Christmases ago, Michael and I had been pretty close. But then he discovered the joys of cocaine.

I won't deny it, I've taken coke in the past. Twice, to be exact. I hated both times, and had vowed to stick to the floatier stuff like weed and shrooms. But Michael got totally hooked on it, and now could barely live without the stuff. So now, every time I saw him he was totally coked off his nut, unable to string more than two sentences together. Tonight would clearly be no exception as I watched him vacuum up three lines in as many seconds.

"What's up Kenzie?" he slurred at me as I approached.

"Hi Mike," I said contemptuously, barely looking at him. I really couldn't be fucked with his shit right now.

"You're looking smoking hot tonight, darlin'," he drawled, attempting to squeeze my ass, so I quickly grabbed his wrist and twisted his arm around.

"You even try and touch my ass, Cera, and I will give you a stump where your hand used to be," I snarled, thrusting his hand back at him. "Got it?"

"Chill out, beautiful," he said infuriatingly, so I made a noise of discontentment back as I approached Rihanna.

"Hey, Rihanna," I said excitedly, offering my hand to her. "I am a huge fan! It's so great to meet you!"

"Thanks," she said, shaking my hand (I had to refrain from squealing in fangirl delight) "You're Mackenzie, right?"

"Yeah, I am," I replied. "You know of me?" \_Try to remain calm. Try to remain calm. An A-list celebrity knows your name. It's fine. Just chill. JUST CHILL.\_

"Yeah, y'know, I've seen you in some stuff," she said. "You were in \_21 Jump Street\_ right?"

"Yeah, I was," I said.

"Hi Rihanna," said Jason, coming up behind me.

"Hey Jason," she replied, smiling at him. We talked as a three-way for a while, and I literally couldn't get it into my head that I was talking to Rihanna. The press always portrayed her as a conceited, arrogant bitch, but in reality she was pretty niceâ€¦if a little aggressive.

"I've seen a shrink maybe twice?" I said. "Once when I was nineteen, after my Mom died, and then I saw one in 2008 when all of my work just got on top of me and I freaked out from the stress." And by 'freaked out' I mean I smashed up my neighbour's car and got two hundred hours community service for it. I went full-out Britney Spears, minus the head shaving.

"So, Ri-Ri, what about you?" Jason asked. "You ever see a psychiatrist?"

"Umâ€¦" She thought for a few moments when there was this sudden \_whack\_ sound as Michael slapped her ass. Rihanna didn't even hesitate as she turned around and full-on bitch-slapped Michael clean in the face, the sound of the blow echoing through the packed room.

Michael reeled backwards, clutching his ear. "That's not cool!"

"Don't touch my butt, bitch!" she warned him.

"Michael, that's not cool!" Jason said.

"Shut the \_fuck \_up, Jason!" Michael shouted, slapping the table. "We're playing a game, man!" Jason raised his hands in armistice and Michael grinned cockily at Rihanna. "Say cheese, baby."

"Wow. I need some air," I said quickly, eyeing up the open back doors. "I'll see you guys around." I moved as quickly as I could to put a wall between myself and Michael. I spent a few moments catching up with Craig Robinson, who I hadn't seen for about ten months, and Emma Watson, who was quick to pick up on and admire the \_Harry Potter\_-themed tattoo on my left wrist. I'd had \_Always \_written in simple black scripture with a Deathly Hallows symbol for the A after I'd seen the final movie; it was my all-time favourite book series.

I was standing by the pool by myself, sipping from a plastic cup of vodka and cranberry when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned and came face-to-face with Chris Mintz-Plasse, my \_Superbad \_co-star and close friend. There'd been some speculation on set if we'd get together, but the only intimate moment we'd ever shared was the world's most awkward kiss between Fogell and Clarissa at the party.

"Fogell! Hi!" I shrieked, my absolute favourite line from the movie, putting my arms around him and hugging him close.

"Hey Kenzie, how are you?" he asked, hugging me back.

"I'm great! Hey, I got my script for \_Kick-Ass \_the other day," I said. "Have you got yours?"

"Yeah, I got it I think, on Monday."

"I assume that, um," I cleared my throat awkwardly. "You read page ninety-three yet?"

Chris blushed a little. "You mean the sex scene?"

"No, I mean the totally unwilling, borderline rape sex scene," I said grimly. "The totally unwilling, borderline rape sex scene where I nearly cut your dick off with a katana. That's gonna be fun to film."

"What are we filming?" a very familiar voice questioned, and Jonah Hill walked into view, grinning his typical 'I like to think of

myself as America's Sweetheart' grin.

"Jonah, my man!" I said, clasping his hand and backslapping him. "Aw, look at this! The \_Superbad \_crew reunited."

"We should totally do a sequel," Jonah suggested. "Like, life after college. We'd smash the box office!"

"Yeah, we totally would! Oh my God, brainstorm moment!" I exclaimed "Plot twist: Clarissa and Seth are married now and have like two kids and Seth totally hates his life and Rissa is literally a pen away from signing the divorce papers! And Fogell should be gay," I added as an afterthought.

"What?! Why is Fogell gay!?" demanded Chris.

"Because it works," I insisted. "And Evan should just, like, be dead. He got hit by a bus. Saves us from having to work with Michael in his currentâ€¦state, shall we say."

"Hey, he's not that bad," said Jonah, but he did frown. And it was at that moment that Michael chose to stumble his way over to us, bleary-eyed and grinning like a maniac.

"Reunion!" he slurred. "Hey, let's get on that sequel, bitches."

"For fuck sake, Michael," I sighed. "You're totally fucked up. Again."

"Shut the fuck up Kenzie," he snapped. "You're so boring now! Hey Chris!" he added, way peppier.

"How's it going?" Chris laughed uneasily.

"Hey, does this coke smell funny?" Michael asked, and he suddenly blew a handful of white powder into Chris' face.

"Fuck, Michael!" Chris spluttered, wiping his face frantically.

"Michael, what the fuck, man!" demanded Jonah.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!" I yelled at him, grabbing Chris by the shoulders and trying to calm him down.

Michael was oblivious to mine and Jonah's outbursts. "That's expensive shit, motherfucker!"

"What are you doing?!" said Jonah.

"I've never fucking done cocaine, dude!" Chris shrieked, still wiping at his face. "Why does it fuckingâ€¦?!" he trailed off, looking terrified.

"Well you did the best shit possible for your first time," Michael said smugly. "Because that's good fucking-"

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Chris' panicking totally cut across Michael's stupid spiel. "I'm nervous, dude! I don't know what-!" He looked at

Jonah and I for help.

"What is wrong with you, man?!" exclaimed Jonah, putting a warning hand on Michael's upper arm.

"Look, he's freaking out!" Michael laughed at Chris.

"Chris, just chill out!" I ordered, seizing his head and making him look at me. "You are fine! I promise you!"

"I've never done this fucking drug before, man!" he yelled, pulling away from me.

"Mike, please!" Jonah attempted to stop Michael manhandling Chris even more.

Instead, Michael leaned in close to Chris' face. "I'll walk you through it. I will walk you through it."

"Michael, no one is asking-" I began angrily, but he physically put his hand over my mouth to shut me up. Bastard.

"I'll be your guide," he insisted, getting even more up in Chris' grill.

"You're fine, Chris," Jonah was assuring him. "You're fine."

"You got some in your moustache, baby!" Michael said almost seductively, looking like he was about to kiss Chris as he blew on the poor man's face.

"What are you-" Chris shouted, pushing him back. "Michael!"

That was when I bit the hand Michael still had over my mouth. "Fuck off, Cera!" I screamed, shoving him back violently and causing him to crash down to the stone floor. I jerked my jacket sleeve back up my arm angrily, as it had fallen down when I'd shoved him.

"Kenzie, you bitch! That fucking hurt!" he whined, lurching to his feet and stumbling back into the house.

I turned back to Chris and Jonah, breathing heavily. "You see why I want him killed off now?!" They both nodded slowly. "Thought so."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN- Again, I just wanna say thank you so much for the feedback I've already received! You're so awesome! I hope you liked the chapter! The end of the world is imminent! So leave a review, give me a follow and I'll update soon! Xx Gee xX\*\*

\*\*PS- Check out dat Polyvore collection. The link's on my profile!\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer to apply from now on: All chapter titles are and will be lyrics from \_Hollywood Whore \_by Papa Roach.\*\*

### 3. Sorry, But The Party's Over

**\*\*A/N-** So I'm trying something new with this chapter. It's a little experiment, as such, and I'm curious to see what kind of reception it receives. What it is shall become clear pretty soon. Massive thanks to Guest for reviewing!**\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter Three- Sorry, But The Party's Over<strong>

"\_For fuck sake, Seth!" grumbled Clarissa, stumbling after her best friend. "Slow the fuck down!"\_

"\_Hurry the fuck up, then!" he retorted, barely slowing down in his mission to get to the soccer pitch. "Jesus, Rissa, do you have to be so slow?!"\_

"\_Heels, Seth! Heels!" she shouted, slowing to a complete stop and bracing herself on her jean-clad knees. "Oh my God, I think I'm having a fucking heart attack!"\_

"\_We don't have time for this!" Seth shouted back, doing a U-turn so he could grab Clarissa by the arm and drag her along beside him.\_

"\_I hate you," she panted, dragging her feet along the floor. "What is it that you have to tell us that is sooo important that you have to tell us right \_\_now\_\_?"\_

"\_It's Jules, man," he answered, not tearing his eyes away from the entrance to the soccer field. "It's fucking Jules!"\_

"\_Oh for fuck sake," Clarissa sighed, not bothering to even question it further. Yet more deluded thoughts about Jules from Seth's deluded mind that would in no way echo anything that could possibly happen in real life.\_

\_However, Seth still insisted on dragging her on to the field with him, right into the middle of Evan's PE class.  
Fan-fucking-tastic.\_

"\_Evan!" the coach was shouting. "Get into the game!"\_

"\_Kick it over to me," Evan said feebly as Seth and Clarissa staggered to a running stop in front of him.\_

"\_Seth! Clarissa!" the coach shouted. "Get off the field!" Clearly it was not the first time the two of them had interrupted his lesson.\_

"\_Guys, get out of here," said Evan. "They're gonna make me run laps again."\_

"\_I don't even want to be here!" Clarissa complained. "I've been dragged here by force!"\_

"\_Dudes, just fucking listen, okay?" Seth panted. Running had never really been his forte. "Jules and her stupid fucking friend came up to me, and they asked me to buy her alcohol! But not just for her, for the whole party! Do you realise what that means?"\_



"\_That she's only fucking talking to you because you were probably stupid enough to mention that Fogell's getting a fake ID but passed it off as you being the one getting the ID?" Clarissa supplied. She'd known Seth way too long.\_

"\_No! It means that by some divine miracle, we were paired up and she actually thought of me!" Seth retorted. "Thought of me enough to decide that I was the guy she would trust with the whole fun-ness of her party!"\_

"\_Jesus fucking Christ," Clarissa muttered to herself, putting her head in her hand.\_

"\_She wants to fuck me!" Seth continued, oblivious. "She wants my dick, in or around her mouth."\_

"\_Are you fucking kidding?!" Clarissa exploded. "\_\_This\_\_ is what you dragged me out of AP Biology for?!"\_

"\_Rissa's right, man," said Evan. "Did you ever think that maybe she's just using you to get her alcohol? She doesn't want your dick."\_

"\_See?" Clarissa said smugly, putting an arm around Evan's shoulders. "He knows what I'm sayin'."\_

"\_No!" insisted Seth. "She's got an older brother. She could've asked him but she asked \_\_me\_\_! She looked me in the eyes and said, 'Seth, Momma's making a pubie salad and I need some Seth's Own dressing'! She's DTF! She's down to fuck, man! P in vagi! She wants to fuck!" He grunted as he kicked a soccer ball away from the three of them.\_

"\_You chauvinistic asswipe," Clarissa said scornfully.\_

"\_Tonight is the night that fucking is an actual possibility!" Seth totally blanked her. \_

"\_You just sound like an idiot! You're not gonna be able to sleep with her, man," Evan said reasonably.\_

"\_No. Dude, I know," Seth said, quieter now. "I talk a lot of shit, okay? But she's gonna be at the party and she's gonna be drunk! And she likes me at least a little, enough to get with me! At the \_\_very least\_\_ I'll make out with her! Two weeks, hand job. Month, blowjob, whatever, whatever! And \_\_then\_\_ I make her my girlfriend! And I've got like two solid months of sex. By the time college rolls around, I'll be like the Iron Chef of pounding vag!"\_

"\_I'm gonna fucking kill you so hard, Seth," Clarissa warned. "So hard. Seriously. Sleep with one eye open."\_

"\_Can you guys get out of here and we'll talk about this later?" Evan begged as his soccer team appeared to converge around them. One of them was Greg, the typical high school soccer jock, and a typical asshole because of it.\_

"\_What the fuck, Evan!" he shouted, running past. "We're down two points!"\_

"\_Oh, shut the fuck up, Greggy!" Clarissa snarled at him. "It's fucking soccer! Take your two points and deep-throat them, cunt-biscuit!" She made a jerking off motion at her mouth.\_

"\_Fuck you, Clarissa," he snapped back, coming to a stop.\_

"\_Hey Greg, why don't you go piss your pants again?" Seth suggested mockingly.\_

"\_That was like eight years ago, asshole!" Greg riposted, clearly embarrassed.\_

"\_People don't forget," Seth told him as he ran off.\_

"\_Look, as much as I really, \_\_really\_\_ want to hear the rest of this charming tale," Clarissa said sarcastically. "I told the teacher I was going to the bathroom so everyone now probably thinks I have fucking explosive diarrhoea."\_

\_ -Superbad, 2007\_

\* \* \*

><p>When I eventually found Seth and James, Seth was stoned, as per usual, and James was pretty half-baked himself. I sat down next to James with a huff, and they both stopped laughing to look at me.<p>

"Hey Mack, how're you enjoying the party?" James asked, putting his arm around my shoulders and giving me a squeeze. I did the same to him. James really was like the big brother I'd always wanted; huggable, protective and funnyâ€|if a total egotistical asshole most of the time. After being an only child my whole life, being part of the Franco family made me feel so warm on the inside.

"You've got a good shindig going on here, Franco," I said, looking around the crowded room. "But, er, if at any point you see Michael Cera bleeding from the arm or anywhere else, I can assure you was not my fault."

"Jesus, Mack, what did you do to him?" Seth groaned, rubbing his eyes with his thumb and index finger.

"Nothingâ€|bad," I said innocently.

"Mack." That came from James, who was putting on his 'serious brother' voice.

"Nothing that bad, I promise," I swore. They both still looked doubtful. "C'mon, y'all. Why you actin' s'picious?" I drawled at them, stealing one of James' signature lines from \_Spring Breakers\_.

"Alright fine," he laughed. "We believe you."

"Hey, gimme some of that!" I demanded, holding my hand out for the joint he was holding. He handed it over and I took a deep drag, but I inhaled wrong and started choking. "Shit!" I spluttered, handing it back. "It's like being back on the set of \_Pineapple Express\_!"

"Weird you'd say that," Seth said with a grin. "We were just talking about the sequel."

"Woah, woah, woah. Hold up," I said. "We're doing a sequel and you didn't tell me?! You dicks!"

"It's a work in progress," Seth explained. "We don't even know how it's gonna end." He went on to explain how Red would now be the main drug lord since Dale and Saul killed Ted, and Mandy, my character, now doubled as his bodyguard as well as his main assassin. Red wants Dale and Saul to assassinate Woody Harrelson because he's going to give a speech to make weed legal in the US, making Red's work useless, and if they don't kill him, then Mandy will kill them.

"And I sacrifice myself for Dale, and Red's gonna fucking eat me!" James finished enthusiastically.

"That's fucked up, man," I said, wrinkling my nose in distaste. "What the fuck kinda movie do you want this to be?! That's sick! Ew! You know what I think? I think Mandy should have like a total change of heart! Like, she sees Saul going to sacrifice himself and like steps in at the last minute to try to save him!"

"That could work," Seth said thoughtfully. "I like that."

"Oh yeah!" I cheered, high-fiveing them both. "Can you say 'character development'?" However, all my enthusiasm suddenly drained from my body when I heard the song that had just started playing.

\_When you're ready, come and get it,\_  
><em>Na na na na, na na na na, na na na na.<em>

\_You ain't gotta worry, it's an open invitation.\_  
><em>I'll be sittin' right here, real patient.<em>  
><em>All day, all night, I'll be waitin', stand by.<em>  
><em>Can't stop because I love it,<em>  
><em>Hate the way I love you.<em>

"Oh, \_fuck \_no!" I spat out, clenching my fists. "Turn it off!" Wow. Find someone pettier than me, I challenge you. It had been a year since my failed \_Spring Breakers \_audition, and I still couldn't stomach the thought of Selena fucking Gomez, much less stomach the sound of her fucking little-girly voice.

"Woah, Mack, take it easy!" James said, flinching away as I had just screeched in his ear.

"The stupid bitch stole my role!" I yelled, grabbing his arm. "I can't listen to this! Turn it the fuck off! \_NOW\_!"

\* \* \*

><p>Not too long later, a little while after James had hastily changed the song, the entire party had gathered around Craig and his keyboard. Everyone, including myself, was pretty stoned and very drunk, so the mood was nice and mellow for us all. I was stood in between Craig and James, nodding my head to the notes Craig was playing.<p>

"Now fellas, I want you to get real sexy right now," Craig said softly, playing out a few opening notes. "We're gonna sing to all the ladies. All the fellas go like this, in your Barry White voice: take your panties off," he sang.

"Take your panties off!" all the guys in the room sang back.

"Take your panties off!"

"Take your panties off!"

"Come on, Rihanna, take your panties off for me!" Craig crooned.

"Come on, Craig, can you fuck off for me?" she sang back, swaying her head in time with the music. Everyone cheered for her, followed by some laughing.

"I'll do one of them things," Craig replied with a cheeky grin. "What about the host of the party?" he suggested, looking at James, who had his arm around Seth.

"I ain't got no panties on!" James kind of shout-sung, closing his eyes.

"He ain't got no panties!" sang Craig. "Everybody!"

"We ain't got no panties on!" James, Seth and I yelled, some of the other guests behind us joining in.

"We ain't got no panties on!" repeated Craig.

"We ain't got no panties on!" the three of us continued, James now draping his other arm around my shoulders. We started dancing- well, I'd say bopping, actually.

"We ain't got no panties on!"

"We ain't got no panties on!"

"Ain't nobody got no panties on!"

"We ain't got no panties on!" At that point, you could mainly hear James shrieking over the top of everyone else.

"Ain't no party like a no-panty party 'cause a no-panty party don't stop!" Craig sang so quickly I thought he was about to explode.

"Fuck those panties!" yelled James.

"Fuck those!" I trailed off as everyone kept singing, as I realised that Jay had apparently vanished from the crowd. I removed myself from under James' arm and went looking for him, finding him leaning against a wall outside, smoking.

"Hey, dude," I said, putting my hand on his arm. "You alright?"

"I guess," he replied, taking his cigarette out of his mouth and exhaling the smoke.

"Jay, please try to have fun," I said desperately. "You're one of my best friends, and I hate seeing you all down and stepped on and shit."

"I told you I'd hate it here," he reminded me, stubbing his cigarette out on the wall.

"Is it that bad?" I asked gently. He nodded. "Maybe you just need a breather. Come on, I'm munchie-ing hard. Let's get Seth and go to this little convenience store a few blocks away. Okay?"

He sighed. "Yeah, alright." So we headed back into the house to find Seth, James and Jonah sitting around a coffee table with Mindy Kaling, Martin Starr, Kevin Hart and a few other people.

"Yo, Rogen!" I said loudly when we reached them.

"Hey Jay!" Jonah said, smiling. "Kenzie!" I nodded at him and smiled back.

"Oh, hey, hi Jonah," Jay said uncomfortably.

"Listen, we're gonna go get some cigarettes and candy from that store that's about four blocks away," I said, speaking solely to Seth. "You wanna come?"

"Sure, give me this much time," he said, gesturing at his joint. "This much joint time." And in that time, Jay left to go to the bathroom, only to return seconds later looking thoroughly revolted as he revealed he had walked in on Michael Cera about to receive a two-way blowjob. I hastily dropped the ice pop I'd been about to bite into.

\* \* \*

><p>It was about half eleven at night when we wound up on the streets of LA. It was dark, and starting to get cold, so I was pretty grateful for my pantyhose and leather jacket. Whilst Seth and I were making conversation, Jay stayed moodily quiet, keeping his hands thrust in his hoodie pockets.<p>

"You okay, man?" Seth finally asked him.

"You seem even more down," I commented, frowning.

"It's nothing. It's justâ€¦you know, as soon as we got there, you both did what you said you wouldn't do," Jay accused.

"Hey man, back up!" I said angrily.

"What did we do!?" questioned Seth, sounding genuinely confused.

"You both fucking ditched my ass!"

"We didn't ditch you!" defended Seth. "Are you kidding me, man?!"

"We did \_not\_ ditch you!" I said, glaring. "I said I was going to

mingle! If you had a problem with that, you should have fucking said something, bro!"

"Yeah, and I was talking to Jonah and then \_you \_left to go have a cigarette," said Seth.

"Well, you know, my cigarette was an excuse," said Jay. "I really went outside 'cause Jonah was being a prick."

"Jonah was not being a prick!" Seth replied.

"Maybe \_you're \_the one being a prick here, Jay!" I snapped. "Jonah is so nice; he's trying his damn hardest to settle all this shit with you!"

"Oh my God, that's a thin veneer of kindness!" Jay insisted as we got to the convenience store. "Nobody's that nice!"

"Jonah is that nice!" persisted Seth.

"Serial killers are that nice!" Jay retorted.

"Just answer me one question," Seth said, in a clear attempt to change the topic. "Is Michael Cera's asshole as adorable as I picture?"

"Oh for fuck sake," Jay sighed, opening the shop door.

"Of all the questions," I said, entering the shop, blinking in the harsh light.

"I picture it looking like a little doughnut," Seth continued. "Like a little pink sprinkled doughnut." He recoiled at the sudden florescent light. "It's so bright in here."

"It is fucking bright," agreed Jay.

"I'm so high," groaned Seth as the three of us immediately went down the candy aisle.

"At least you guys can rub your eyes," I grumbled, pointing at my heavy eyeliner. I deliberated over the candy for a little while, eventually selecting a Hershey's bar. Meanwhile, as I headed over to the drinks chiller to grab a few cans of Arizona iced tea, I overheard a man arguing with the woman behind the register to let his daughter use their bathroom. The old bitch refused them, saying customers only.

"This cash register lady is mean," Seth whispered as Jay, clutching a bottle of orange soda, and I rejoined him. "I have anxiety, will you buy this for me?" He held out his Milky Way to me and Jay. "When I'm stoned, I can't do this."

"I got ya, buddy," I said, taking the chocolate. "Jay, you want me to get yours too?"

"Listen, I think I'm just gonna head back to Seth's place," he said apologetically. "I'm not really liking it very much over there at Franco's."

"Dude, come on," I said, starting to get royally pissed at his negativity.

"We want you to get to know these guys!" Seth told him. "That's never gonna happen if you don't put in any effort whatsoever, okay?"

"I \_hate \_it in there," Jay stressed. "I just want to drink some pop and smoke some weed." That was when an almighty shake rocked the whole store, the windows shattering behind us. Everyone in the store shrieked.

"EARTHQUAKE!" I screamed, clutching hold of Jay and burying my head in his shoulder, my eyes squeezed shut as Jay put his arms around me tightly. The shaking continued; I could feel it, could hear the sounds of glass smashing, of wood creaking, metal clanging, cars honking, Seth yelping in fear.

"Jay, what's going on?!" I yelled, refusing to open my eyes or even release the poor man from my stranglehold.

"Jesus Christ!" was all he said, sounding mesmerized. "Mack! Mack!" He tried to pull me off him, but I clung on. "Mackenzie, it's over!" He pulled a final time, and I did let go, brushing my hair out of my face. He was right; the shaking was over. The store was now empty, aside for me and him, Seth and the register lady.

Seth must have fallen over, as he stumbled to his feet and grabbed hold of Jay and I. "Are you okay?!" he asked us frantically. "Are you okay?!" I nodded, but Jay appeared to go into shock, unable to form any words at all.

"Did you see that?!" screeched the register lady. "What the hell-" Her words were cut short as a huge chunk of concrete ceiling fell down on top of her, spraying blood all over the back wall of the store.

"Holy mother of fuck!" I screamed at the same time Jay shrieked, "Oh my God! Jesus! Jesus!"

"Run!" Seth ordered. "Run, run!" So we did. Well, after I'd shoved my chocolate and cans of iced tea into my bag. It wasn't like the old bat would be doing inventory now. Jay and I jumped through the now-empty windowpane whilst Seth actually took the time to exit through the fucking door.

"This way!" Jay shouted, pointing down the main road. Well I sure as hell wasn't gonna argue with him. LA was in total chaos; people running all over the place, cars driving on the wrong side of the road, trees falling and fallen down, buildings were on fire and Jay, Seth and I had to make a dramatic turn to narrowly avoid being run over. The car in question flew past us and through the shop window, pummelling through exactly where we'd been standing moments earlier.

So what did the three of us do? Stand there like fucking morons, screaming at the car. "Oh my God!" spluttered Jay.

"Jesus!" Seth cried, pulling Jay and I out of the way so we avoided a second car ploughing into us. We stared as the car sped straight into another poor soul with a would-be-comical \_thunk \_noise. Cue more

screaming.

"We need to fucking get out of here!" I screeched, turning on my heel and sprinting, the two idiots close behind me.

"Why the fuck did you bring me down here?!" Jay yelled at me, and I shot him the finger as we side-stepped a shit-ton of sparks spitting out of a fallen power line. Still screaming, I might add.

"I don't know what's happening!" Seth bawled as a taxi frantically beeped its horn at us from behind.

"What do we do?!" I cried, fear coursing through me.

"We're going back to Franco's!" he shouted.

"Why?!" demanded Jay, so I punched him on the arm.

"Stop being a whiny bitch!" I yelled.

"Just run!" barked Seth. "Keep running!" We made a dramatic right-angled turn to avoid getting mown down by yet another car, which went smashing into the taxi that had just passed us and burst into flames.

"Oh my fuck!" Jay shrieked as the three of us clung together in a weird three-way hug-type-thing.

"We. Are going. Back. To Franco's!" Seth commanded, shaking Jay a little.

"Oh, goddamn it!" Jay groaned, and I had to fight the urge to trip him up several times as we ran the remaining three blocks back, and even as we reached the pavement outside Franco's, we still nearly got completely smushed by a passing fire truck.

"This way!" Seth was shouting. "We're almost there! We're so close!"

We burst through the door, gasping and panting, barely able to breathe. Everyone turned to stare at us as I pushed the door shut, limping on my now very sore feet. Fucking stilettos.

"Hey, are you guys okay?" James questioned us from his position sitting in his weird hanging bubble chair.

"Are you guys okay?!" Seth asked him. "There was a crazy earthquake! Did you guys feel that?!"

"That was insane," Jay said almost inaudibly, his hand over his mouth.

"I think I shit myself," I announced tremulously. I turned around and tried to look at my ass. "Seriously, someone look for stains. Come on, Franco, you must have felt it! It was huge!"

"Fuck no," he smugly replied. "We can't feel anything in here. This place is a fucking fortress!"

"That wasn't an earthquake, guys," Jay said quietly to Seth and me.



"That was something way fucking crazier."

"What's crazier than an earthquake?" Craig asked, not even looking up from rolling his joint.

"Thereâ€|there were beams of blue light coming out of the sky," Jay said jadedly. "And people getting sucked up into the sky."

"He's on hallucinogens," joked Aziz Ansari, and the dickheads around him all laughed.

"Come on, guys," said Jonah, stepping out of the crowd. "Don't bully Jay, he's a sweetheart." He looked encouragingly at Jay. "Keep going, man. What are you talking about?"

"There, there were people, and they were there, and they got sucked up into the sky," Jay explained, sounding more and more tired as he spoke.

"Jay, what are you talking about?" I frowned. I was so confused. I mean, I'd been thereâ€|and I hadn't seen any of this.

"Sucked up into the sky?" James questioned with a mocking tone. He spread out his arms to gesture around the room. "Nobody got sucked up in here!"

"I got sucked \_off \_here," Michael decided to pipe up, trying to give the blonde next to him a high-five; she just looked awkward and tried to move away. Everyone seemed to find this hilarious, but I just scowled. Man, I really hated that guy.

"No, okay, ask Seth! Ask Mack!" Jay insisted. "Guys, you were there!" he said to us. "Tell them!"

"Seth? Kenzie? What the fuck's he talking about?" James couldn't have sounded any less interested if he tried.

Seth laughed nervously. "I have no idea what he's talking about, honestly. Mack?"

"Wellâ€|I didn't really see what was going onâ€|" I said lamely, because I wanted to support Jay, even if he sounded totally insane.

"Did anybody get sucked up into the sky?" James ridiculed, sardonically raising his arms and waving them a bit.

"I didn't see anything," Seth replied. "I don't know what he's talking about."

"Hey!" I hissed in his ear. "No need to be so dismissive, man!"

"You were there with me!" Jay said disbelievingly. "What are you saying?! All those people that were in the store with us, they just fucking vanished. Mackenzie, please back me up on this!"

"Jay, I really didn't see anything!" I said ruefully. "I had my eyes covered the whole time!"

"And I didn't see blue light sucking people up in the sky!" Seth

said. "You sound crazy, man! We should just be lucky we're-" The house suddenly started shaking, the pictures on the walls rattling around and everyone gasping in surprise.

"It's not over!" shouted Jay.

"It's the aftershocks!" I elaborated. "Fucking earthquakes."

"Everyone, it's alright. Just a little tremor," James said calmly, standing up. "Party's still going. In-N-Out truck's coming in ten minutes!" I'm sure everyone's cheering would have lasted longer if the house hadn't been rocked by yet another quake or whatever the hell was going on.

"Oh my fuck!" Jay shouted for about the eighth time in the last hour, grabbing me by the hand and dragging me outside. This time, though, everyone had the sense to actually fucking listen to him, and the entire party came speeding out the front door after us. Even James came out, but he was mostly yelling at everyone to get off his new grass. But nobody was listening to him. Nobody was looking at him.

"What the fuck?!" exclaimed Jay as we stopped abruptly, starting up at the fireball that was the Hollywood Hills. All the screaming stopped. Nobody knew what to say. Nobody knew what to do. It was like the world had frozen.

I was the first to find my voice. "\_MY HOUSE! MY FUCKING HOUSE IS UP THERE!\_" I took a few shaky steps forward, getting ready to run, when Jay clamped his hands down on my shoulders and dragged me back to his side.

"Mack, are you fucking insane!?" he spluttered. I just looked at him through wide, tear-filled eyes. My houseâ€|my clothesâ€|my furnitureâ€|myâ€|oh my God.

"\_THE CATS!\_" I now screamed, struggling against Jay's hold. "Our cats are still there! Dear God, someone get the cats! Don't let them die!"

"Mack, stop it!" Jay grunted as he fought against me to keep me still. "It'sâ€|fuck! I'm sorry, but we can't do anything!"

"What the fuck?!" someone suddenly screeched, and I stopped fighting. We all turned to see Paul Rudd running towards the group, clutching a huge bottle of champagne. "Oh God!"

"Paul!" James shouted as the terrified man practically collided with him.

"What's happening?!" Paul cried. I was about to have a snappy comeback about how it was pretty fucking obvious what was happening when Michael stumbled out of the group and faced us.

"Alright, everybody, listen up! Listen up!" he yelled. "Who took my fucking cell phone, man?!"

"Michael, there are bigger things to worry about here!" I yelled back, gesturing at the Hills behind him.

He ignored me. "Martin, empty your pockets!"

"What?" Martin Starr said, frowning.

"I saw you in the bathroom, man!" Michael accused, pointing at him. "Kenzie!" Now he pointed at me. "Dial my phone!"

"Oh, for fuck sake, Michael," I snapped, but I pulled my phone out of my bag and dialled his number. It didn't connect. "I have no fucking signal, jerk-off! Deal with it!"

"Shut the fuck up!" he shouted hysterically. "It's unbelievable! It's unacceptable after all the coke I've wasted on you people!" Somewhere in the middle of Michael's rant the ground beneath him had started to crack. The crack began to split all the way up the grass behind him, heading in the direction of a streetlamp.

"I didn't take your fucking cell phone!" Martin insisted, which was when everyone noticed the crack.

"Mike!" everyone began to shout. "Mike! Mike! Mike!"

"\_Michael\_!" I screamed. "Behind you!" It was too late. The crack reached the streetlamp and the lamp came crashing down, spearing Michael straight through the chest. Blood spurted out everywhere, hitting Jason Segel in the face and spraying everyone else lightly too. I also got a face full of it, the red coppery liquid filling my open, screaming mouth. I spat it out, terrified and disturbed.

"What's happening to me?!" Michael howled. "What's happening?!" Everyone was screaming as the lamp began hoisting him up into the air, sparks flying everywhere. None of us could help him; he was fucked.

We all stared up in horror as Michael reached into his pocket and pulled out his blood-soaked cell. It was now playing his ringtone. I guess I'd found some signal.

"Oh shit, that's embarrassing," he sobbed. There was an almighty roaring sound and the earth physically opened up like the mouth of Hell, swallowing up the streetlamp and Michael. The hole got bigger, spreading towards the party.

People began falling in like dominos, bringing others down with them. Everyone backed up rapidly, but I watched in terror as Martin, Rihanna, Mindy and Jason were all swallowed up. I was rooted to the spot. People were running around me, and that was when I saw Jay fall too.

"Shit! No! NO!" I bellowed, making a run for him, but Seth and James each grabbed one of my arms and began to drag me back towards the house.

"No! No! Get off me!" I howled, trying to wrestle out of their grip. "Jay! \_Jay\_!"

"Mack, we're not letting you die too!" Seth said forcefully, he and James still pulling me towards the house but we were struggling

against the tide of terrified guests, forcing us to stop.

"Kenzie, stop fighting us! Jesus!" ordered James, tightening his grip as they tried to wait for a gap to run, but I just writhed around even harder. There was a sudden cracking-squishing noise, and we gaped in disgusted shock as Paul crushed the head of James' assistant under his foot.

"Karen!" James shrieked whilst Seth just screamed like a girl, and I took the opportunity of them being distracted to tear myself from their grasp and sprint as fast as I could back to the hole.

"Seth, come on!" I heard James shout. "Kenzie! Get in the house!"

"Fuck you!" I yelled back. "I'm not leaving without Jay!"

"Fuck!" I heard him curse, but neither he nor Seth came back to get me. I reached the hole just as it grew another few feet, and I heard a voice whimpering from within.

"Oh my God, I'm gonna die!"

"Chris!" I shouted, and, panicking, I dropped to my knees and looked down into the hole. "Take my hand!" I reached down, but it was too late. The dirt shelf Chris had been clinging too broke away from the hole wall, and Chris went tumbling down into what looked like actual lava. The clump of dirt then smacked Martin, who had also been clinging to the inside of the hole, in the face, sending him spiralling down too.

"Shit!" I sobbed, scrambling back. "Jay! Jay, please, where are you!"

"Mack! Mackenzie!" I heard him yell, so I looked up and saw him the other side of the hole. I carefully made my way around, passing by Kevin and Aziz in time to watch Aziz get his arm cut off and fall, and to see a spasming Kevin go careening down into the hole too.

"Jay! Jay, I'm here!" I cried, collapsing next to where I could see his hand clinging to the entrance of the hole. I looked down, and thank God, he didn't seem to be hurt. There were only two people left clinging to their life down there; him and David Krumholtz. "Guys! I'll help you out!"

"I can't hold on much longer," David said weakly. "Jay, you have to reach out and grab me. You hear?"

"Okay, you take my hand, and I will swing you up to Mackenzie!" Jay promised.

"Yeah, and I'll pull you up," I swore.

"Are you sure?" David said. "I'm gonna give you my whole weight. I'm gonna reach for you, alright?"

Jay nodded. "Yeah, yeah."

"We got this, David! Just hurry!" I pressed.

"Are you sure you can do that?" he asked.

"I can grab you on three!" Jay assured him. "One, two, three!" He reached down, and I did too. Jay and David joined hands, and laughed in relief.

"Alright, buddy!" Jay said.

"Now I'm gonnaâ€¦|" said David. "I'm gonna swing up to Mackenzie."

"I got you, buddy!" Jay vowed.

"You're gonna hold my weight! All of it!"

"Okay, come on!"

"You can hold on to my full weight?!"

"I can do it!"

"I don't want to die!"

"Then hurry the fuck up!" I shouted. "I might fall any second!"

"One, two, three!" both men counted, but when David let go, he lost his grip almost instantly and went plummeting down into the lava.

"No! No!" cried Jay.

"Fuck!" I shrieked. "Jay, come on, you gotta take my hand! I can't watch you die too! Please!" Jay took my hand in one of his, and using our combined strength, him pushing himself up and me pulling as hard as I could, he got out. The force of the pulling/pushing sent both of us falling back on the grass with two separate \_oof\_ noises.

"We're alive!" I gasped out, seizing his arms to stop my legs giving way.

"Holy fuck, we're alive," he agreed breathlessly, clutching my shoulders. We both turned, and only now did we take in the full scale of the hole that had just swallowed half of Hollywood's celebrities.

"Oh man," we both groaned.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN-So I'm trying this thing where, at the beginning of a chapter you see how one of Mack's characters fits into the films she's been in. Let me know how you like that, because it's the experiment I mentioned earlier. I'd really appreciate the feedback on that! So I hope you liked it, because the end has begun! Leave a review, and I'll update soon! Xx Gee xX\*\*

\*\*PS- Hey, you guys should go check out Starfire Tamaran's fic More Than Distance Between Us if you're a Franco fan! It's so good, and the characterisation is awesome!\*\*

**\*\*PPS- Yup, reminder that Mackenzie's actress/model and the Polyvore page are linked on my profile!\*\***

#### 4. The Cameras Are Gone

**\*\*A/N- Since I received pretty positive feedback for the 'Mackenzie's character in her movies' thing, I've decided that's how I will start all my chapters from now on. It's pretty fun, deciding what scene to do and smushing the character in. Big ol' thanks to DemmarisAoka and Morgan for reviewing!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter Four- The Cameras Are Gone<strong>

"\_Pete, you need to wait for Marnie!" Debbie shouted at her husband, before yelling up the stairs, "Marnie! For God's sake, you're gonna be so late!"\_

"\_Get off my dick for once, Debbie!" Marnie stormed down the stairs, scowling at her older sister. "Jesus Christ, what is being late gonna do, exactly?"\_

"\_Marnie, you're already failing Math," Debbie pointed out as the two of them walked through to the kitchen. "Being late makes you look worse."\_

"\_Thanks for that, Deb," Marnie said sarcastically, rolling her eyes. "What else do you wanna remind me of on this lovely sunny Thursday morning? That my Drama teacher says I need acting lessons, despite being a fucking Drama teacher? That I started speaking French in my Spanish test last week?"\_

"\_Drop the attitude, Marnie," Debbie said bluntly. "You know, you're seventeen, not twelve."\_

"\_Really? OMG," she gasped, placing a hand on her heart. "I thought I was still in middle school. Reality check, much?"\_

"\_God, Marnie, you're a pain in my ass!" Debbie suddenly exclaimed. "No wonder Mom sent you to live here!"\_

"\_Fuck you, Debbie." Marnie scowled heavily, grabbing her red satchel from one of the island stools. "I'm going to school, happy now? 'Sup, Pete?" she added to her brother-in-law, sashaying past him and Charlotte, one of her little nieces, and heading out the door.\_

"\_Maybe try actually wearing a skirt tomorrow!" Debbie yelled after her, but Marnie just threw up her hand and flipped her sister off, then made sure to make her skirt even shorter.\_

"\_Always nice to see you two getting along," Pete commented, ushering his daughter outside after her aunt and shutting the door.\_

"\_She needs to realise she isn't my mom," Marnie muttered sulkily. "She can't tell me what to do."\_

"\_She might be annoying sometimes," he said reasonably, fumbling for his car keys whilst he supported Charlotte against his hip. "But she wants what's best for you. You know that, Marns."\_

"\_Yeah, wellâ€¦" Marnie became distracted by the sounds of two sets of footsteps walking behind her. She turned and saw her other older sister Alison walking towards them, accompanied by some random curly-haired dude. "Hey Ali!"\_

"\_Morning," Alison said sheepishly as she approached.\_

"\_Good morning, Alison," Pete replied. Marnie just slyly smiled at them. God, these guys could not have been more obvious if they'd both been wearing neon signs that read ONE NIGHT STAND.\_

"\_I'm Ben," the curly-haired guy introduced himself. "What's happening, man?" He shook hands with Pete, who smiled and simply said, "Ben."\_

"\_How's it going?" Ben asked.\_

"\_Ah, to be young," Pete sighed reminiscently. \_

"\_Stop it!" Alison requested calmly, awkwardly looking away.\_

"\_Hey, Marnie," Pete sniggered. "This is just like that time you tried to sneak Joel Frasier out of your bedroom window last month!"\_

"\_Oh my fucking God, Pete!" she protested, kicking him in the shin. "Why would you even bring that up?!"\_

"\_Okay, see you later," Alison said abruptly, pulling her sunglasses down over her eyes and beginning to walk away.\_

"\_All righty," Ben said, holding his arms out in some kind of goodbye gesture and followed Alison.\_

"\_See you later," Pete called sardonically after them. "Enjoy the day!" As soon as they were out of earshot, he turned to Charlotte and said, "Never do what they did."\_

"\_I'm gonna do it!" Charlotte promised with a giggle.\_

"\_You are?" Pete laughed. "Uh oh! Someone's getting home-schooled!"\_

"\_Hey, if we're going for home-schooling around here then sign me up!" said Marnie. "Save me from that shit-tip high school, per-lease!"\_

"\_Language!" Pete warned mockingly, clipping Charlotte into her car seat. "There are children present!"\_

"\_I was raised by your wife," she pointed out, climbing into the passenger seat. "Fucking blame her for my shitty attitude to life."\_

\_Knocked Up, 2007\_

\* \* \*

><p>Very few people can say that they've projectile-vomited on James Franco's front door. I am the girl that can hand-on-heart say that she has. As Jay and I unsteadily made our way up the path that led to James' house, our faces ghostly pale with fear, both of us covered in blood and dirt, I felt that familiar churning feeling in the pit of my stomach. By the time we'd reached the door, I couldn't keep it down anymore.<p>

As Jay reached to push the door open, I spewed out an almighty fountain of puke, which splattered all over the door and doorstep, narrowly avoiding Jay's outstretched arm.

"Jesus fuck, Mack!" Jay groaned, but he wrapped an arm around my waist to support me, and we staggered into the house.

"Holy shit!" was the first thing we heard; James was freaking out big time.

"Jay! Mack!" Seth gasped in relief, pulling us both into three-person hug. "You're alive! Oh, thank God!"

"We're okay!" I snivelled into his shoulder, beginning to cry.

"We're not dead yet," Jay assured him, way less emotionally than me.

Meanwhile, James was in the middle of the biggest bitch-fit I'd ever seen him throw. Ever. "I \_told \_you guys not to go outside! What just happened?!" He stormed over to me and grabbed hold of my head, making me look at him. "Jesus Christ, Kenzie! What the fuck was that?! You could have fucking died! Why didn't you fucking listen to me!?"

"I'm so sorry!" I sobbed, putting my arms tight around his neck. "I was scared! I couldn't leave Jay, I wasn't thinking straight!"

James let go of my head and hugged me back closely, leaning his cheek on the top of my head. "What the fuck would I have told Dave if you'd died?!"

"Oh my God!" I whimpered, pulling back from him in shock. "Dave! I need to call him I need to see if he's alright! Oh my fuck, what did we just see?!" I pulled my phone out of my pocket (\_how \_had it not been smashed?) and started dialling my boyfriend's number.

"Jesus Christ, they are all fucking dead!" Craig cried.

"I told you guys not to run outside!" James yelled.

"I tried to save Aziz!" Craig was sobbing, clutching at Seth. "I tried!"

"You did your best, man!" wept Seth, hugging him. "I love you!"

"Why the fuck did you guys run out there?!" shrieked James, pacing around the room.

"You know what, James, can you lower your voice?!" Jonah shouted from



the sofas. "You're freaking out Jay!"

"Maybe I'm a little \_freaked out \_too!" James shouted back.

"We're all fucking freaked out!" I wailed, dialling Dave's number for the fourth time; it was just totally refusing to connect.

"He's not as strong as you!" Jonah responded.

"Look at my house!" James bawled.

"The house is not the main fucking priority here, Franco!" I screeched. "My phone won't connect to a network, I can't call anyone!" It was bedlam; James was having a fit about his house, I was screaming at my phone for not working, Seth and Craig were still crying and Jay was getting irritated because Jonah kept touching him.

"Can we get Jay some water please?!" Jonah demanded. "Can we get him some hydration?! He needs to be hydrated!"

"The water's not working!" Seth shouted, frantically twisting the faucet.

"Everyone just runs out the door!" whined James.

"\_Franco\_" I snapped, looking away from my phone and scowling at him.

"My phone's dead too!" stated Craig, panicked.

"Guys, the fucking internet's not working!" howled Seth, repeatedly clicking at a laptop.

"Let's watch the TV!" James suggested hurriedly, grabbing the remote. "Let's check the news!"

"Where is the TV?" asked Jay, frowning. We all looked around. He was right; there was no TV to be seen.

"It's in the floor," James explained as a whirring noise began to emanate from a spot in the middle of the sofas, and sure enough, the TV began to rise up out of the hardwood flooring.

"That's dope," Craig said appreciatively.

"Yeah, cool, huh?" said James.

"Damn, I knew I should have taken you up on your offer to design our house," I muttered thoughtfully.

"That's really neat," added Seth.

"That is impressive, James," concluded Jonah as the TV finished its grand arrival.

"\_the biggest earthquake to ever hit Los Angeles\_" the male news reporter was saying before James flicked the channel over.

"-officers urging people to stay in their homes right now\_," the new female reporter was saying, as the banner at the bottom of the screen read SEEK SHELTER NOW in red lettering. "\_And also reports of looting and rioting are spreading across the city.\_"

"Riots?" James repeated in a whisper as we all stared in alarm at the television. Jonah had his hand covering his mouth, Seth was drinking whiskey clean out the bottle, and I was chewing nervously at the skin around my thumb, ruining my French manicure.

"\_Police are pretty much outnumbered as people are turning to one another\_," the TV woman was saying. "\_Martial law has now been declared\_-"

James changed the channel for a second time. "\_Air Force One has gone down\_-\" was all we heard before the screen flickered and broke up, before turning to the static blue NO SIGNAL screen.

"Shit!" hissed James, clicking the remote at the TV to no avail. "It's gone guys."

"The whole world's gone fucking mental!" I whispered, twirling a strand of my hair around my finger fearfully.

Jay suddenly turned to Seth and me. "So, I think we shouldâ€|we should probably go back to your place, huh?"

"What are you talking about, man?!" demanded Seth. "No, no way! I'm not leaving here!"

"You're bat-shit crazy if you think you're getting me to go back outside that door, Baruchel," I snapped, folding my arms.

"I don'tâ€|wanna die at James Franco's house," Jay said uneasily, and I didn't miss the offended 'what's he talking about' raised-arm gesture James made either.

"You heard the TV!" exclaimed Seth, gesturing at the blank screen. "The TV said stay here! It said stay in your homes! We need to stay here until they start rescuing people, okay?!"

"A huge earthquake happens, who do they rescue first?" Jonah asked in what I assumed he imagined was an intelligent tone. "Actors!"

"Famous people!" agreed Seth.

"They'll get Clooney, Sandra Bullock, me!" Jonah paused for a millisecond. "If there's room, you guys'll come! The point is that we're all gonna get out of this first!" A huge explosion outside suddenly rocked the entire house, making the walls and ground shake and causing us all to start.

"What the fuck was that?!" I yelled, jumping backwards and almost crushing Jay in the process.

"It's already going crazy out there, guys!" Seth yelled. "We can't leave! I'm not leaving, okay?! I'm a victim! I've had a victim's mentality my whole life! People can smell it on me! When I was a kid, I had man-titties! The bullies held me down, they titty-fucked

me!"

"Woah, Seth!" I grimaced, putting a hand on his chest to shut him up. "Little too much information there, bro!"

"That's what's happening out there right now!" James shouted fearfully.

"James!" I shouted back. "You are not helping!"

"That's right, we are all soft!" Now Craig was freaking out even more too. "We are all soft! We are actors! We pretend to be hard, man!"

"Yeah!" James agreed.

"We soft as baby shit!" shouted Craig, moving towards the wall.

"As baby shit!" James shrieked. "Soft asâ€¦wait, Craig, what are you doing, man?!" Craig had grabbed hold of one of James' stupid paintings and was attempting to tear it down from the wall. "Hey, hey, what are you doing?! What are you doing to the painting, man?!"

"We gotta board this shit up, man!" Craig instructed, a pretty clever idea really.

Just not according to James. "Board it up?!"

"We gotta protect ourselves!" Craig told him. "We don't know we gonna be in here!"

"Guys, come on, let's sit down and talk about what we need to do!" I suggested. "Let's do that, that is a good idea!"

They both ignored me. "There's raccoons and bandits and shit out there!" Craig exclaimed, clearly terrified out of his wits.

"This is \_Obey\_, man!" James cried like we knew what he meant, stepping protectively in front of the painting. "This is my favourite fucking painting!" Craig ignored him, reaching up and trying to pull the stupid picture down. "What are you doing, Craig!? Guys, help!" he pleaded, turning to us. "Help! Help! Get off!"

"BOYS! QUIT IT!" I screamed, snapping suddenly, when we all heard the sound of a helicopter approaching outside.

James and Craig stopped wrestling with each other, and James pointed to the window where the helicopter lights were shining through. "Look! Helicopter! Helicopter!" He took a few steps closer to the window, still gesturing at the light. "The good guys are here! We're fine! It's gonna be fine!"

The whirring of the helicopter was growing steadily closer, and that was when we realised that it wasn't landing; it was crashing. This was confirmed when we saw a chopper spinning rapidly out of control speeding towards the window. It collided with the ground with an explosion just outside the window, and the tail of the chopper came flying through the glass, imbedding itself in the painting James had so desperately been protecting just seconds earlier.

Craig started screaming in pain, clutching at his hand, and for a second I thought for sure that the piece of helicopter had chopped one of his fingers off. "God damn! God \_damn\_! Shit!"

"You okay?!" James asked, taking a few hesitant steps towards him.

"No, I'm not okay!" Craig spat. "Fuck your house, Franco!" He held up his finger, revealing the drop of blood oozing out of a paper cut-sized slice. \_Are you actually fucking kidding me right now.\_

"My house didn't do that!" James protested angrily, and he reached out to touch the piece of chopper. The second his skin came into contact with the metal, there was a sizzle of burning flesh, and James withdrew his hand with a pained hiss.

"On what planet did you deem that a good idea?" I asked him sarcastically, raising an eyebrow, and he just flipped me off. "Well that was rude. Okay. We all just need to calm the fuck down, okay? Let's just do some of this logical thinking people are so fond of. Craig's right; we gotta board this place up and stop people getting in and fucking slitting our throats in our sleep. Yes, Franco," I snapped, seeing the objection on James' face. "That does mean tearing down your precious art. Deal with it. Come on!" I clapped my hands impatiently at them. "Let's rock and roll, you bunch of bitches!"

\* \* \*

><p>And rock and roll we did. The boys got set to tearing down all of James' pictures, portraits, canvasses and whatever else they could find and nailed them over all the exterior windows and doors. Seth attempted to duct tape the cracks in the walls together. Craig built himself a little one-man tent out of a chair, a couple of blanket and the dick statue. I gathered together every last bit of drink, food, drugs and other miscellaneous items I could find and set them down on the kitchen island for Seth to catalogue.<p>

"Okay, we got twelve bottles of water, fifty-six beers, two vodkas, four whiskeys, six bottles of wine, the three cans of Arizona ice tea that Mack stole from the convenience store, tequila, Nutella, cheese, pizza, eggs, bananas, apples, bacon, steaks, pancake mix, CT Crunch, milk, ketchup, a Milky way, half ounce Sour Diesel, three and a half grams Grand Master Kush, one ounce of shrooms, fifteen pills of ecstasy, a porno mag, a baseball bat and the video camera from the movie \_27 Hours\_, " he listed, checking them off on his checklist.

"\_127 Hours\_, " James corrected him, and Seth quickly wrote that extra hundred hours down, because it was just \_sooo \_important at this stage of our lives.

"And a functioning revolver from the movie \_Flyboys\_, " Seth finished off.

"Old Faithful," James said fondly, picking the gun up.

"Jesus!" Jay exclaimed, dropping to the floor.

"This thing's real," James explained, displaying it to us all. "I kept it from the movie. This is an actual revolver."

"We can see that," I said uneasily, as Jay slowly stood back up next to me. God, I now wished I'd put him between me and James.

"Franco, that's very uncomfortable!" Craig said nervously, holding up his hands. "Could you put that down please?"

"Loaded!" James decided to show us all that there actually were bullets in the chambers. Fan-fucking-tastic. I gave it five minutes before he accidentally shot one of us. All of us were protesting about him holding it, but him being James Franco, he totally ignored us.

"I always keep my props!" he enlightened us. "Always keep my props." He twirled the gun round in Jay's and my direction, and Jay ducked down again, out of range, whilst I took a step back into the worktop.

"I know how to handle it!" James insisted.

"He knows what he's doing," Jonah said with a laugh. "I like this bit, I like it. I get it. Let me see!"

"It's real, it's heavy," James warned him.

"Let me see it like that," Jonah maintained, so James through the revolver to him, causing the rest of us to shout out in irritation and objection.

"Come on, guys!" protested Seth. "You could kill-" but he was cut off by Jonah pointing the gun at us each in turn and pretending to shoot it.

"Bang, bang!" he said in \_the \_campest tone I'd ever heard come out of a man's mouth.

"Please put it down!" begged Seth, whilst this time I followed Jay's suit and ducked behind the island.

"Bang, bang, bang! You're dead!" Jonah continued, and now the other guys were beginning to duck down too. "Pow, pow, pow!"

"I hope you're fucking happy," Jay snapped at James, who raised his arms in a 'whatever' gesture.

"Stop! Guys!" shouted Seth. "Stop fucking with the gun!"

"Pow, pow!" Jonah carried on his little game.

"It's so funny," Craig said derisively, his hands clasped together, praying-style. "It's so funny."

"Jonah!" I hissed. "Put the gun the fuck down!"

"We're getting sidetracked!" Jay exclaimed in an attempt to bring us back to the problem at hand.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Jonah said sorrowfully, and he placed the gun

next to his temple. "I'll just kill myself." At this, we all yelled out a chorus of, "NO!"

"Jonah, what the fuck are you doing?!" I shrieked. "Put it down! Put it down \_now\_!"

"Jonah, give it back!" James ordered, holding out his hand for it. Meanwhile, Jonah was acting out an OTT mental breakdown that consisted of wailing and flailing around, ending with him actually placing the gun in his mouth to yet more yells of 'no.'

"Come on, no, no!" commanded Jay. "Don't! Jesus!"

"Would you put the thing down?!" Seth said exasperatedly. This was just getting boring now.

Jonah stopped his wailing abruptly. "I'm trying to have some fun, man." He handed the revolver back to James without a fight.

"Fun?!" I exploded. "There is nothing 'fun' about this situation, Jonah! People are dead! Jay and I nearly died! Hello?!"

"Look, just because a bunch of people fell into a hole outside doesn't mean we can't have some fun!" he said in an attempt at comforting me. It failed, FYI. "We're a bunch of best friend's hanging out. It's like a sleepover!"

"A sleepover surrounded by fire, death and destruction," I muttered, folding my arms.

"Okay, food," Seth said loudly, trying to regain control. "How are we gonna deal with this?"

"Um, can I have that Milky Way?" asked Jonah, pointing at the chocolate bar.

"No, you can't have the Milky Way!" retorted James. "That's \_my\_ Milky Way!"

"What?!" Jay exclaimed disbelievingly, having been cut off from saying how there were a lot of us that probably wanted the Milky Way.

"I went out this morning, specifically bought this Milky Way to eat after my party," James insisted.

"That's weird," said Jay, his eyebrows knitted together.

"It is a little weird," I agreed.

"It's not weird, it's my special food!" James argued.

"Who the fuck has special food at the age of thirty-five!?" I exclaimed. "Jesus, man."

"I like it. Back me up on that, Seth!" James looked at Seth for support.

Seth totally shot him down. "I don't think you should get the whole Milky Way. I want some of the Milky Way!"

"I'd be pretty bummed if I don't at least get a bite of the Milky Way," Craig chipped in.

"Oh, now \_Craig \_wants the Milky Way!" said James.

"Yeah, I want a bite of the Milky Way!" Craig retorted. "It's a fucking Milky Way!"

"I'm the female here," I reminded everyone. "It's ladies first. I want the Milky Way, I get the Milky Way."

"A fifth of everything is what's fair and reasonable," Jay suggested.

"Everyone gets a fifth of everything," Seth asserted.

"I want one-fifth of your t-shirt!" James announced aggressively, pointing at Craig's TAKE YO' PANTIES OFF shirt. "I want the bottom part! The belly!"

"I'm not sporting a crop top in your house!" Craig objected.

"I'll cut that shit off and make a headband!" James said.

"You couldn't handle my midriff," Craig replied rationally.

"Guys, the only issue is," Jonah interjected. "I kind of \_need \_the Milky Way."

"Oh, for fuck sake," sighed Jay, putting his head in his hand.

"No, for real, I have low blood sugar and if my endorphins drop too low I'm gonna be a nightmare to be around."

"If your LBS acts up, you can have a finger scoop of Nutella," said James, opening the jar and holding it out to him. Urgh. Fucking Nutella. I would never eat that shit again for the rest of my life, that was for sure.

"Fair," Jonah said with a raise of his hand. Then I saw a wicked gleam in his eye. "\_But,\_ can I eat it off Mackenzie? I hear she is pretty good for that kinda thing." A mocking smirk spread across his lips.

"That is \_so\_ not funny, asswipe," I returned with a scowl.

"Oh really? Because I think it's hilarious." James grinned maliciously. He scooped out a small dollop of Nutella and massaged it into the back of his hand. "Oh hey Jonah, how about a snack? I know you get awful hungry," he jibed in what was quite possibly the worst imitation of my voice known to this planet.

Jonah was quick to join in with James' mocking. "Oh, Kenzie, I sure would!"

The pair continued their, unfortunately, rather accurate imitation of what happened that night for what felt like a lifetime, adding various sound effects and actions which I was sure (or more, hoped) did not actually occur on the evening. "Oh Jonah, your tongue is so

big and wet! I can't believe I picked Dave when I could have had you, you hunky boy!" James twittered, his pitch an octave too high.

By this point, I'd heard more than enough. I picked up the bacon and launched it at James' head. However, I missed spectacularly as it glided past him and fell to the floor with a dull \_thwuck\_.

"Fuck you, Franco," I snapped. "You're just jealous your baby brother gets more sex than you do." The other guys all started laughing. "Anyway, that was one time, and if I recall correctly, I was drunk out of my face and totally high! I cannot be held responsible for that! And stop wasting the fucking food, jackass!"

"Ooooh, damn!" drew out Craig, and I shot him the finger.

"Shut up, Craig!"

"I'm going to bed," James proclaimed, grabbing the revolver. "Don't touch that Milky Way, Jonah!" he warned as he walked away.

"Hey yo, Franco!" I shouted, running after him in my stupid high heels. "Wait up!"

"What's up, sis?" he said when I reached him.

"You got a blanket or anything I can borrow?" I asked as we made our way up the stairs. "Jay and me are sleeping on the sofa and he's got like a rug and shit. I'll freeze!"

"I've got some spare blankets in my bedroom," he said. "Come on, I'll get you one."

"Thanks, dickbrain," I said with a laugh, and he grinned at me. Just like the rest of the house, James' bedroom was typically artsy, with more canvasses on the wall and all exposed wood-and-stone walls with a big-ass double bed in the middle of the room.

"Here," he said, opening his closet and grabbing a plain duvet from the top shelf, throwing it to me.

"Awesome, at least now the end of the world won't kill me by me freezing to death," I joked.

"Do you want to borrow a t-shirt or something to sleep in?" he asked, and I nodded, so he also handed me just a basic black t-shirt.

"Do you think the rest of the world is just like this?" I asked quietly, sitting down at the end of his bed.

"God, I don't know, Kenz," he sighed, sitting down next to me.

"I am so scared," I whispered. "There's no phone service, no internet! What about Dave!? He's my boyfriend, your brotherâ€¦he could be dead for all we know! I have no way of contacting him, of phoning my dad back homeâ€¦it's all just totally gone to shit and I don't know what to do!" My face crumpled and I began to cry, not attractively either. I was exhausted and terrified and distressed and angryâ€¦I was a mess.

"Hey, hey, hey," James soothed, putting his arm around me. "I'm sure



there's a simple explanation for all this. It was just an earthquake! We'll all get out of this alive, I promise!"

"But what about the blue lights?! Jay said-"

"Fuck what Jay said," he said dismissively, rolling his eyes. "That's bullshit. Earthquakes happen all the time, and people live. So chill out, get some sleep and we'll work out what to do tomorrow. Okay? It's \_fine\_."

I nodded slowly. "Okay." I reached over and gave him a hug before retreating into the bathroom across the hall to change. I gratefully kicked my heels off my sore feet and stripped out of my leather jacket, shorts, pantyhose and cami, leaving me in my Victoria's Secret turquoise bra and pink spotty girl boxers. Thank God I hadn't worn a thong.

Though I loved the guys and was so close to them all, there was no way I wanted them to see me totally in my underwear. I pulled James' t-shirt down over my head, and was thankful to see that it reached mid-thigh.

Just an earthquake, James had said. We'd be fine. We'd get out of this alive, he'd said. But as I made my way back downstairs and saw the fire flickering away outside through the gaps in the boarded-up windows, I began to wonder if this was something a whole lot more devastating than just an earthquake€|

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN- Shit's getting real. I'll clarify now, this is not a romance fic, so James and Mack will not be getting together. I want them to have a sibling-esque relationship, because Mack always lacked that big brother figure in her life until she met James. So lemme know how you're likin' everything, updates will come quicker if I start getting more reviews and follows! Kisses to you all! Xx Gee xX\*\*

\*\*PS- Polyvore. You know what to do.\*\*

## 5. Throwing A Fit, Making A Scene

\*\*A/N- I feel like I shouldn't be cranking out a new chapter after just like three or four days, but what the hey, here ya go! Super thanks to Ronnie. H for reviewing!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter Five- Throwing A Fit, Making A Scene<strong>

"\_Am I teenager-y enough?" Kira asked, panicking as she saw the high school gates drawing closer. "I do not feel teenager-y enough! I look old! I can tell! They'll see that I'm twenty-five! Oh my God! We are D-O-N-E, fucked!"\_

"\_Kira, just calm the fuck down," Jenko said calmly. "We've done this shit once, we'll be just as fucking awesome this time."\_

"\_It's okay for you guys," Schmidt muttered, looking gloomily out the window. "You were popular and shit in high school."\_

"\_Schmidty, we were still best friends in high school despite your status as a dweeb," Kira reminded him. "Trust me, anyone tries that shit with you again and, in the words of our darling Jenko, I will seriously beat their dick off with both hands."\_

"\_Hey," Jenko practically sang. "We're here."\_

"\_Park in that handicapped spot!" Schmidt suggested as they drove into the student parking lot. "It'll make us look cool."\_

"\_That's awesome!" Jenko enthused.\_

"\_No, it'll make us look like jackasses," Kira said, but like with 75% of the words that came out of her mouth, the boys ignored her and parked up. They exited the car, with Jenko pulling his seat forward to let Kira squeeze out through the cap, and stood without trying to draw too much attention to themselves.\_

\_That was, until Schmidt started freaking out because everyone around them was two-strapping their backpacks, whilst the three of them were one-strapping on Jenko's instruction.\_

"\_Dudes? Everyone's two-strapping it!" he exclaimed worriedly.\_

"\_Just stay with the one-strap!" Jenko muttered.\_

"\_I can't! I can't!" Schmidt replied, hurriedly pulling the other strap over his shoulder. "I can't right now!"\_

"\_Schmidt!" Kira hissed. "Stop! You freaking out is making us even more noticeable!"\_

"\_Don't succumb to the peer pressure!" Jenko said incredulously. "What are you doing?!"\_

"\_You're supposed to use two straps! One strap \_\_is\_\_ peer pressure!" retorted Schmidt.\_

"\_We're not telling you to take drugs!" exploded Kira. "Take the fucking strap down! Now!"\_

"\_No!" Schmidt clamped the strap to his shoulder with his hand.\_

"\_No! No, you're fucking up right now!" Jenko whispered irately, looking around at all the different students. "Okay, those are Goths. Those are nerds."\_

\_Kira did the same. "Those are cheerleaders."\_

\_Jenko caught sight of a group of students in 1950s-style clothing. "I don't know what they are."\_

"\_Rockabilly," Kira mumbled to him, but all she got was a blank stare.\_

"\_What the fuck are those things?!" Schmidt exclaimed, puzzled, staring at some girls dressed in colourful Japanese-type clothes.\_

"\_Iâ€|have no idea," admitted Kira.\_

"\_I am so confused right now," said Jenko. What he failed to notice, that Kira did, was Schmidt staring at a blonde girl who had just pulled up on her bike. She was very pretty in a non-conventional, artsy way, but Kira was way, way more interested in the guy that the girl had come to a stop in front of.\_

\_He was gorgeous; athletic build, wavy brown hair, model-esque facial features, chiselled jaw line, grey shirt that fit him perfectly. In short, he was Kira's ideal guy, appearance-wise. Fuck, it was like someone had built him in a lab for her.\_

"\_Woah," she and Schmidt breathed out in unison, but they both lost the dreamy looks on their faces when they saw the girl and the boy kiss; they were together.\_

"\_Hey, yo," the boy suddenly called, walking up to Jenko, Schmidt and Kira, causing them to stop. "Hey. Is that your car?" He jerked his head in the direction of the vehicle Hoffs at the station had loaned them.\_

"\_Yeah," Jenko said proudly; he loved his cars.\_

"\_What's that thing get, ten miles to the gallon?" the boy asked.\_

"\_No, try like, seven," Jenko replied casually. "What about you?" he asked a different boy who was standing by his own car.\_

"\_Biodiesel, dawg," the other boy answered.\_

"\_Oh God, it's the hippy squad," Kira muttered in Schmidt's ear, and he had to turn his laugh into a hacking cough.\_

"\_Smells like egg rolls," he managed to cough out.\_

"\_Yeah it does," the hot guy said smugly. "Runs on leftover fry oil from Hunan Palace. But we try to ride bikes when we can, global crisis and whatnot."\_

"\_Are you serious?" snorted Kira, unable to control herself.\_

"\_Whatever man," Jenko said offhandedly. "I don't care about anything."\_

"\_You don't care about the environment?" the boy demanded, looking between Jenko and Kira. "That's kinda fucked up, man."\_

"\_Caring about and being interested in are two very, very different things," Kira replied, and the boy scowled at her. She grinned cockily back and blew a kiss at him.\_

"\_Hey, hey," another boy piped up from his position leaning on the car roof. "Will y'all shut the hell up? Trying to study."\_

"\_Look at him!" laughed Jenko, pointing. "He's trying. He's actually trying! What a nerd!" The boy put his book down and moved in front of Jenko, who was taunting, "Look at him. Look at the nerd!"\_

"\_Who you calling a nerd, man?" the boy challenged.\_

"\_Oh I'm sorry, what?" Jenko asked ignorantly, before he punched the boy clean in the face, flooring him.\_

"\_Jenk-" Kira had to cut herself off before she blew their cover. "What the \_\_fuck\_\_ man?!"\_

"\_Shit, dude!" exclaimed Schmidt.\_

"\_Hey, what the hell, are you serious?!" the hot boy cried, helping his friend.\_

"\_Turn that gay-ass music off," Jenko said condescendingly, looking at their car.\_

"\_You punched me because I'm gay?!" the punched boy demanded.\_

"\_What?!" Jenko clearly had not been expecting that. None of them had.\_

"\_You've gotta be fucking kidding me," Kira sighed, putting her head in her hands.\_

"\_No, I- oh come on!" he said to the crowd that had gathered around them. \_

"\_That's not cool, man," Schmidt said quietly.\_

"\_That is really insensitive," added the hot boy.\_

"\_I didn't punch him because he's gay!" insisted Jenko. "I punched him, and then he happened to turn out to be gay afterwards!"\_

"\_I was gay when you punched me!" the other boy spat.\_

"\_In a weird way," said Schmidt in an attempt at peacemaking. "It might have been homophobic not to punch you \_\_just\_\_ because you were gay."\_

\_The three of them still ended up in the principal's office, a whole fifteen minutes into the school day.\_

"\_You punched a little gay black kid in the face, and it's not even second period. How do you explain that?" the principal questioned them.\_

"\_Mr Dadier, I'm so sorry about that," apologised Jenko. "I just-"\_

"\_Look guys, I'm going to relate to you, okay?" Mr Dadier said. "A kid died the other day, and nobody, including me, is doing anything about it. That's weird, guys. And then you three show up, with thirty days left, causing trouble in my school. I am one more gay black kid

getting punched in the face away from a nervous breakdown! Do I make myself clear? You three cross my line again, and you walk into this office, I'm gonna expel you. You got me?" All three of them nodded quickly.\_

"\_Mr Dadier, really, we are honestly sorry," Kira said sincerely, flashing her best 'you can trust me' smile. It half-worked, because Dadier half-smiled back.\_

"\_Alright, let's do this," he said, pulling three files out of his desk. "You must be Daisy." Kira nodded; Daisy McQuaid was her alter-ego for the assignment. "Here. Yeah, you strike me as the Home Ec, cheerleader type." She took her file silently.\_

"\_Which one of you is Doug?" Dadier asked the guys. Neither of them moved. "Let's do that again, and pretend you guys aren't weird. Which one of you is named Doug?" Both Kira and Schmidt looked at Jenko.\_

"\_No, dudes, I'm Brad," he muttered back, but Dadier heard him.\_

"\_Okay good," he said. "That means your name is Doug, son," he said to Schmidt, handing him a file. "So you're the twins?" he directed at Schmidt and Kira.\_

"\_Yeah, I'm Doug," Schmidt sighed.\_

"\_I'm sorry about my brothers," Kira quickly apologised. "Both of them had lead paint on their crib bars, and well, teething and all that."\_

\_-21 Jump Street, 2012\_

\* \* \*

><p>I had no idea why I was even attempting to try to sleep. I was so scared and restless that all I could do was lie there on James' sofa, swaddled up in my blanket with my head resting on my folded-up leather jacket. I tossed and turned and sighed, but sleep was just evading me.<p>

Of course, it didn't help that outside all I could hear was explosions and gunfire and screaming. I was shaking so much, despite the heat the blanket was providing for me. I just felt sick.

"Jay?" I whispered. "Jay, are you awake?"

There was silence for a few moments; moments in which I was sure Jay had actually managed to fall asleep, so I was getting ready to roll over and try once again to snooze when he spoke. "Yeah Mackenzie, I'm awake." He was brusque, just like he had been for the last two hours, since we'd finished cataloguing all the food. He was pissed with Seth and me for not backing him up, I could tell.

"You don't have to be so blunt with me, you know," I said, rubbing my eyes and yawning.

"I'm not being blunt."

"Yes, you are. You called me Mackenzie. You only ever call me Mackenzie if you're pissed off, upset or we haven't seen each other for a while, like at the airport. So what's up?"

"Oh, you know, it's the end of the world and here I am, trapped in James Franco's house with a bunch of people who really mean nothing to me." Jay sounded so cold.

Wow. Now that stung. "Thanks for that," I muttered, pulling the blanket up closer around my neck as I had suddenly gotten very cold.

"Kenz, don't be stupid," he said quickly, and the warmth had returned to his voice. "You know I don't mean you. I just mean that-" Jay's words were effectively cut off by more explosions outside. I could hear him shifting around uncomfortably as the first, then the second went boom. I clutched my blanket tighter, my knuckles feeling like they were about to break.

That was when we heard the footsteps coming slowly towards us. They were slow, plodding, like a bear, and for a second I thought one had broken into the house, especially when I saw a big black shadow moving towards us. Jay raised himself up on his forearms whilst I curled up in the foetal position, whimpering, only to see Seth walk into the light, wrapped in a blanket.

"Hey," he said indifferently.

"Hey," replied Jay, and I could tell from his voice he was frowning.

"'Sup," I said, drawing the 'u' sound out.

"I'm gonna sleep with you guys," Seth announced.

"What?" said Jay.

"I'm gonna sleep with you," Seth repeated, and he settled himself in next to Jay in the open spot between the sofas on the floor. "It's too scary to sleep alone."

"But this is my little area," Jay protested.

"Well, I'm invading your little area. Besides, Mack's here too," Seth pointed out, and I wagged my fingers in a wave.

"She's in her couch area," Jay whined. "This is my spot."

"Okay, Sheldon Cooper," I teased. "Chill out. Three's company, I say."

"Are you mad at us, man?" Seth suddenly asked him. Good, so it wasn't just me picking up on Jay's irritated vibes then.

"If I was pissed at you guys, I'm sure it would have something to do with the fact that I had no interest in coming to this house socially, and now I am barricaded in here with a bunch of people that I really hate," Jay replied petulantly, which was pretty much what he'd told me too.

"Maybe this was meant to be," said Seth. "Maybe this horrible, horrible, deadly earthquake happened so we could become closer as a group of friends."

"This is nature's way of telling you to get that stick out of your ass and accept everyone," I added.

"I don't need a group," Jay insisted. "I'm like DMX, man. I'm a lone wolf."

"One man wolf pack," I snorted, quoting The Hangover.

"DMX isn't a lone wolf," Seth told him. "DMX has the Ruff Ryder crew. You can't stop, drop and open up shop alone! You need people to help you in an earthquake disaster situation."

"It was something else!" Oh God, not this again. "It was Judgement Day."

"I had no idea you were a Bible kinda guy, Jay," I said thoughtfully.

"Like Terminator 2?" asked Seth.

"No, not like Terminator 2!" sighed Jay, facepalming. "For God's sakes."

"Like Skynet? You think this is Skynet? Like Skynet went live?"

"No! Will you please stop saying 'Skynet'?"

"Well you're the one that said Judgement Day!"

"The biblical Judgement Day!" Jay explained, and Seth scoffed. "What?"

"That's just crazy!" Seth said superficially.

"You fucking heathen." Okay, apparently he'd offended Jay even more.

"Okay, here's the thing," said Seth. "Let's sit for a second there was blue light sucking people up into the sky. That means that we were not awesome enough to go to Heaven."

"You're basically saying God hates us," I chipped in. A sudden set of banging footsteps accompanied by a large shadow coming down the stairs caused all of us to jump wildly, making me scramble into a sitting position in my panic while Seth and Jay cuddled up to each other in panic.

"Craig?!" I spat as the one and only Mr Robinson stepped into the light. "Goddamn you, man!"

"What y'all doing?" he whispered.

"Fuck you, Craig!" Seth hissed as he and Jay released each other.

"I'm scared. It's scary by myself," Craig mumbled.

"Come join the love-in, then," I invited, opening my arms in a greeting gesture.

"Yeah, it's way better with more people," added Seth.

"I'mma come down here," Craig said, and he scooted himself down on the other length of the sofa so his head was positioned next to my head.

"So you're gonna-" began Jay.

"Right here," Craig finished for him, snuggling up with his personalised towel.

"I feel better, actually," said Seth. "I like that. It's better with more people."

"Hey guys." Jonah's voice suddenly floated out of the darkness behind us. The boys all started for a third time, and this time I let out an actual shriek of fear.

"Jesus Christ!" said Jay, at the same time Seth yelled, "Jesus!"

"For \_fuck \_sake, Jonah!" I grumbled, scowling at him.

"Sorry," he apologised. "Franco has this crazy open floor plan. I can hear every word you guys are saying. I might as well hang with you guys if that's cool." He proceeded to awkwardly step over me on his way to squish in between Seth and Jay on the floor.

"It's cool if we can all now focus on \_going the fuck to sleep\_," I suggested irately.

"It feels so much more safe now, guys," Seth said contently.

"It's nice here," agreed Jonah as he shuffled around, trying to get comfortable. "Should we spoon it?" he suggested to Seth.

"Yeah, you want to?" answered Seth, so he, Jonah and Jay spent the next minute or so arguing about if they should go dick-to-butt, tip-to-tip or just plain dicks-up, with Jonah eventually deciding they'd go '\_Scarface\_-style' with him placing his arms around Jay and Seth.

"Goodnight boys," he said, kissing Jay and Seth on the forehead. I cleared my throat significantly. "And Kenzie."

"Sweet dreams, fellas," Craig said, closing his eyes.

"Nighty night, fuckers," I yawned, and a few minutes later I was totally out cold.

\* \* \*

><p>The red of the inside of my eyelids tricked me into thinking the sun was up the next morning. When my eyes fluttered open, though, I saw it was mostly just the fires outside the boards. I was lying on my side, facing the wall by the stairs. I lie there for a moment,



seeing the odd positions the boys and I had shuffled into overnight.<p>

Craig had his hand planted on Jay's face, Seth, Jay and Jonah were all cuddled up together and my hand was curled in a fist over Seth's eye. Jesus, had I punched him?! I was all set to go back to sleep when I realised something. I could smellâ€|was thatâ€|\_bacon\_?

I sat up, rubbing at my heavy eyes when I heard clattering steps coming slowly down the stairs. It was James, dressed in a white vest, shorts and flip-flops, brushing his teeth. He looked totally stunned at something.

"Mornin' James," I yawned, stretching my arms above my head. Then I heard movement behind me.

"Franco! Bolton!" The voice of Danny McBride filtered into my still somewhat hazy subconscious, and I turned my head so suddenly I felt my neck crack. "Good morning, sunshines!" Danny was sitting at James' table, surrounded by loads of the food we'd scavenged last night!

"Danny, no!" I howled, jumping up and leaping over the back of the sofa.

"Guys, guys, wake up! Danny's alive!" James yelled at the others, causing them to awaken. "He's eating all the fucking food!"

James and I ran over to the table with the guys stumbling after us, every single one of us screaming at Danny to stop eatingâ€|except for Jonah, who excitedly said, "Danny!"

"No, it's cool man," Danny said good-naturedly. "I fucking made this for you guys!"

"Stop eating!" shouted Seth.

"Don't eat another piece of bacon!" begged Jay.

"Guys, just chill the fuck out, okay?" Wow, Danny really had to be the most ignorant person in the entire world. "I'm sure the Green Goblin can fucking afford some more bacon."

I couldn't help it; I snorted out a laugh in the most unattractive way ever. We all gave James shit for being in the original \_Spider-Man \_trilogy. It wasn't that he'd been bad in them, it was justâ€|well, the third oneâ€|need I say more?

"Dude, that shit's supposed to last us till we get rescued!" shouted Craig.

"Wait a second," said Danny, still fucking eating. "I know what happened. You guys dropped acid, didn't you?" He looked around at the six of us. "Mhm. Craig doesn't have any pants on, he got fucking wild. Probably danced, sweated all over the place. You've got white shit all over your mouth, Franco, you probably sucked someone's dick. Jonah over here probably watched and jerked off. Kenzie's half-naked so she probably decided to treat you all to an encore to her famous striptease whilst she painted herself in Nutella. Jay, I didn't even know you were in town. Good to see you."

"Danny! We're not on acid! We didn't suck each other's dicks!" Seth said, annoyed.

"James Franco didn't suck any dick last night?" Danny mocked. "Now I know y'all are trippin'."

"Do you actually not know what happened last night?!" Seth asked incredulously.

"Daniel, you may want to stay seated for a second," Jonah said gravely. "Some really messed up stuff happened, and there were a lot of fatalities."

"Oh really?" Danny sneered. "You're putting your 'serious' voice on, Jonah? Okay, tell me about these 'fatalities'."

"Dude, Segel's dead, Krumholtz is dead, Michael Cera's dead," Craig told him.

"So Michael Cera's dead, that's not a total loss, huh?" Danny began laughing. "Michael Cera's dead!"

"Fucking hell, Danny!" I yelled. "This ain't funny! Like, at all, you shit-turtle!" The other guys all made varying statements of agreement.

"Seth, that's a better performance than performance than you've given in your last six movies," said Danny. "Where the fuck was that in Green Hornet, huh? Kenzie, you're letting some of that shitty New York accent slip out of your sexy little mouth, best keep that under wraps if you wanna keep convincing people you're a pure LA bitch. Jonah, you're fucking sucking balls. You're an Academy Award nominated person. You need to be fucking selling that shit, dude. Fatalities," he stressed in imitation. "There were some fatalities."

"Fatalities," Jonah repeated.

"Okay, now that was good," Danny approved. "That was good."

"Does it seem like we're fucking joking?!" burst out Seth. Danny just looked bored and stuffed another bit of bacon in his mouth.

"Hey, hey, hey! What the fuck you eating, man?!" we all shouted.

"Spit it out your mouth!" ordered Craig, grabbing Danny's cheeks. "Give me the bacon!" Danny obnoxiously did just that, spraying a shower of mushed-up meat all over the table. And us.

"Danny, I swear to fucking Korean Jesus, if you put another bit of bacon in your mouth, I will rip your fucking tongue out with my bare hands," I savagely warned him.

"Stop all that dirty talk, Kenz," he taunted. "We're in public."

I was about to launch into a furious outburst when a loud bang caused all of us to swing round and divert our attention to the front door. The banging continued, steadily getting more and more frantic, and I

didn't fail to notice James pushing me more behind him as he pointed his gun at the door. He really was my big brother.

"Shit, what do we do?!" hissed Seth.

"Shoot 'em, shoot 'em, shoot 'em!" squawked Craig.

The banging kept going, which turned into tearing as something began ripping down the boards.

"Franco, shoot!" I squeaked. "Shoot it! SHOOT IT!"

"Shoot the door, Franco!" exclaimed Seth, just as a middle-aged, balding man stuck his head through the gap in the boards.

"Oh God!" the man gasped. "Did you not hear me knocking out here?! I've been knocking forever! Please! Please, you gotta let me in!"

"Hang on a second," James said cautiously, turning to the rest of us. "Guys. I know it sounds really weird, but I don't think we should let him in."

"Why not!?" asked Jay, sounding appalled.

"Yeah, why not?!" demanded the man. "I can hear you, by the way."

"I'm sorry, we just don't know you, man," James told him. "You could be like, a looter or a rapist or a titty-fucker. Like, I'm sorry." I saw Seth grab at his man-boobs when James said about titty-fucking. "Look, guys, we just boarded up this whole house to keep everyone out," James continued. "And the first guy comes to the door, we're gonna let him in? I mean, how do we know we can trust this guy?"

"He has a point, dudes," I admitted, frowning.

"I want to live!" the man shouted. "Things have gone crazy out here!"

"\_Things are fucking crazy out here\_" imitated Danny. "This guy fucking sucks!"

"What if he's a rapist?!" said James

"Man, even if he is a rapist, he can't rape all of us," Jonah said. "If anyone, he'll go for Kenzie. She's got the only vagina."

"Thank you for that, Jonah," I said, rolling my eyes.

"I'm not -I'm not a rapist!" the man insisted.

"You want to titty-fuck us!?" demanded Seth, still clutching his chest.

"If you want me to titty-fuck you, I will! So good, you'll love it!" the man yelled hysterically.

"Seth, back me up, please!" pleaded Jay. "We can't just leave him out there to die, are you crazy!?"

"What do you want to do?" James asked Seth. "I'll do whatever you want to do!"

"Let's vote on it!" Seth suggested in a panic.

"I fucking vote you let me in!" the man shrieked.

"Here's my vote," announced Danny, raising his hand. "Fuck all of you, I'm letting him in. This is boring."

But just as Danny stood up, the man screamed, "THERE'S SOMETHING OUT HERE!" A deafening roar emanated from outside, and something sliced clean through the man's neck, decapitating him.

Blood sprayed everywhere, and the man's head came rolling towards us, settling at Danny's feet as we all screamed.

"This is real!" screeched Danny. "This is fucking real!" And with that, he raised his foot and booted the head in James' direction, who jerked it away with his gun towards Craig, and this started off a game of soccer with the head, because no one wanted it anywhere near them, least of all me.

James slipped over in the blood that was all over the floor, and he crashed into my legs, sending me toppling down with him. I landed with my eyes exactly in line with the eyes of the head. I let out a shriek and punched it away, and it landed at Jonah's feet.

"You guys!" he exclaimed. "This man was alive a few seconds ago, we can't play soccer with his head!" He bent down and picked the head up as James and I climbed unsteadily to our feet, our arms around each other. Oh look at that, I was crying again.

As Jonah straightened up with the head, a load of blood and head fluid splattered out of the neck, and Jonah hastily dropped it with an, "Eurgh!"

"What the fuck is going on!?" shouted Danny.

"It blinked at me!" wailed Jonah. "It- it blinked at my face!" Finally, Craig saw sense and chucked a blanket over the head, and Seth used a tripod of some sorts to shift it out of the way.

"There's blood all over my floor!" whined James.

"Really Franco?" I snapped. "Like really? We just watched a man have his head sliced clean off his body, and you're bitching about the fucking state of the \_floor\_? Get your priorities straight, man!" I was seriously on the verge of losing my shit. It hadn't even been twenty-four hours and I was already totally losing my mind. Just how long would it take for me to go completely nuts?

"Someone should look out the hole!" advised Seth.

"I ain't looking out that hole!" exclaimed Craig. "Last person who looked through that hole got his head chopped off!"

"Wait, wait, wait, wait!" gasped Jay, who was still out of breath

from Head Soccer. "What is out there might still be out there!" Everyone started going 'shh!'

"Okay, I know, I know," whispered James, beginning to move towards the stairs. He gestured at us to follow him. He led us up to a lookout room at the very top of the house. He tore the boards away from the window and we all looked outside.

There was nothing there. No wild animal, no human. No signs of life at all. All that was out there was thick, opaque smoke, fire, burning cars and buildings, sparks and that gigantic hole that had swallowed all our friends.

"Oh. Holy. Shit," I muttered.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN- So Danny has arrived. That means shit is just gonna start going downhill from here, doesn't it? Well, I hope you liked the chapter! Come on though, I'd really like to get some more reviews and follows and stuff! Y'all know what to do! Xx Gee xX\*\*

\*\*PS- Check out my Polyvore! Link's on my profile!\*\*

\*\*References:

>"We are D-O-N-E, fucked!" is from <em>GTA V<em>. Good o' Dave Norton.\*\*

## 6. She's Got No Soul

\*\*A/N- I'm still not really getting all that much feedback on this. I'm starting to think I kinda suck.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter Six- She's Got No Soul<strong>

"\_Come on, Dale, this is gonna be fun!" Callie insisted, kicking her older brother lightly in the shin. "Don't tell me this isn't what you've wanted for the last twenty-two years since I came along."\_

"\_I don't need a brother!" Dale sulked, folding his arms defiantly. "I don't even want you that much."\_

"\_I think you're just jealous because Dad's attention won't be totally focussed on you," Callie retorted, also folding her arms. She and her brother were very alike; both stubborn, both head-strong. But Callie wasn't quite as moronic.\_

"\_I am a man. I do not need the attention of a father figure," he said, straightening up to his full height. "This guy's gonna be a total dick. I know it."\_

"\_Well, why don't we go see?" Callie suggested, pointing out the window. "The moving truck's just pulled up. They're here."\_

"\_Oh, fuck me," Dale sighed as their dad went hurrying out the front door. Callie and Dale followed him, lurking in the doorway. A woman

not much younger than their dad was walking up the path. She was very pretty, in an over-fifty kind of way. Callie waved good-naturedly at her, and Dale scowled.\_

"\_Oh Jesus, Dale. \_\_What?"\_

"\_She's not our mom," Dale said.\_

"\_I know, but she can be as good as," Callie replied, and she went skipping down the pathway, joining her dad and step-mom's conversation just as her dad asked where Brennan was. \_

"\_He's still in the car," Nancy said uncomfortably, gesturing at the blue sedan. Callie and her father turned to look, and sure enough, she could see Brennan's curly head in the back seat. "It was kind of a rough drive. Hello, Callie," she added warmly to her new stepdaughter.\_

\_Callie smiled back. "Hiya, Nancy." She gave her a hug as Robert struck up a conversation with Don From Across The Road. "Welcome to the neighbourhood."\_

"\_Thank you, sweetheart," she said, also smiling.\_

"\_So, this is my brother," Callie introduced as she, Nancy and her dad walked up the path towards the house. "Dale, though you already know that."\_

"\_Hi Dale," Nancy said.\_

"\_Hey Nancy," Dale replied. "Could you make me a grilled-cheese sandwich?"\_

"\_Dale!" Callie scolded, glaring at him. "Don't be such a dickface! You're thirty-nine, make your own fucking sandwich!"\_

"\_Sure," Nancy replied regardless.\_

"\_No!" Robert retorted. "Dale just ate. He's testing you to see how much he can get away with."\_

"\_I'm hungry," Dale persisted, but Robert ignored him and led Nancy into the house, leaving Dale and Callie outside to meet Brennan, who finally pulled his head out of his ass and got out of the car.\_

\_He and Dale stared at each other for a few moments whilst Callie awkwardly stood there, rocking back and forth on her heels. Then Brennan advanced on the two of them, coming to a stop about ten feet away.\_

"\_Hey," he said monotonously.\_

"\_Hey," answered Dale tonelessly.\_

"\_What's up," Callie said, trying for a peppier tone of voice.\_

"\_I'm Brennan," her stepbrother presented himself. \_

"\_I'm Dale," Dale said. "But you have to call me Dragon." \_

\_Callie facepalmed. "What in the fuck, bro?"\_

"\_You have to call me Nighthawk," Brennan said quickly.\_

"\_Well, I'm Callie," she said in an attempt to inject a little normalcy into the situation. "And you can call me Callie. Or Cal. I'm not fussed either way."\_

"\_Sorry, little lady, the men are talking," Brennan said, holding his hand up to her face as he and Dale continued to glower at each other.\_

"\_Hey, fucker! Don't talk to my little sister like that!" Dale exclaimed angrily.\_

"\_Dale, chill out," Callie warned, holding her brother's arm.\_

"\_Wait, wait, wait!" Brennan shouted. "I have been misinformed! At no point was I told there was a girl in the house!"\_

"\_Well, now you know," Callie said, frowning. This guy was really beginning to piss her off. "The vagina between my legs signifies that I am, indeed, female, you total asshole. And by the way, you have to call me Huntress."\_

\_Step Brothers, 2008\_

\* \* \*

><p>"You wanna do a what now?" I frowned at James as we stood outside his in-house library a couple of hours after we'd seen the devastation outside. Being trapped in his own house was just fine for James; he'd been able to change clothes whilst I was stuck in my dirty shorts and now-laddered tights from the party, though I had stolen one of his red tank tops and I'd torn the feet clean off my tights because they were so tattered from running they were barely there anyway.<p>

"A video confessional," he repeated like it was obvious. "Like in \_127 Hours\_."

"Not everything has to link back to one of your movies, y'know," I teased, and he playfully shoved my head.

"No, there was actual scientific fact behind it," he insisted. "Talking to his camera stopped the real guy from going fucking nuts." He held up the hand-held camera from said movie. "C'mon Kenzie. Please? For me?" He batted his eyelashes at me and pouted like a little kid.

I sighed loudly, but jokingly, grabbing the camera from him. "Alright then. For you. Let's make a fucking confessional."

I set everything up in the middle of the library on the (now de-blooded) tripod Seth had used to move the severed head. James positioned two chairs in front of the lens and I settled myself one whilst he pressed the REC button.

"Hi," he said to the camera. "This is James Franco, um, in my house, in my library."

"And I'm Mack Bolton, broadcasting to you live from the hellhole that is more commonly known as Hollywood," I said.

"We've been stuck here for about twenty-four hours," James continued. "Danny McBride is here." He had now adopted the tone of a sulky seventeen-year-old girl, and I'm pretty sure it was totally unintentional. "I didn't even invite him to my party, but he came and passed out in the bathtub, and I gotta say, it's like typical fucking McBride."

"Wait," I said quietly, turning to look at James. "Dude. You didn't invite Danny to your party? That's more than a little fucked up, man. He has done nothing to you! Yeah, he can be a jackass sometimes, but he really is not that bad!"

"Says the girl who nearly had a restraining order slapped on him for sexual harassment!" James retorted, glaring at me.

"James!" I gasped. "Don't say that on camera! I only told you and Dave, and I only told you because you're Dave's brother! Look," I said, looking back to the camera. "It wasn't as bad as he's making it out to be. Danny just got a little touchy with me on the set of Pineapple Express is all. And I didn't nearly get a restraining order put on him!" I added to James. "I warned him with one. I wasn't gonna actually do it!"

"Okay fine, what about when we did Your Highness?" James challenged. "When he made you wear that costume? Fucking hell, you looked like Princess Leia after the fat slug thing kidnaps her! And he kept touching your tits! It looked like Game of Thrones! Look, Mack, you're my brother's girl," he said, more gently now. "And I love you like a sister. I just wanna protect you, y'know? You're my little bitch." He turned back to the camera. "I've been feeling really weird about Danny lately," he said. "Like, I don't really know if I wanna be friends with him, and then he fucking showed up at my party and now, we're stuck here with him in disaster lockdown, soâ€¦"

A sharp knock on the wall behind us caused us both to turn around. Danny was standing in the doorway, grinning at the two of us.

"What up?" he said merrily.

"Danny. Hi bro," I said, trying not to physically gulp. Fuck, had he heard?!

"Hey, Danny. What's up, man?" James said quickly.

"Not much. What are you doing?" he asked curiously. "What is this?"

"It's just a video confessional," James replied.

"Yeah, we're going all Blair Witch Project on this shit," I said.

Danny nodded slowly a couple of times before he turned and moseyed



his way back down the corridor, out of earshot.

"Fuck that dude," James hissed, whipping back round to face the camera.

"Okay," I groaned, standing up. "It's time to kill the bitchfest, I think." And with that, I reached out and hit the camera's power button, sending the screen to black.

\* \* \*

><p>"Yo, fuckfaces!" I bellowed, cupping my hands around my mouth. "Dinner's served! Get your asses into the dining room, I haven't spent the last hour slaving over this for you lot to ignore it!" Well, at the mention of dinner the boys practically came a-runnin'. We all sat down around James' massive dining table to glasses of red wine and plates of pizza and potatoes that I'd managed to cook with what little electricity there was. The conversation was mainly consisting of theories of what in the fuck was going on.<p>

"Earthquakes cause tsunamis," suggested James, who naturally was sitting at the head of the table.

"Yes!" agreed Seth, pointing at him.

"Tsunamis cause other tsunamis," James continued. "Disaster."

"I mean, for all we know, the fucking Lakers could have just won," put in Danny. "And that's the reason why all this is happening."

"The hole in Franco's front yard?" said Seth. "Sinkhole. Every single time I turn on the news, sinkhole in South America, bunch of South Americans getting sucked into the ground."

"Sinkhole de Mayo!" piped up Jonah.

"Sinkhole de Mayo," repeated Seth. "That's why it's named that, because sinkholes happen in the summertime."

"It's \_Cinco \_de Mayo, you uncultured turds," I said with a sigh.

"It's not wildfires, it's not earthquakes, it's not sinkholes," Jay said quietly. "I think I know what it is."

"Let's hear it," said Craig, whilst I put my head in my hands. If he said Judgement Day again, I swore to Godâ€|

"I think it's the apocalypse," he replied, more dramatically than what was probably intended. All the other guys made various jeering comments as I tried and failed to look supportive of what Jay was saying, when in truthâ€|I just thought it was total bullshit.

"I'm serious, guys," Jay insisted. "It's all here." He held up a Bible. "In the Book of Revelations."

"You took my Bible?" James asked with a sneer.

"Well just hear me out and you tell me what I'm describing \_isn't\_ what's going on right now," Jay said, opening the book and beginning to read, "'And the skies shall open up, and the light of the Lord shall shine down, and those of good heart shall be brought into my kingdom of Heaven.' That's the Rapture, those are the gigantic beams of blue light," he explained.

"The lights none of us saw," I muttered.

"'And there will be a great mountain burning in fire'," he kept reading. "I mean, the Hollywood Hills are literally engulfed in flames as we sit here right now."

I felt a little crack in my heart then. My house—my poor home had been up in those Hills. My whole life, gone in a crackle of flames. I had to blink hard to stop any tears escaping.

"The Hollywood Hills ain't no mountain," Craig retorted. "It's a hill. Takes about ten minutes to get across that motherfucker with no traffic."

"Coldwater," James and I both said.

"I take Laurel Canyon," said Seth.

"Cahuenga," Jonah said.

"I usually zip down Barham," said Danny.

"Guys, can I just fucking finish?" Jay interrupted irritably. "'And out of the pit rose a great red dragon having seven heads'," he read. "'That old serpent called the devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world, was released unto the Earth.'" He turned the book around to show us an illustration of what looked like the crossbreed of a goat, a rhino and a basketball player.

"I love that dude!" said Craig, pointing at the picture. "He's from \_Where The Wild Things Are\_!"

"Jay," I said uncomfortably. "Don't you think all this is just a little far-fetched? I mean, Judgement Day, the apocalypse, Satan? That's a load of very heavy stuff."

"It's a load of bullshit," James said dismissively.

"It's not bullshit!" Jay averred.

"Want to know something else, Jay?" James said spitefully. "If this \_is\_ the end of the world and all the good people died, what you're saying is Seth, me, Kenzie, Jonah, Danny and Craig are a bunch of assholes."

"I'm straight-up lovable, son," stated Craig.

"And if this really is the apocalypse," James carried on his little tirade. "You're here too. So, that means you're just a shitty as the rest of us. Doesn't feel too good, does it?"

"James!" I hissed, punching him on the arm. Jay, meanwhile, just didn't say anything. I threw my slice of pizza down on my plate and

stood up, shoving my chair back with a scrape. "God, you guys are driving me crazy! It's like living with a bunch of seven-year-olds! Jesus fucking Christ!" I turned on my heel and stormed away, my long hair whipping out behind me in brown curtain.

I don't know why, but I ended up locking myself away in James' en suite bathroom. I sat down cross-legged in his bathtub with my head in my hands and tears pouring down my cheeks.

I was cracking. I'd been trapped in this house for one day, and I was cracking. My mind was scrambled like eggs. I couldn't focus on anything except for the demolition of LA that was outside the front door. I didn't know if just LA was a burning wreck, or if it had spread all over America, or even if the whole world was like this.

I didn't know if my boyfriend was alive, or my dad, or anyone in my family. I didn't know if there was anything left of my home, of my pets. I was so confused about everything, and I didn't know what to do.

I knew I'd overreacted at dinner, but I hadn't been able to help it. I hated how much James and Jay detested each other. Jay was my very best friend, and James was pretty much my brother-in-law; he protected me, he kept me safe. I just wanted everyone to get along! Why was that too fucking much to ask for?!

I kicked the side of the bath, which only earned me some stabbing pains shooting up my ankle. God, I was so furiously with justâ€|everything. And everyone. There was a knock on the door.

"Kenz? Kenzie?"

"Fuck off, Franco. I'm not in the mood."

"For fuck sake, Mackenzie, open the fucking door."

"Oh, Mackenzie, is it now? You're getting all stern, Franco? Oh, well I guess I have to open the door now, don't I?"

"You're acting like a fucking kid."

"I'm acting like a kid? Says the fucking primadonna who threw a bitch-fit because someone came to his party who, shock horror, wasn't invited. I don't give a shit! Piss off!"

"You're in my bathroom. I'm not going anywhere."

"You're such a pain in my ass, Franco."

"Back at you, Bolton. Now open the door."

"I. Don't. Want. To."

"Mackenzie, open the door before I fucking knock it down."

James had adopted his 'angry big brother' tone, and I knew that arguing more was futile. With a sigh, I stood up and clambered out of the bath, undoing the bathroom door and opening it. James was literally standing eight inches away from me, arms folded and face

set in a hard expression. I copied him.

"What is up with you, man?" he asked me, no longer angry. Just concerned.

"I don't even know anymore," I said quietly. "I'm breaking, James. I'm shattering. It feels like I've got no soul, no conscience, no mind! I feel totally empty, and I don't know what to do."

"Well, fucking calm down for one," he said simply. "All that stuff Jay said is a pile of shit, okay? There is no way that this is the apocalypse. All this Bible shit makes no sense. We're good people. We're great people! We make people happy! If this really was the apocalypse, we'd have been taken up to Heaven just like everyone else God thinks is awesome enough."

"You know what? I really don't want to have this conversation now," I said curtly. "I'm tired, and I'm going to sleep." I pushed past him, heading out the bedroom and down the stairs to collect the t-shirt I'd slept in last night. I walked down the stairs to find Seth arranging his and Jay's sleeping spot in the nook of the sofas, and I didn't miss Danny's shout from the other bathroom.

"Hey guys, I'm going to sleep now! Nobody come in here and bother me!"

CharmantÃ©. Like we didn't know what that was code for.

\* \* \*

><p>The next few days passed slowlyâ€|so slowly. There was literally nothing for us to do in this godforsaken house. The lack of WiFi put paid to the normal things like Facebooking, Tweeting and Netflix. So basically we sat around playing card games like Go Fish and Snap. Yes, really. We were all slowly going stir crazy, but none of us dared say anything about it.<p>

One thing that was certain, though, was that James had been most definitely right about one member of our little survival clan.

Danny was behaving like a total moron. When he wasn't hiding himself away and jacking off to James' porn magazine, he was sleeping, eating or just plain getting up in everyone's grills. He. Never. Shut. Up.

At lunchtime on the fifth day of us being shut up like a pack of rats, he really began pushing my buttons in ways I didn't even think were possible.

"First bit," Seth said, as Craig carefully positioned a knife over the hunk of cheese we were cutting up for lunch. Craig was being very precise with it all. "You're not cutting it all?" Seth asked. "That's smart. You're divvying it up first."

"I'm pretty chill on that idea," I said, absent-mindedly scratching at the tattoo of two birds and a cherry blossom tree on my right wrist. "Make the cheese last, I cannot live without some cheesy calcium."

"This is like, FruyÃ“re or some shit," said Craig, just as Danny

licked his finger and wiped it along the entire chunk that Craig was about to slice off. "Come on, Danny!" Jonah, Jay, Seth and I all went, "Eurgh!"

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" I spat. I grabbed the knife from Craig's hand and pointed it at Danny. "I am this fucking close to cutting your goddamn finger \_off\_, McBride!" I was so angry that I barely noticed James quietly taking Seth to the side to talk to him about something.

"If they're all equal, what does it matter?" he demanded.

"It's not one fucking chunk per person, asshat!" I said angrily. "It's one chunk per fucking week! We actually need this food, you fat fuck!" I slammed the knife down, tip-first, into the table barely an inch from Danny's arm, burying it a centimetre deep in the wood.

"Woah, woah, Kenzie! Not the table!" James shouted, running over and wrenching the knife out. "Come on, sis! This shit's expensive!"

"I'm sorry!" I said, shoving my hands in my shorts pockets, the same shorts I'd been wearing for the last five or six days. God, I was filthy. "I'm just a little highly strung at the minute. I'm sorry Danny." I really wasn't. I kind of regretted missing.

"You know what, Kenz, it's cool," Danny replied, holding up his hand. "I hear PMS is a very hard thing to control." I just shot him the bird.

\* \* \*

><p>"Let's do all the drugs!" Seth suggested with a borderline-manic smile, holding the pile of every narcotic that was in the house.<p>

"I don't really want to," Jay said unenthusiastically, sipping his can of beer.

"Shoulda thought of that before you drank a can full of ecstasy!" Seth gleefully informed him.

Jay rapidly spat out his mouthful of drink. "\_What\_?!" After that, it really did not take long for everyone to become totally and utterly fucked up. The cocktail of weed, shrooms, E, Sour Diesel and God only knows what else sent us all on the wildest trip any of us had ever experienced. I felt like I was physically on HFS from \_21 Jump Street\_.

Seth pretended to breathe bubbles out of his mouth like a dragon.

James and Seth had a lightsaber fight with a couple of lamps while the rest of us threw money and 'made it rain' on them.

The six of us performed a can-can-style dance.

Seth was certain that if one of us poked him in the nipple he would turn into a pure ball of light, which Danny tested out.

I tried to climb the wall like Spider-Man and jumped on James' back yelling, "DIE, HARRY OSBORNE! DIE!" causing James to fall over backwards and wind me when he crashed into my chest.

Danny became convinced that his eyes had become mouths.

We stuck Jay in a chair and lifted him up above our heads like he was at a Bar Mitzvah.

Jay and Seth performed a dance while the rest of us stood around them clapping.

I removed my top and ran around the house in just my bra and shorts, hanging upside down from the upstairs railings by my knees until the guys formed a human safety net below me so I could fall down into their arms.

\* \* \*

><p>The opening bars of <em>Paper Planes <em>by M.I.A began to play.

\_\_\*\*FROM THE GUYS WHO BROUGHT YOU \_\_\*\*SUPERBAD\*\*\_\_, read a chalkboard. \_\_\*\*AND \_\_\*\*PINEAPPLE EXPRESS\*\*\_\_\*\*â€|\*\*\_\_

\_I fly like paper, get high like planes.\_

\_If you catch me at the border, I got-\_

Dale (Seth) watched and cheered as Saul (James) dropped to the floor and did the Worm.

\_\_\*\*COMES THE MOST ANTICIPATED SEQUEL IN HUMAN HISTORY\*\*\_\_

Dale and Saul lit up a seven-part joint and inhaled and took a drag, when Dale started choking.

"Should we call Red?" Dale asked. "Get more weed?"

"I don't know, man," Saul replied hesitantly. "That guy's gone crazy!"

Cut to Red (Danny) sitting at the head of a table with Saul and Dale with Mandy (me) standing behind him, armed with a gun (baseball bat)

"Good thing I have a lot of fucking weed for you guys," Red announced, popping open a briefcase. "I hooked you guys up. Now I need you guys to assassinate-" [insert close-up] "-Woody Harrelson."

Cut to 'Woody Harrelson' (IE, Jonah in a cowboy hat and weed t-shirt)

"\_If pot's legalised, my business will suffer,\_" Red said in a voiceover. "\_And if my business suffers, I suffer. So much suffering, all because of that inbred, hemp seed Woody Harrelson.\_"

"I have to do what's right!" 'Woody' said. "Weed is for the people, it's the people's weed!"

The six of us were all huddled up together, all of us embarking on a pretty mellow comedown. We were watching the trailer we'd made for Seth and James' idea for the Pineapple Express sequel, laughing and

smoking what remained of the weed in the house. It was actually pretty cosy.

"We should make sequels to more of our movies," Seth said. We agreed.

"How about we \_not \_do \_Your Highness 2\_" James said to me and Danny.

"Aw, are you kidding?" I said with a laugh. "I'd love to reprise Princess Theodina! If Danny promises to keep his sticky little hands to himself this time!" I looked at Danny pointedly.

"I cannot promise that," he chuckled.

"Do \_128 Hours\_" Seth suggested.

"The story of one man and his quest to find the arm he savagely cut off before it goes mouldy and can't be reattached," I snorted.

"The beginning of the rest of your comedies," said Jay.

"Looks good," said Seth, just as an almighty crash on the front door made all of us start. Whatever was out there was banging so violently that all the barricades we'd set up over the door were crashing down, and James quickly pointed his revolver at the door.

With every smash we screamed, huddling closer and closer together. The whacking and cracking continued, and so did our screaming. Whatever it was really, \_really \_wanted to get inside the house.

"What the fuck is it!?" I shrieked. "Franco, fucking shoot it!"

The final blockade over the door came tumbling down, and out of the fog and smoke appeared Emma Watson. She gasped when she saw us all lying there.

"Emma!" exclaimed Seth.

"It's Emma," confirmed James, like it actually needed confirming.

"Oh my God, you guys are alive!" she cried in sheer relief, clapping a hand to her forehead. In her other hand she was clutching an axe. "You're actually alive, thank God!"

I looked at the shredded remains of our door shield. "Y'know, Emma, a simple Alohomora would have sufficed nicely."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN- And Emma has arrived! Well, not for long, because we all know how **\*\*\_\*\*this \*\*\_\*\*turns out, don't we? Anyway, hope you liked the chapter! I honestly have no idea what you're all thinking about what I'm writing because nobody is reviewing! Like, at all. Please, please, **\*\*\_\*\*please\*\*\_\*\***, if you're reading this, just leave an itty bitty review! I beg of you! Xx Gee xX\*\***

**\*\*PS- Blah, blah, blah, Polyvore etc.\*\***



## 7. A Number One Hit

**\*\*A/N-** Thank you so much, GJ115 and Morgan for reviewing! And extra thanks to Starfire Tamaran! It really means a lot, and it's been awesome chatting with you these last couple of weeks! XD\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter Seven- A Number One Hit<strong>

"\_Three, two, one," Mandy counted down, before thrusting her leg out and kicking in the apartment door of Saul or Sole or whatever the fuck the dealer was called. Budlofsky spun round the corner with his gun cocked and aimed, whilst Matheson walked around the apartment, looking through Saul's stuff for any sign of where he and the witness had gone.\_

"\_Red said he'd be here," he said, pulling a wooden bowl down from a shelf.\_

"\_Yeah, because Red's a really reliable source," Mandy snapped, rolling her eyes as she stood up from looking under the sofa. She headed over to the wall and looked at a vintage \_\_Scarface\_\_ poster. "The guy's got sweet taste in dÃ©cor, I'll give him that." She reached up and pulled the poster down, rolling it up and stashing it in the interior pocket of her leather jacket.\_

\_Matheson made himself comfortable on the couch and started fiddling with the weed set out on the coffee table. "Mmhmm!" he hummed gleefully. "Them some drugs!" He picked up a still-lit roach and placed it in his mouth.\_

"\_Smells like vomit in this house," Budlofsky said, wrinkling his nose as he pressed his cell phone to his ear.\_

"\_Found the culprit," Mandy said disgustedly, eyeing up the splatter of sick on a printer by the door.\_

"\_Want a hit, man?" Matheson offered Bud, holding the joint out. "It's still lit."\_

"\_I'm having dinner with my wife," he refused. "She can always tell. Smell it on my sweater."\_

"\_For real?" laughed Matheson, about to take another hit.\_

"\_Wait," Mandy said quickly, hurrying over and snatching the joint from his hand, despite his protests. "It's still lit. Fuck! That means they were here! Like, really recently, otherwise this would have gone out! Fuck shit balls! We must have just fucking missed their sorry asses! Great. So there goes my style of never missing a target."\_

"\_You ain't got no style, motherfucker," chuckled Matheson, and Mandy scowled at him with such ferocity that he quickly scooted over to the furthest point of the sofa that he could.\_

"\_Ted, it's Budlofsky," Bud suddenly said into the phone. "We're

here. Saul's gone."\_

"\_And Mathe-" Matheson's shout was cut off by a swift punch to the gut from Mandy that caused him to start choking as he inhaled his smoke wrong. "And Matheson!" he shouted anyway.\_

"\_I think he knew we were coming," Budlofsky continued.\_

"\_They not here, Ted," Matheson called. "Hi Ted!"\_

"\_Give me the fucking phone!" Mandy snarled, ripping the phone out of Bud's hand. "Boss, it's Mandy. Mandy Averlage. The fucker made a run for it before we got here. But it was definitely him." She picked up a bag of Pineapple Express from the coffee table between her thumb and forefinger. "The Pineapple Express is here. We're now going to beat the fuck out of Red so he tells us where they went. Ciao."\_

\_The three of them arrived at Red's fifteen minutes later, with Mandy again kicking the door down. It took some scuffling, some punches and Mandy drawing her Micro SMG to eventually persuade Red to sit the fuck down and wait for Saul to contact him.\_

\_Almost laughably quickly, the phone started ringing. Mandy cracked Red around the head to get him to answer.\_

"\_Hello?" he said casually. He waited for the answer. "Yeah, Saul. Yeah, I'm fine, man. I just stubbed my toe." A long pause. "I would never talk to anyone about the stuff that I do with you involving drugs." He looked up at Mandy, who positioned her finger tighter on her trigger. There was another pause. "Per-fect."\_

\_There was another pause, and Red covered the mouthpiece of the phone to look back at Mandy and Matheson whilst Budlofsky dithered in the background. "There's somebody else on the phone with him," he informed them.\_

"\_What the fuck? Who?!" demanded Mandy.\_

"\_I don't know!" Red whispered. "He's whispering to another man."\_

"\_The witness," Mandy muttered.\_

"\_So you're coming by tomorrow?" Red said into the phone. Pause. "Just heard you whispering to that other guy you were talking to. Who is that?" Pause number six. "Is that the bubby that's on Forty-First and River Street? The one where we played shuffleboard that one time?" Mandy made note of the address. "Noon it is, bromosexual." Red motioned at Matheson that everything was confirmed. "Okay yeah. We'll definitely hit the casino up." Red hung up the phone.\_

\_Mandy stood up, stashing her SMG away and rubbing her fingerless glove-clad hands together. "Well boys, looks like retirement is coming earlier than anticipated."\_

\_Pineapple Express, 2008\_

\* \* \*

><p>We sat Emma down at the table, gave her some food and a blanket and let her tell her tale of what life was like outside walls.<p>

"I hid in a drainpipe for days," she told us. "Like, three or four, I don't even know how many. And then I stopped hearing people and I started hearing growling noises." Oh, fuck me, that did not sound good in any way, shape or form.

"Out there, in your travels, er, did you see anything that you would describe asâ€|apocalyptic?" Jay asked her, and we all groaned.

"Jay! Knock it off!" I hissed at him.

"I mean, no," Emma replied. "But, er, I would say it's completely obvious whatâ€|what's going on here. I mean, it's a, it's a zombie invasion."

"Fuck!" exclaimed Seth.

"I'm the one who said it's been zombies," said Danny.

"You said zombies?" asked James.

"I said zombies the whole time," Danny answered.

"I don't thinkâ€|you never said zombies!" argued Seth, while James and Danny high-fived.

"Great, so we've gone from \_Evan Almighty \_to \_28 Days Later \_in the space of about thirty seconds," I groaned, dragging my hands down my face.

"Wait a second, you guys haven't been proven right," Jay reasoned. "These are still just theories."

"Honestly, I'm just so relieved that you guys are here," Emma said thankfully. "And I'm very happy about the idea of sleeping and just-"

"You tired?" James asked her.

"Yeah." She nodded.

"If you want to take a little rest, you're welcome to do that upstairs," he offered.

She nodded again. "Thank you."

I hopped down from the worktop I'd been sitting on and offered my hand to her. "Come on then, Em. I'll show you the way."

"I can do it!" James protested.

"Okay, fine," I said, holding up my hands. "You do it then, Franco."

"Thanks guys," she said gratefully, picking up her axe. "Seriously, you're awesome, really!"

"\_You're \_awesome!" Jonah said as she and James walked past. He looked back at the rest of us, grinning. "So fucking tight."

We still followed James upstairs anyway, the five of us waiting out in the little hallway. He was in the room with Emma for a minute or so, then stepped out saying, "We'll be right out here, okay?" Quite literally, as he was about to find out. He frowned at us as he closed the bedroom door. "The fuck are you guys doing out here?"

"Here's what I think we should do," said Seth. "She's British, right? She's used to eating shitty food anyway. Let's just give her all the shitty food that we don't want!"

"Dude!" I exclaimed. "That is way, way too mean! She's been living in a fucking drainpipe for the last four days, for fuck sake!"

"That's fucked up!" agreed James. "Look how tiny she is, she's not even a full seven! She's like half a seven!"

"And anyway, British food is great!" I said. "Have you ever had proper English fish and chips? When Jonah and I were in London promoting \_Jump Street\_, it's all I ate! That shit is good food!"

"This is a fucking cool thing, man," chipped in Danny. "I, for one, am very excited. I'm a massive \_Harry Potter \_fan."

"Haha, yes, Danny!" I cheered, high-fiving him. "I solemnly swear that I am up to no good!"

"Mischief fucking managed," Danny replied, grinning. "Fuck yeah, Kenzie!" High-five number two.

"What?!" James sounded and looked like he could barely comprehend what we were saying.

"Yes, I love fucking \_Harry Potter\_!" Danny defended. "I cannot wait till she wakes up and I can ask her all these amazing about how they made those motion pictures!"

"Take it easy, Dumbledore!" James exclaimed.

"Guys, listen, listen," Jay cut in. "I think we need to address the elephant in the room."

"Woah. Jay, don't talk about Craig like that!" Seth hissed.

"That's fucked up. I'm right here, man," said Craig, sounding offended.

"I'm not calling Craig an elephant!" Jay said quickly. The guys didn't listen to this, and continued defending Craig, despite the fact he hadn't actually been offending Craig.

It cumulated with James informing him, "That's racist."

"I wasn't referring to him!" Jay insisted. "I was referring to the issue that's on all of our minds!"

"What?" said James.

"This is one girl, in a house with six males and a girl who's a penis away from being a male," Jay whispered.

"Okay, thanks for that," I said, rolling my eyes. "Look, I really don't care about what this 'issue' is, so I'm gonna go in there and make sure that Emma is okay. This is a situation that requires a woman's touch, and I am that woman. You guys just fuck off downstairs, for God's sake!" I didn't wait for their reply; instead, I just walked into James' bedroom, shutting the door firmly behind me.

"Hey Emma," I said, sitting down next to her on the trunk at the end of James' bed.

"Hi Mackenzie," she replied, smiling tiredly at me.

"No no," I said quickly, sitting down cross-legged in the middle of the bed. "Just call me Mack, seriously. Formalities were thrown out the window around the same time the Hollywood Hills imploded."

"So how's everything been in here with the boys?" she asked.

"It could be worse," I said carefully. "Like, they act like children ninety-four percent of the time, but we're alive, we're relatively safe and we're all close enough that the constant company isn't bugging us." \_Y'know, that much.\_

"So have you?" she began delicately. "Have you heard anything from your boyfriend? He's James' brother, isn't he?"

I sighed and tried not to let it show how much the question had unsettled me. "No. I tried to phone him as soon as the whatever this is hit, but there's absolutely no phone signal, not internet anything. And I'm so scared for him." My voice cracked on 'scared' and a couple of tears started to streak down my cheeks. Again. Could I not just have one day where I didn't start crying?!

"Oh my God, Mack, I'm so sorry!" Emma exclaimed quickly, taking hold of my hand. "I didn't want to upset you or anything!"

"No, I know," I sniffed, wiping my eyes. I hadn't worn make-up for days; the smears coming off on my hands was dirt. "It's just you know, I can sit here and act like despite everything I'm okay, but I have this constant underlying sick feeling because I just don't know anything."

"None of us know anything," Emma said, leaning down to unzip her shoes. "And I think that maybe that's the best. I think the truth will end up killing us."

"I think you might be right," I said grimly. "The thing is-" I didn't get a chance to finish my sentence, because suddenly I could hear the boys' raised voices through the door.

It was Danny. "If anyone's gonna rape somebody, it's Jay!" Emma and I both snapped our heads up. What the fuck?

"What!?" Jay's tone was incredulous.

"He came up with the rape idea!" Danny was saying.

"What the fuck are they talking about?!" Emma demanded, hastily zipping her shoes back on and jumping to her feet, axe firmly in her grasp.

"Emma, I'm pretty sure it's not what it sounds like!" I said quickly, clambering to my feet.

"They're going to rape us!" she exclaimed fearfully. "That's what they said!"

"No, Emma, there's gonna be a logical explanation for this!" I insisted.

"No! Mack, we need to get out of here!" she asserted, gripping her axe tighter. "They've lost it!"

"No, Emma, I really-" I didn't even have time to finish my sentence as Emma ripped the bedroom door and stepped into the hall with an angry yell of, "Hey!" Her axe was primed to kill.

"Woah! Easy, easy!" I heard the guys shout.

"Back the fuck up!" she warned, which was when I hurried out into the hall too. Things were about to go very south, very quickly.

"What's wrong?" Seth asked her.

"What's wrong!?" she repeated disbelievingly. "We just heard you guys talking about which one of you's gonna get to rape us!"

"No, no, no, no!" the guys all shouted.

"Look!" I yelled over all the hubbub, stepping in between Emma and the guys with my arms out like I was blocking them back. "Let's all just take a second to talk this over, okay!"

"I got this," Seth said, stepping out of the group. "It's funny, it's funny! We were specifically talking about not raping you!" His words fell on deaf ears, as Emma took four steps forward and whacked Seth clean in the face with her axe handle. There was a crack, and Seth stumbled back clutching his face, groaning in pain.

"BACK. UP!" Emma shouted, herding the guys down the stairs as I walked behind her, trying to convince her that it was all a misunderstanding, I was sure, how the guys were anything but rapists, how I'd been locked in here for days with them and hadn't even had one rapey advance made towards me.

It didn't matter; Emma had hit that state of anger where no rational thought could be made. She was swinging her axe at the guys like a madwoman, and as she drew it back for a sixth time I grabbed hold of the handle in the middle, forcing her to stop.

"Mackenzie, get the fuck off!" she snarled, pushing the handle hard into my chest so I was winded and forced to let go, falling down onto my ass with a pained cry. Fuck me, that floor was hard!

"It's me, Jonah Hill!" Jonah suddenly exclaimed soothingly, attempting to reach out to her. "America's sweetheart! J-Bug, J-Bone! Your friend! I would never hurt you!"

"Get \_back\_!" she cried, swinging the axe yet again and causing the guys to flinch back. Yet again. This time, when I clambered to my feet I rushed over and joined the group of guys. There was no way I was hanging around with this crazy biatch.

"Give me everything you have to drink! Put it in the bag!" she demanded hysterically.

"There is seven of us! You cannot rob us!" Seth shouted.

"I'm not fucking around!" she screamed, and she swung her axe round and decapitated the dick statue.

"Give her the drinks! Give her the drinks!" yelled Craig, pointing at the island top where we'd set up our watering hole. Seth and James grabbed hold of a green duffle bag and pretty much sprinted over to fill it up with our various beers, wines, whiskeys et cetera.

"Hurry the fuck up!" Emma shouted.

"Calm the fuck down!" I retorted, getting seriously pissed off. "They're getting the drinks! Just put the motherfucking axe down, you psycho!"

"Don't give the Milky Way away!" Seth hissed back at James as he cautiously handed Emma the bag.

"Now, Franco! Shoot her face!" shouted Danny. "Shoot her!"

"I'm not gonna shoot Emma Watson!" James shouted back.

"Mackenzie, are you coming with me?!" Emma asked me demandingly. She wanted an answer, now.

"Emma, look, man," I said calmly, stepping forward so we were only a few steps apart. "Please just stay here with us! It isn't \_safe \_out there!"

"It isn't safe here!" she said pleadingly. "It's safer out there, trust me! Out there, nothing's tried to fucking rape me!"

"Okay fine," I said firmly, folding my arms. "If that's how you feel, then go. But I'm not going. No way. I'm not leaving my best friends. And there is no fucking way you're leaving here with all our drinks." I reached out and seized hold of the strap of the bag, and I pulled.

"Mack, what the fuck are you doing?!" hissed Seth. "Just let her go, she's crazy, man!"

"Give me the fucking bag!" I snarled at her, which was when Emma pulled her hand back and bitch-slapped me straight across the face. The force floored me, and when I say floored I mean I literally skidded back about five foot on my ass, stopping just shy of the guys.

"Oh, \_fuck \_no!" I screeched, getting ready to rip Hermione a new asshole, but I was too late. With a scream, Emma axed down the few barricades we'd reapplied to the door and vanished into the smoke with the last of our liquid-based provisions.

I remained on the floor, and I looked up at the guys with my eyebrows raised. They all looked down at me with the same expression, and I knew we were all thinking the same thing: things had just gotten so, so much worse around here.

\* \* \*

><p>"So today's not exactly been that chill," I said to the camera in James' library. "Emma Watson turned up." I clapped my hands together once. "Yeah, sounds cool, right? Turns out, not so much. There was a slight misapprehension when we heard the guys discussing rape—I know that sounds bad, but it was actually conversation about how nobody was going to be raped, rather than who would be. Um, Emma didn't really see it that way and basically tried to murder us all with an axe. No Avada Kedavra or anything clean, she was just gonna go all <em>Friday the 13<em>\_th \_on our asses. And I'm talking the original, not that pile of shit they called a reboot."

I had to take a moment there to pause and not get too het up on that. Horror movies were a passion of mine, anything from Hitchcock's \_Psycho \_to \_The Blair Witch Project\_. If it was a horror made between 1960 and 2000, I loved it.

However, I had a strict reboot rule; no watching the remake if I hadn't seen the original. And after seeing the original \_Friday the 13\_\_th\_, I immediately viewed the reboot. I have never been so disappointed in my whole life. I got bored, and this was after I'd seen someone bear-trapped and stabbed in the head, seen a girl roasted inside her own sleeping bag and seen a topless girl in the lake also get macheted through the scalp. As far as I was concerned, reboots were the work of Lucifer himself.

"I'm digressing here. Look, long story short is that Watson jacked all our drink. We have no vodka, no wine, no beer, no nothing. We don't even have any water since Danny fucking used it all to wash his fucking hair and God knows what else. So now, there's seven of us trapped in a house with no liquid sustenance, and I'm pretty sure it'll be about twenty-four hours before we've killed one of us to drink his blood. And I specifically say 'his'. Ain't no one killing me."

I looked desperately at the ceiling. "Seriously, God. If you can hear me, just \_help \_us! We've done nothing wrong! We're good people! We deserve to be up there with you! We deserve the Rapture! Christ, if you can hear me, just \_help\_! I'm begging you!" And with a sigh, I reached over and switched off the video camera.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN- Sorry, I know this chapter is a lot shorter than usual, but I figured that was a pretty apt place to end the chapter. I'm back at school now, so updates may take a little longer. But I hope you liked the chapter, I'd love to get me some more of them reviews! Xx Gee xX\*\*



**\*\*PS- Don't forget to check out my Polyvore, guys!\*\***

## 8. Can't Take It No More

**\*\*Chapter Eight- Can't Take It No More\*\***

"\_Please tell me that you completed your simple task," said King Tallious, staring down at his youngest son. "And secured the treaty signed by the Lord of the Dwarf Village."\_

"\_Father, they sent a beautiful woman to distract me, and I was defenceless!" Thadeous protested. \_

"\_Don't bandy words with me, Thadeous," the King warned. "Your brother and sister are to return from their quest at any moment. Please go and bathe yourself!"\_

"\_Why must I bow to greet them?" Thadeous demanded. "No one does anything special for me when \_\_\_I\_\_\_ do extraordinary things!"\_

"\_For the love of the Gods, Thadeous, your sister Theodina has done more extraordinary things in the last week than you have in the entirety of your life, and she is merely a woman," Tallious exclaimed with annoyance. "What extraordinary things have you done of late? Do tell me. Enlighten me."\_

"\_Courtney!" Thadeous called to his faithful man-servant. "What extraordinary things have I done?"\_

\_Courtney produced a scroll and read, "You took a bubble bath, ate some toast, had a sleep for one hour and commissioned a naked statue of your fine self."\_

\_Thadeous looked at his father like this proved his point.\_

"\_God, if your mother could see you now," the King muttered contemptuously.\_

\_There was a sudden uproar towards the back of the courtroom, and Julie, the squire, began to shout, "Hear ye, hear ye!"\_

"\_Oh dear Gods," mumbled Thadeous, taking a drink of wine.\_

"\_It is with blossoming personal joy," Julie read from the scroll in his hands. "that I announce the return of the mighty, the magnificent, the merciful, Prince Fabious! And the enchanting, the enthralling, the enigmatic, Princess Theodina!"\_

\_A great cheer rose up in the court, and the double doors at the back of the room opened up to a fanfare. In rode Fabious and Theodina on their matching greys, a stallion and a filly, flanked by the other knights in the guard. They held on to their horses' reigns with one hand, and their other hands were grasping each other, lifted high above their heads to the adoring yells of the crowd around them.\_

\_The twins came to a stop in the middle of the court and dismounted, giving each other a warm hug before turning and grinning at their

younger brother.\_

"\_Brother!" shouted Fabious, running up the steps to embrace Thadeous. "Oh my God, I missed you so!" He planted a kiss on his brother, who quickly pulled away.\_

"\_Yes, we both have!" Theodina added happily, also hugging her brother tightly, though Thadeous did not return the hug. "It is so fantastic to see you!"\_

"\_Father!" Fabious turned to the King, as did Theodina, both of them dropping to their knees and bowing.\_

"\_My son," Tallious said proudly. "My daughter." He took hold of their hands and stood them up, pulling them both into a hug. "Welcome home."\_

"\_We did it, Father!" Theodina announced. "We defeated that Cyclops in your honour!"\_

"\_As you all know," Fabious addressed the rapt crowd below the royal family. "The evil wizard Leezar has plagued our kingdom with his foul creatures and wicked ways for years."\_

"\_But with our brave, trusted knights," added Theodina. "And our dear Simon and Elizabeth," She and Fabious held their arms out for their mechanical bird companions to join them. "We have slain the latest of the cold-blooded enemies Leezar has sent our way!"\_

"\_Behold!" proclaimed Fabious. "The head of Leezar's mighty Cyclops!" He reached into his leather travelling bag and removed the decapitated cranium of the beast, holding it up for the whole court to admire. The sight brought fresh cheers from their mouths.\_

\_They were chanting the names of the prince and princess. "Fa-bi-ous! The-o-di-na! Fa-bi-ous! The-o-di-na! Fa-bi-ous! The-o-di-na!" Fabious handed the head over to the King, who in turn handed the head to Thadeous, who looked disgusted.\_

\_The King then held up a hand to silence the court, placing his arms around his eldest son and only daughter. "Once again, Prince Fabious and Princess Theodina have made me as proud as a father could ever be! All the land owes them gratitude."\_

"\_This is not the only news that I've brought home with me today!" Fabious declared, and Theodina let out a small squeal of excitement. "Father, brother, kingdom." The crowd suddenly split like the Red Sea, allowing a beautiful dark-haired woman to walk through, and Fabious ran over to take her in his arms.\_

"\_She is radiant," murmured the King.\_

"\_I'd like you to meet my bride-to-be," Fabious revealed blissfully. "Belladonna." The court erupted into cheering yet again as Fabious and Belladonna kissed.\_

"\_Three cheers for my brother and Belladonna!" Theodina shouted. "And let us all get royally shit-faced!"\_

\_Your Highness, 2011\_

\* \* \*

><p>"So. We're tired. We're thirsty. We have no drinks," I said to the guys as we sat around the small table in the living room. "What the fuck are we gonna do now? Just stay here and hope that we get killed by the decapitation monster before we die of thirst?"

"That's kind of pessimistic, isn't it?" said Jay.

"Says King of the Pessimists over here," I retorted. "We're basically fucked. We are gonna die unless we can find some form of liquid sustenance."

"There's a couple of water containers in the basement," James said.

"Okay, great," I said with a strained smile. "Just think positive. "Where's the door to the basement?"

"Um." James faltered. "It's outside. Around the other side of the house."

Everyone groaned. "Shit". This could not have been going any worse than it was. Fucking Hermione. I was never watching those movies for the rest of what was probably going to be my very short life.

"Please, please, please, just tell me you're joking," I begged him, putting my head in my hands. "You're telling me you built a house with no fucking indoor basement entrance?!"

"I fucking didn't think I'd need one!" he replied defensively. "Who prepares for the fucking apocalypse, Mack?!"

"Touché," I relented. I stood up and walked over to the front door. We hadn't bothered to board it back up, since with our track record, someone would chop it back down in the next two days. I put my hand on my hip and cocked my head to the side. "So. The water is out there. We are in here. Quite the conundrum we're facing."

The guys had all gathered around with me. "I know for sure there's at least two jugs of water," James said.

Jay rubbed his hands together. "Any volunteers?"

"Does anyone wanna volunteer to go with Jay?" Jonah asked.

"What?" said Jay.

"I thought you said, 'Someone volunteer to go with me out there.' I must have misheard you," Jonah replied innocently. "I'm sorry."

"You did not, you motherfucker!" Jay said angrily.

"Hey, okay, ease up!" Seth quickly interrupted. "Just chill out, dude," he said to Jay. "Just relax, man! God."

"So how we gonna do this, fellas?" asked Craig.

I thought for a second. Then an idea hit me. "I got it." I hurried into the kitchen and went through the drawers until I came across a box of matches. I threw them to Seth.

"What the fuck am I meant to do with these?" he questioned.

"Light one so the tip burns black," I explained impatiently. "Then turn all the matches upside down and cover it up so we can't see the tips. Whoever chooses the burnt one has to get the water. It's like drawing the short straw, apocalypse-style."

Seth opened the box and pulled out seven matches, lighting one of them and quickly blowing it out. He placed it back in the cluster of matches and mixed them all up so none of us had any idea where the burnt one was.

"Soâ€¦" I said awkwardly. "Who wants to go first?"

"I'll do it," Craig volunteered.

"Craig. Alright," said Seth, and he held out the matches to him. "Go ahead, brother." The rest of us stood there, barely daring to breathe loudly as Craig reached out and slowly pulled a match from the bunch. The tip was black.

The guys all started fucking cheering about the fact it wasn't them, while I let out a quiet sigh of relief. No need to rub it in the poor guy's face.

"So sorry, Craig," Danny said insincerely, placing a hand on Craig's arm.

"There's a lot of guys in here that I wish it was instead of you," said James, not-so-subtly jerking his head in Danny's direction, who looked affronted.

"Wanna go best two out of three?" Craig attempted, but of course no one took him up on that. Instead, we found him a long length of cord that we tied around his waist as a safety line. If there was any problems outside, we'd be able to pull him straight back into the house.

"If I tug, if I pull in any way, or if you hear me screaming, anything, you pull me right back in, alright?" Craig instructed us as we tested how taut the rope would go.

"We'll try man, but you're pretty heavy," said Danny.

"What?" said Craig.

"No, I mean, I'm saying I just don't think it's smart to make any guarantees." I'm sure Danny thought that this was an acceptable defence. He was wrong.

"Fuck no!" Craig complained. "You promise to pull me back in! You got me?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," the guys all said.

"I promise, bro," I assured him. "We're gonna do out best. You're gonna be safe."

"Alright," Craig said, sounding a little more relaxed.

"You wanna do a test run?" I asked him.

"Yeah!"

"You gotta scream," James told him. "Let us hear the scream." He let out a scream and the other six of us pulled on the rope, dragging Craig forward a few feet.

"Everyone thank Craig for doing this," said Seth.

"Thank you, Craig," we chorused. Craig nodded and cautiously opened the door, checking his rope was tightly tied and slipping outside.

"It's getting smoky in here!" Danny hissed. "Go, go, go, go!" He closed the door enough so that we could still pull the rope. We held the rope loosely in our hands, letting it move as Craig moved. We waited for a few minutes, listening to the sounds of crackling flames and crunching gravel outside.

Suddenly, the rope started to move much quicker, scraping against our hands and causing Jonah to suddenly drop it, exclaiming, "Rope burn!" This was the same time the grazing pains got to all of us, and we all let go of the rope.

"Shit!" I screeched, dropping to the floor in an attempt to grab the rope. All that happened was me smacking my face into the wood. The other guys had all tried to seize hold of it, but Craig was moving too fast, and the rope disappeared out the door.

"No, no, no, no, no, no!" we all cried, looking outside into the opaque flaming smog.

"Oh my God, he's fucked!" I groaned, looking outside in despair.

"Well, maybe he'll be okay," said Seth. "Maybe there's nothing actually out there now."

This was a theory that was totally shot down in flames when we heard Craig cry, "Fellas, fellas! Pull me in! Pull the rope! Pull me in!"

"We don't have the rope anymore!" shouted Seth. "We fucking dropped it! We're sorry!"

"You've got the rope, man!" yelled James.

"What?!" Craig shrieked, and there was suddenly a deep, guttural growl, followed by Craig's blood-curdling scream.

"Craig!" James shouted.

"What the fuck is yelling his name gonna do?!" I bellowed at him.

"What the fuck \_do\_ we do?!" exclaimed Seth, before turning and yelling Craig's name some more. That was when Craig came barrelling through the door, still screaming.

"Are you okay?!" Seth asked him hurriedly, clapping a hand on his back. "What happened, man?!"

"I don't know!" he gasped out, panicked. "There's something out there!" There was another roar outside, and the something started pulling on the rope that was still attached to Craig. The force propelled Craig backwards, bringing Seth and Jay with him, and the three of them crashed into the door, landing in a heap on the floor.

The seven of us all started screaming, trying to get the thing to release Craig, but whatever it was just kept pulling him, slamming the poor man's head against the door. We were pulling and pulling, but the thing had some serious strength to it.

"We gotta cut the rope off!" I grunted, keeping a tight hold of Craig's hand and heaving.

"A knife!" Jay shouted, holding his hand out. "Somebody throw me a knife!"

The only people not trying to save Craig were Jonah and Danny, so Jonah said, "I'll get it!" and grabbed hold of a conveniently placed knife on the table. He didn't think to run over and hand it to someone. No.

Instead, Jonah decided to literally throw it at Jay, and the knife buried itself an inch deep in Jay's thigh. He stared at the knife in horror, then let out a scream of pain.

"OMG! Jay! I'm so sorry, bro!" Jonah apologised, raising his hands.

"What in the fuck, Jonah?!" I screamed. "Are you totally fucking blind?!" And then, with absolutely no hesitation whatsoever, I reached over and ripped the knife clean out of Jay's leg, causing him to let out a fresh cry. "Oh, grow a pair of balls, Jay! It's not that fucking bad!"

I quickly handed Craig the knife, and he started sawing through the rope as quickly as he could to our yells of, "Cut it! Cut it! Cut it! Cut it!" The rope snapped in two, and the sudden release of pressure sent the five of us on the floor sprawling down. I ended up collapsed across both Seth and Jay, who quickly pushed me off.

"God!" shrieked James, slamming the door shut. "What the fuck was that?!"

"I don't know what the fuck that was," panted Craig. "But I ain't going back out there."

"Craig, you didn't even get any of the water!" exclaimed Danny, who had been hiding under the table the whole time.

"The door was fucked up!" Craig retorted.

"Damn it, this is so frustrating!" James spat, walking a few steps away. "It's so close, but so far! The water, it's like, right underneath us!" He stepped on to the concrete flooring and drew a square shape in the air with his fingers. "Like, right there!"

Jay slowly raised his head. "What do you mean, right underneath us?"

"Like, literally, like, right there!" James said, jabbing his hands at the floor. "If you went right through the floor!"

Danny reached out and knocked four times on the concrete. The next thing we knew, Jay, Craig, Seth, Danny and I were sitting on the floor using screwdrivers and hammers to crack away at the concrete to make a hole down to the basement.

"You could help us, y'know!" I snapped at James, wiping my sweaty forehead with the back of my hand.

"I'm supervising the destruction of my house!" he retorted.

\* \* \*

><p>We took the job in shifts over the next day or so. It was the only way to prevent us all arguing about who'd done however much work. The hole was now about seven inches deep and a metre wide, and Danny, Seth and I had all been smashing away at that concrete for a good hour or so into our shift when James suddenly started yelling about something.<p>

"Who did this?" The three of us looked up at James' open upper floor where he was standing. "Who did this?"

"Care to enlighten us on what 'this' is?" I asked him, dropping the bit of chair leg I'd been using as a hammer.

"What are you talking about?" questioned Seth.

James held something up, and I only vaguely registered that it was that fucking porno mag the guys were all obsessed with. "Jizzed all over the pages of this nice magazine I was nice enough to tell you about!"

"Well for obvious reasons I'm just gonna state that it clearly was not me," I said, raising my hands.

"Was it you, Seth?" James demanded.

"No," Seth replied, looking confused.

"It was me, Franco," Danny said, more aggressively than what was probably needed. "I fucking made jizz in your magazine."

"Why?!" James yelled.

"When I fucking jack off long enough, I end up jizzing, dude!" Danny retorted. "I'm assuming the same shit works for you!"

"Real fucking smart answer!" James exploded. "Why don't you fucking

aim, huh?!"

"I have a particularly explosive ejaculate!" Danny shouted. "It just goes everywhere! It's like a fucking wild fireman's hose!" He saw fit to add gestures here. "You just gotta hold on and pray to God that it doesn't get into your eyes or your mouth!"

By this point, everything had just gotten way, way too ridiculous for me. I was bent double with laughter, tears streaming from my eyes, struggling to breathe. Is this really what we had resorted to: arguing about cum in a magazine?

"I don't know why you're fucking laughing, Kenzie!" James said angrily. "Look!" He brandished the magazine down at us, and I saw myself grinning back on the page. Oh my actual fucking God, it was one of my Victoria's Secret adverts.

"Danny!" I yelled, kicking him roughly in the shin. "That is fucking disgusting, dude! Have a little class!"

"Mackenzie, this is in no way an insult to you," Danny replied patronizingly. "You should feel complimented that you're aesthetically pleasing to the opposite sex."

"Yeah, I'm just \_sooo\_ complimented that you made your dick explode all over a picture of me!" I snapped.

"The fuck kinda jerking of is that?!" James shouted. "What, you never had any brothers? You didn't learn to jizz in a fucking sock or on a fucking tissue?!"

"No, I don't have any brothers!" Danny shouted back. "I was raised in a house of women!"

"I highly doubt they fucking taught you to fucking close your eyes and fucking cum wherever you want!" James screeched.

"Yeah, thanks for that, Franco," I said, wrinkling my nose in distaste. "Nice to know what your and Dave's teenage years consisted of."

"You're getting all worked up over a fucking porno mag!" Danny yelled. "Who has goddamn porno mags any more!? Welcome to the twenty-first century, Buck Rogers! You designed a house with fucking iPads in the walls, yet you're jerking your dick like a goddamn pilgrim!"

"That's right, man! I like to fucking read!" James retorted. Seth and I had literally no idea how to respond to most of this argument; we'd occasionally make eye contact which we'd immediately break to avoid bursting into laughter.

"You think that's the only thing I jerked off in here?!" Danny shouted maliciously. "I've been dropping loads around this fucking house like a goddamn dump truck!"

"You don't cum on my stuff!" James screamed.

"I'll come wherever the fuck I want, James!" Danny stated angrily. "I'll fucking cum in your kitchen, I'll cum on your fucking art, I'll



cum anywhere I want!"

"I will fucking cum right on you!" James hollered, making violent jerk-off gestures at Danny. "I will cum like a fucking madman all over you, McBride!"

"I fucking wish you'd cum on me right now!" Danny snapped. "I fucking dare you to cum on me!"

"Guys! There are less embarrassing ways to settle-!" I began as both of them started making even more violent gestures at one another, but I was interrupted by Danny. Of course.

"I'm gonna jack my dick so fucking hard in here!" he grunted, 'jerking off' the baseball bat between his legs.

"This!" James made another jack off gesture. "No more, man. All over your fucking face!" I tuned out at that point. This entire argument had surpassed ridiculous and ventured into the land of Just Plain Fucking Stupid. Danny, however, was just not gonna shut up.

"I'll cum on these walls! I'll cum on the fucking cabinets! On the fucking furniture! I'll cum everywhere!"

"If I see your dick one more time, I'm gonna fucking shoot it off!" James hissed, jabbing his gun at Danny.

"You don't have enough bullets, bitch!" Danny shouted.

"No fucking jerking off in my house, McBride!" And with that, James stormed off in the general direction of his bedroom.

Danny furiously threw his bat down, and a metallic clang rang out. "Fuck this!"

"Come on, man," I said.

"I'm justâ€¦I'm too thirsty to do this!" he said irately. "And the fucking bitter irony is I'm not gonna have my thirst quenched until I finish this! Goddamn it, I hate it!" Danny started storming off too.

"Danny, no!" Seth said in the most authoritative tone he possessed. "Don't walk away! Danny, don't walk away from me!"

"It's too late, Seth!" Danny insisted, not turning around. "I've already walked away too much!"

"Er, no you haven't!" I exclaimed. "Turn around now and it's the same fucking distance! Come back and help us!"

"Danny!" Seth shouted. "Daniel!" But Danny had disappeared around the corner.

"For fuck sake!" I growled, kicking the inside of the hole and instantly regretting it as pain shot up my toes.

\* \* \*

><p>So Seth and I got back to work. For another hour we stood there,

uselessly whacking away at the floor to no avail. To be honest, we had little to no strength left. We were so tired, and we were so thirsty. There was nothing left in our systems to physically give us strength.<p>

"Need a hand?" asked Jay, suddenly popping up from nowhere.

"Dude, you would be a lifesaver," I said gratefully.

"But your shift just ended, man," said Seth guiltily. "You don't have to help us if you don't want to."

"The fuck else am I doing?" Jay asked rhetorically.

"Well then, we seriously appreciate this," I said, handing him the baseball bat. "Thank you." So then all three of us were pounding away at the concrete, chipping off little bits of the floor at the time.

"I don't know what I'm thinking of this," Jay said suddenly. "But remember that time that I got you a fucking Taco Bell gift certificate for like, twenty bucks, and I bet you that you couldn't eat all of that in one sitting."

"I do remember that! I remember thinking," Seth said reminiscently. "'How much food could twenty dollars possibly buy you at Taco Bell?' And the answer is infinite."

"I wanna hear this story!" I piped up, curious.

"We went to see fucking Gladiator," Jay told me. "And Seth here sharted midway through the movie."

"Oh my God, what?!" I said, my jaw dropping. "That's fucking gnarly!"

"I did, though," Seth laughed.

"Due to the tigers' appearance," added Jay.

"I got scared of the tigers," Seth said. "Literally, when the second tiger came out, I went-" Seth gasped exaggeratedly followed by a plopping noise. "-and then I shat. I shat in the theatre." Both of them dissolved into reminiscient laughter.

"Dude. That's more than a little-" I started to say, and that was when the floor collapsed underneath us.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN- La-da-di-da-di. I'm still getting literally no feedback for this. Am I really doing that bad? I mean, one review would be niceâ€| Xx Gee xX\*\*

\*\*PS- I've now added Theodina's costume and Mack's Victoria's Secret ad to my Polyvore. Link's on my profile.\*\*

**\*\*A/N- Wa-hey-hey! Some feedback! That is so awesome! I really appreciate it! Thank you so so so much, Im Kind Of Important and Firework's Feelings (x2)!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter Nine- I Wanna Kick Your Teeth In<strong>

\_Jayden had never had people look at her. She'd never felt the sensation of dozens of pairs of eyes settling on her before. But now, strolling through the campus with Shelley and the girls, decked out in her new clothes and her make-up and her hair extensions, all eyes were on her. On all of them.\_

\_Most of them male eyes, which was a first as well. Jayden squirmed a little under the gazes; she wasn't sure that she liked this at all.\_

"\_Wow," breathed out Natalie. "So this is what it feels like to not be invisible."\_

"\_Apparently so," said Jayden. "I don't think I like this. People are staring at my ass! My skirt is too short, isn't it?!"\_

"\_You look fine, Jayd. We weren't exactly invisible before, anyway," said Harmony. "Just the anti-hot." \_

"\_Check out Joanne!" Natalie exclaimed, looking round Jayden at the girl decked out her newly blinged-up spinal brace. "I really like what you've done with the Bedazzler."\_

\_Joanne smiled. "Thank you."\_

"\_It looks awesome," agreed Jayden. "Maybe I'll borrow it for my retainer."\_

"\_So what's next, Shelley?" Joanne asked their house-mother.\_

"\_I want all the fraternities to see how hot you guys are!" Shelley replied enthusiastically. "Kinda like a coming-out party! So, we are gonna take some pictures!"\_

"\_We are not posing for \_\_Playboy\_\_!" scoffed Mona.\_

"\_No, in a calendar!" Shelley told us. "'The Girls of Zeta!' Everyone will see the new you, and selling the calendars will help us raise money for our phil-an-coppopopy!"\_

\_Joanne's phone suddenly bleeped. "Hey you guys, Lilly just texted me," she said. "She says, we look hot, and, this is fun."\_

"\_This is so not my definition of fun," Jayden mumbled, looking awkwardly at the ground.\_

\_Something else that wasn't her definition of fun was getting ready for their calendar shoot. While she really appreciated what Shelley was doing for them, she felt so overexposed. She had never, ever been comfortable with her appearance, and parading around campus dressed, in Jayden's opinion, like a hooker really was not helping her confidence at all.\_

\_But here she stood, dressed like a sexy bunny rabbit, turning and pouting and smiling in front of a garden backdrop for the April calendar shot. Natalie was behind the camera, trying to psych Jayden up, telling her it was okay and how hot she looked, but the truth was she just felt cheap.\_

\_She tried smiling again, tried to pout, tried to look seductive, but all the power to fake it had drained out of her. She'd never felt so paranoid about herself before. Abruptly, she stopped all her posing and just drooped slightly, dithering there in the middle of the room.\_

"\_Come on, Jayden," Natalie twittered, clicking the camera. "You look smokin'! It's like you're on fire! Well, not literally because then the alarms would be going off and we'd have to go through all the fire procedureâ€¦|"\_

"\_Natalie!" Jayden interrupted. "Can youâ€¦|can you not? I feel stupid enough in this outfit as it is."\_

"\_No, no, no! Jayden!" That was Shelley, hurrying into the room, looking concerned. "You don't look stupid! You look amazing! You look like a Playboy bunny!"\_

"\_I don't \_\_want\_\_ to look like a Playboy bunny!" Jayden grumbled. "I hate this! I feel like a prostitute!"\_

"\_Jayden!" gasped Natalie.\_

"\_What? I do! I can't cope showing off so much skin! I can't do it anymore! I can't!" Jayden reached up and tore the satin rabbit ears off her head, dropping them to the floor. "I just feel so uncomfortable! I'd rather just go back to being invisible all the time than have all these dirty little boys staring at me because they can see my ass hanging out of the bottom of my shorts!" \_

\_And with that, she pushed her way passed Natalie and Shelley and stormed up the stairs. A few moments later, they heard her bedroom door slam shut.\_

\_The House Bunny, 2008\_

\* \* \*

><p>The three of us crashed down on the basement floor, landing on our asses with debris collapsing around us. Pain exploded up my spine as I cracked down on my back with a cry.<p>

"You guys okay?!" came James' frightened yell, and he and Craig appeared at the mouth of the hole.

"Oh, fuck me!" I groaned, rolling on to my front. "I think I just broke my ass bone."

"Yeah? Well I think I broke my ass \_in half\_," moaned Seth. Jay was just lying there, groaning in the background.

"Shit, they got through!" James called, and Danny appeared too.

"You guys fucking did it!" he said appraisingly at the same time James exclaimed, "Oh my God!"

"Fuck, did that hurt?" asked Craig.

"Oh, no. We're right as fucking rain," I said sardonically. "I only might have a busted spine!"

"Yes, it fucking hurt!" spat Seth.

"I loosened this up for you," said Danny. "I'll have you know."

"Danny, do not start that shit with me or I'll come up there and drop-kick you in the mouth!" I warned, glaring up at him.

"Okay, just shut up!" said Seth as the three of us stood up and dusted ourselves down, cracked our backs and whatnot. "It's fucking dark down hereâ€|"

"Hold on, hold on!" piped up Craig, and he started rummaging around in his pockets. He pulled something out and handed it down to us, Seth taking whatever it was from him.

"Nice!" said James. The thing in Seth's hand lit up, shining directly in Jay's face.

"What is this?" I asked, frowning at the brown fabric thing.

"That's Terrence Peterson," Craig replied. "My monkey flashlight keychain."

"Monkey flashlight keychain?" repeated Seth, and Craig nodded. "What's his name?"

"Terrence Peterson," Craig answered proudly.

"You see it, Seth?" James asked in reference to the water, the reason we were underground in the first place.

"No," Seth replied, shining the monkey around the space we were in. "Are you sure it's even down here?"

"Erâ€|" James thought for a second. "Not sure."

"NOT SURE?!" I yelled. "Are you fucking kidding me, Franco?! If we've gone through all this effort and there is no water down here, I'm killing you so we can drink your blood! Capiche?!"

"Chill out, Kenzie," he said, rolling his eyes. "There's like a fucking ninety percent chance of water being there."

"Hey, is there any weird shit down here?" asked Jay as the three of us began to move further into the basement.

"Nah, it's where I keep all my stuff from my old movies," James answered. "Costumes, props."

Seth was right; even with Terrence Peterson the Monkey Flashlight

Keychain, it was fucking dark down here. Wherever the torch beam didn't hit, it was just pitch black. It was also freaking cold, too. As we shone the light around, we came across a promo poster for Pineapple Express, some more baseball bats and the fake severed arm from 127 Hours.

Then Seth turned around, and the beam illuminated something big and man-shaped. The three of us shrieked, and Jay whacked the figure with his bat. That was when we realised it was just a fucking cardboard cut-out.

"What?!" shouted James.

"Is someone down there!?" Danny called.

"It's your fucking stupid cut-out from Spider-Man!" Seth thought for a second. "3! Jesus Christ."

"Urgh." I shivered. "I had nightmares for about a week after seeing your fucked-up face in that, Franco." I neglected to mention how I'd had to stop myself cheering in the cinema when Harry Osborn died. I'd never hated a comic movie character quite so much.

"Hey!" I said suddenly, pointing. "I think I've found it! Look!" Seth turned the light beam, and it illuminated two full ten-litre water bottles.

"There it is!" exclaimed Jay.

"Yes! Yeah!" cheered Seth.

"We fucking did it!" I cried. "Fuck yes!"

"What, did you find it?!" called James.

"YEAH!" Jay, Seth and I all shouted back, dancing around in a circle with the monkey light going all strobe-ish between us. We'd done it. We'd found the water. We were gonna live. We were gonna be okay.

\* \* \*

><p>James, Danny and Craig helped us and the bottles out of the hole. As soon as we were out, we were cheering and dancing and just generally starting to act sane again. James grabbed seven cocktail glasses and we all sat down around the dining table to a celebratory bowl of Cinnamon Toast Crunch and a gloriously full glass of water each.<p>

"Water!" we toasted, clinking glasses and taking sips.

"That is so fucking good," praised Seth.

"The three heroes over here," commended James, gesturing at Seth, Jay and me. "Breaking through the floor."

The three of us pretended to act sheepish. "We did break through the floor," said Seth, high-fiving Jay, who turned and then high-fived me.

"Any of you guys would have done the same thing," said Jay.

"And I'm sure I'll regain the use of my spine soon," I said light-heartedly. "Just remember that: I gave up my health so you guys wouldn't die of dehydration."

"Oh man, that did fucking hurt," agreed Seth.

"Yeah, I'm surprised you didn't shart again," commented Jay.

"I think I did," replied Seth, and I laughed.

"Definitely wouldn't surprise me, Rogen. Have you checked for fudge puddles?"

"Hey, what year is this?" joked Jonah, opening the ketchup and smelling it. "19â€|"

"That's a goodâ€|that's a good year," quipped Seth, and the rest of us began laughing until we saw that Danny had gotten out of his seat and was starting to pour another glass of water.

"Hey, hey! Yo, yo, yo!" we all shouted in protest. "Woah, woah!"

"What are you doing?!" demanded Seth.

"What am I doing?" Danny said innocently, and the water sloshed out of the bottle into his glasses, splashing over the sides. We all yelled out again. "I'm just pouring myself another glass of water to wash down that dry-ass Cinnamon Toast Crunch."

"That's very nice, but you can't just pour yourself another glass of water, man!" James exclaimed furiously. "Will you cut it out?!"

"One glass at dinner!" I shouted. "That's what we fucking said, McBride! \_One. Fucking. Glass\_."

"We agreed to one glass at dinner," Seth backed me up. "We voted on it, man!"

"Well man, I'm just getting sick and tired of all these fucking rules, man," retorted Danny. "You don't see me putting rules on you guys."

"You cannot have another glass of water!" James asserted.

"Jay weighs a hundred and fifty pounds less than me!" Danny pointed out. "Mack weighs even less! Why the fuck is it fair that they and I should drink the same amount of water? We should be dividing our rations based on our proportionate size."

"There's no need to start making all this personal, Danny!" I said heatedly.

"I don't want to come off as a diva here or anything," chipped in Jonah. "It's just that I think everyone should split everything equally."

"See?" I said, pointing at Jonah. "He knows what's up."

"\_I just think that everyone should have the fucking same\_, " Danny imitated Jonah cruelly, taking on a camp, high-pitched tone. "\_I have a goddamn earring\_. Shut the fuck up, Jonah!"

"Hey!" I shouted angrily, standing up in my righteous indignation. "Don't fucking talk to him like that, you cunt-face, or I swear to God, you're gonna be missing an eyeball soon!"

"Mack, calm down!" James said, and Jay took my arm and forcibly made me sit back down. "You know what, Danny?" James continued. "If you weren't jizzing all the time, maybe you'd be more hydrated!"

"You're making me into a joker right now, Franco, and you are not gonna like the fucking punch line!" Danny warned him.

"No more jerking off, no more water!" James stated. "Just sit the fuck down!"

Danny appeared to actually back down. "Okay. I'm done. We're not gonna have any more water." But the next thing we knew, he'd turned and seized hold of the open water container, pouring it into his mouth and over his head.

The rest of us were up in a flash, wrestling with Danny and trying to get him to release the bottle. There was screaming; just so much screaming. The water was flying everywhere, drenching us all. The extremely minor- and I do mean extremely minor- perk was that it was the first shower any of us had had in days. By the end of it, I resembled the type of woman you only ever saw in Ibiza during Spring Break when it was Wet T-Shirt Competition time.

James had dragged Danny away from us, and Seth salvaged what little water was left in the container: all three inches of it.

"You guys made this happen!" Danny screamed. "You guys forced my fucking hand by ganging up on me!"

"If you weren't acting like a prick then there wouldn't be any need to gang up on you, goddamn it!" I roared, absolutely livid, not to mention soaked to the bone.

"Goddamn it, I'm gonna fucking kill this motherfucker!" screeched James, brandishing his revolver at Danny at point-blank range. What none of us expected, however, was Danny to turn and place the barrel of the gun in his own mouth. When James didn't pull the trigger, Danny wrenched it from his mouth.

"That's what I thought. Nerd," he spat, storming away.

\* \* \*

><p>After that, Danny only got worse. He stole James' tuxedo and wore it around the house. He drank the remaining water in the open bottle. He ate a shit-ton of our remaining food. And finally, he passed out in front of the fireplace, snoring up a storm, the fucker.<p>

"Alright guys," whispered James, as the rest of us stood around just staring at Danny's unconscious form. "Let's get rid of him."



"What?" hissed Seth. "What do you mean? Like, kick him out of the house?"

"Seems a little drastic, doesn't it?" I muttered.

"His fucking reckless behaviour is dragging us all down!" James replied. "I mean, he wasted our water twice!" He held up his fingers for emphasis. "Two times! Two times!"

"Dan is under a lot of pressure, okay?" Jonah said quietly. "And he's not handling it as good as the rest of us are."

"Look at him He's wearing my fucking tuxedo!" James hissed. "He's been eating non-stop! The fucker's gained weight since he got here! The fucker's gots to go! \_Go\_! The fucker's gots to \_go\_!"

"Alright, fine," I sighed. "Fuck McBride. Let's get him up and out."

So that's what we did. We abruptly jolted Danny out of his Sleeping Beauty routine, sat the man down and told him it was time to nut up or shut up. And by 'nut up' we meant 'get the fuck out of the house.'

"Is this how you all feel?" Danny asked us dolefully.

"We talked about it," Jay said quietly.

"You guys are gonna vote me off the island?" Shit, I'd never heard Danny so dejected before. "I mean, I made you guys breakfast."

"Shit man, you wasted half of our food when you did that!" grumbled James.

"Just thought I was doing something nice for you guys," Danny replied gloomily. "Just to apologise for my behaviour at the party." He looked at his lap. "A party I wasn't even invited to."

I felt something stir in my chest then; something that felt like a pit. Fuck. \_No. Stop it, Mack. Do not feel sorry for this asswipe. Do NOT. He pretty much signed your death warrant when he wasted all the water. \_I had to listen to my subconscious.

"I'm not an idiot," Danny continued, so melancholy. "I know why you guys don't fucking call me or hang out with me anymore. It's because I party so fucking hard. Always have. Ever since I was a baby. I wouldn't just suck on my momma's titties. I would fucking bang 'em, and motorboat 'em."

"We are getting fucking sidetracked here," I said loudly.

"Everything I've been doing has just been a cry for help," Danny said wretchedly. "When I came on your magazine, James, and on your face, Mackenzie-" This was met by a chorus of "URGH"s from the other guys.

"He means my picture!" I said hastily.

"It was a cum for help," Danny carried on. "I've just been crying and

cumming, and crying and cummingâ€¦tears from the tip of my penis, dude."

I looked around at the others. Fuck no, they all looked like they believed Danny's fucking crocodile tears! That last part had vanquished any form of sorrow I felt for Danny: it was all bullshit so we'd let him stay!

"I'm sorry, alright?" James croaked, sounding on the verge of tears. "You can cum wherever you want."

"I don't even care about cumming anymore," Danny said desolately. "Right now, I'm just kinda into going." He stood up, ignoring the guys saying his name. They all got up and went after him, apologising as they did so. I followed, but I kept my mouth firmly shut.

"Let's just discuss it some more, okay?" suggested James.

"Yeah, let's just talk, dude," agreed Seth. "We're giving you an option. It's a choice, man!"

"There's nothing to figure out, alright?" Danny affirmed. "You guys have said enough, and there's no going back anymore. I don't know if there maybe is, like, something you guys could give me so I could at \_least\_ have some sort of protection while I'm out there?"

"Danny, you don't have to do this," Craig told him gently.

"Alright, if you're really leaving," said James. "Then you should take this." He held out Old Faithful.

"Really?" said Danny.

"You don't know what's out there," James replied, way too dramatically.

Danny took the gun. "Thank you, James. It means a lot to you, and I appreciate that you'd give this to me, you stupidâ€¦stupid motherfucker!" These last four words suddenly built in crescendo, and before I knew what was happening there was the sound of six shots being fired. I screamed so loudly it felt like my tonsils would explode. I thought I was going to die.

The boys around me were all clutching at their hearts, at their guts, checking for bullet wounds. It soon became blatantly obvious that no one had been shot; the gun had been loaded with blanks.

"Fucking psychopath!" spat James, pulling the revolver from Danny's hand. "It's a prop gun! What, do you think I'd put real bullets in here?!"

"You were gonna send me out there with a fucking gun filled with blanks!?" Danny demanded angrily.

"Fuck you!" exclaimed Seth furiously. "Don't turn this around on us! You just tried to shoot us, you fucking dickhead!" We all let rip with angry outbursts. 'Psychopath,' 'cockface' and 'fucking murdering motherfucker' were thrown about a lot.

"Whatever!" Danny spat out. "Fucking civilisation is broken down."

There's no more reason for this false bullshit! You guys act like you're so fucking high and mighty, like you never made a goddamn mistake before! Franco, you're some pretentious fucking nerd!"

"Fuck you!" James retorted.

"And Jonah," Danny sneered. "You fucking cunt." Jonah just looked trodden down and stepped on.

"Craig." Now Danny turned to his wingman. "You didn't have my back, back there. You fucking disappoint me."

"Bro," Craig said sadly.

"And Seth." Danny settled on the man standing next to me. "You duplicitous taint."

"What?!" Seth exclaimed indignantly.

"Then of course, there's Jay," Danny jeered. "The self-righteous, cock-sucking, two-faced backstabber."

"What the fuck are you talking about?!" Jay demanded.

"I overheard your little conversation with Craig, alright?" Danny revealed. "The only reason why you care about any of us is because you think it's what \_God\_ wants you to do. You don't give a shit about us!"

"No, no, no, no, that's fucking twisting that shit," Jay insisted. He looked at Danny. "You're fucking lying!"

"Am I twisting \_this\_?" Danny demanded. "I believe you were in Los Angeles two months ago, at the Four Seasons." My face blanched. \_Don't. Please, Danny\_ "I saw you there, and you specifically asked me \_not\_ to tell Seth, so that you could maintain the illusion that you always stay with Seth when you're in Los Angeles."

"Oooh," drew out Craig. "Jay!"

"The fuck, man?!" said Seth, looking angry.

"It's not," began Jay. "It's"

"Textbook twattage," finished Danny, making a book-shape with his hands. "But that isn't all, kiddies. No, no, no." Now his eyes settled on me, glinting with malice.

"Don't," I whispered, my eyes welling up because I knew exactly what he was going to say. "Danny\_ please just don't. I'm begging you."

"Danny, what the fuck are you talking about now?" James asked irately.

"Now Franco, this one may interest you the most," Danny said nonchalantly. "Because who did I see leaving the Four Seasons that day with Jay, but our very own Kenzie Bolton."

"Wait, you knew he was here?" Seth demanded of me, and all I could do was stand there and gasp out a few apologetic noises.

Danny barked out a sadistic laugh. "Oh-ho, she knew real good. Tell me Kenzie, did you think about your boyfriend at all when you were fucking Jay?"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN- Dun dun duuuunnn! Talk about plot twist! I'd love to know what you thought of that little revelation! Let me know, it was so great to get reviews for the last chapter! I'd love some again! Xx Gee xX\*\*

\*\*References:

>"Nut up or shut up" is from the fabulously hilarious <strong>\_\*\*Zombieland\*\*\_. Tis one of the many reasons I love the legend that is Woody Harrelson.\*\*

\*\*PS- Where my \*\*\_\*\*Supernatural \*\*\_\*\*fans at? My very bestest friend in the whole wide world, LittleMissUnderstood97, has just started a SPN fic called \*\*\_\*\*Better The Angel You Know\*\*\_\*\*, which is co-created and beta'd by yours truly. Go and check it out, it's awesome! We'd really appreciate the feedback! Here's the URL:\*\* \*\*www . fanfiction /s/10652953/1/Better-The-Angel-You-Know (add the '. net' after the fanfiction, and remove any spaces)\*\*\*\*\*

## 10. Her Friends Are All Gone

\*\*A/N- I. Am. Speechless. The amount of reviews I got for that last chapter is insane! You guys are so awesome! Thank you so much for the feedback, I really, really appreciate it, more than I can express! I'm so happy you liked my little twist, I've been plotting that for a while! So extra specially thanks to Im Kind Of Important, BreakawayBeauty, Guest, Firework's Feelings (x2), LunaEvanna Longbottom, Rebecca, Mallory, Morgan and lily1994 for reviewing!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter Ten- Her Friends Are All Gone<strong>

"\_Please state your name and the role you are auditioning for."\_

\_"Mackenzie Juliette Bolton, final screen test for the role of Faith."\_

\_Harmony Korine smiled at her and said, "Okay, Mackenzie, this is just a test to see how well you work with James and to see your take on Faith's personality. Alright?"\_

"\_Yeah, sounds good to me," Mackenzie replied, smiling, but the smile quickly turned into a frown. "Wait a second. Where is James?"\_

"\_Right here, y'all," came a drawling Southern voice from the door.

—

\_Mackenzie turned, and burst out into hysterical laughter. "Franco!

What- what- what-!" She couldn't even speak, she was laughing so hard.\_

\_James grinned at her and actually came into the room. He was decked out in his full Alien costume: tacky Hawaiian shirt, surf shorts, flip-flops, cornrows and grillz on his teeth. Mackenzie doubled over, desperately trying to regain composure and look professional, but she just couldn't.\_

"\_What are you \_\_wearing\_\_?!" she managed to splutter out.\_

"\_Hey!" he said indignantly, in his normal voice. "I'm not the one who looks like a fucking prostitute!" He gestured at her orange bikini top and turquoise bottoms.\_

"\_No. You just look like a discount pimp!" she informed him, but she reached up and gave him a hug. "Bro, I'm nervous."\_

"\_Don't be. You're gonna be awesome" he assured her.\_

"\_Well, I do try," she joked, tucking her hair behind her ear. She clapped her hands once and rubbed them together. "So, we ready to do this?"\_

"\_Absolutely," said Harmony, stepping back. "So, Mackenzie, we're doing the pool hall scene. You're miles from home. You're scared, you're alone and you're panicking. You don't want Alien talking to you like this, and you want to make that clear. Let's go. Action."\_

\_James took Mackenzie's arm and gently pulled her into the centre of the room. He released her and folded his arms, looking concerned. "You alright?" he asked in his pre-established Alien voice. "What's wrong?"\_

\_Mackenzie sniffed like she'd been crying, wiping her eyes with the side of her hand. "I justâ€¦I want to go home."\_

"\_Why? You upset?"\_

"\_I don't like it here," she said quietly. \_

"\_So what's wrong?" he asked.\_

"\_This \_\_isn't \_\_why we came here," she replied.\_

"\_Why'd you come here?" he questioned.\_

\_Mackenzie sighed. "I don't like where we're from so I thought that if we came here we couldâ€¦" She shrugged. "Be free or...just have fun."\_

"\_Okay. Ain't that what we're doin'? Havin' fun?" \_

"\_No." \_

"\_What kinda 'fun' did you wanna have?" Mackenzie shivered slightly; James was actually beginning to creep her out a little bit.\_

"\_Umâ€|" she faltered, temporarily forgetting her line. "Oh! Sorry! Not going to jail." she continued in the softer voice she had adopted for Faith.\_

"\_Well, you're outta jail now. I didn't put you in jail, I got you outta jail," he told her, smirking and flashing the metal on his teeth. Mackenzie couldn't help it- she started laughing again.\_

"\_I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!" she giggled. "It's the teeth, man! It's the teeth! They're so bad!"\_

"\_Come on, Mack, you had this!" said James, looking vaguely irritated with her.\_

"\_Right. Yeah. Sorry." She cleared her throat. "I don't \_\_know\_\_ you," she said in a harder tone.\_

\_James nodded once. "Alright. And?"\_

"\_I don't know what you want with me and my friends but you should leave us alone," she asserted, glaring at him and folding her arms.\_

"\_I'm just tryna be nice," James said innocently.\_

"\_I don't know you," she said again, but her resolved tenor crumpled slightly.\_

"\_Alright. I'll tell you what," James said quietly, moving closer to her so he was just a couple of inches away from her face. "I like you." He reached up and caressed her cheek, which Mackenzie bit the inside of to stop herself laughing again. \_

"\_I like you," he repeated. "I ain't gon' do nothin' to hurt you. Don't you see that? If you wanna go home, you can go home. But then you just gon' \_\_be\_\_ home. You gon' be back right where you started." As James continued stroking her cheek, Mackenzie started to make sniffing noises like she was on the verge of tears again.\_

"\_You gonna be thinkin'," he continued. "'Hm. Maybe I missed somethin' out there.'"\_

\_Mackenzie shook her head, looking down as real tears began to leak from her eyes.\_

"\_You wanna go?" James asked, continuing his assault on her face. She nodded. "Why?" He briefly moved his hand to cup her chin. "Why? Why you so upset? Nothin's wrong. Nothin's wrong."\_

"\_I. Want. To. Go. Home," she said through gritted teeth, then instantly regretted it; Faith's character didn't get angry, she just fucking cried all the time.\_

"\_I know," James soothed. "You can." He moved his thumb gently over her mouth, tracing her lips, and she had to resist the urge to bite him. "But goddamn, I like you so much." Mackenzie lowered her head again, pretending to burst into silent tears. "Listen to me. You're gonna go, but your friends are gonna stay. Your friends are gonna stay with me. But I want you to know that I like you \_\_so much\_\_. But

your friends ain't gonna go with you." James paused, but carried on stroking her face. "And I'm gonna be thinkin' of you when I'm with your friends."\_

\_Mackenzie pulled her face from James' grip and pushed past him, wiping her eyes on her hands and sniffing angrily.\_

"\_Cut!" called Harmony.\_

\_Mackenzie Bolton's 'Spring Breakers' audition, 2012\_

\* \* \*

><p>Silence. Deadly, disgusting silence. That's all there was. Nobody moved. Nobody spoke. Nobody breathed. They were all justâ€|staring. Staring between me and Jay. I was horrified; I just couldn't comprehend the fact that Danny had said this. He was looking at me now, and his face was etched with cruel joy.<p>

That was when I snapped.

"You fat, ugly motherfucker! I can't fucking believe you could do that to me!" I screeched, throwing myself at him. I was kicking him and punching him and clawing at him with what was left of my bitten and broken nails. I was screaming all sorts of obscenities at him, practically trying to gouge the man's eyes out as I did so. "You've fucking ruined everything!"

"Mack, fucking cut it out!" Danny cried, shielding his face with his arms.

"I'm gonna fucking kill you!" I roared, and that's when a pair of hands seized the tops of my arms and forcibly extracted me from murdering McBride. I thrashed against the grip, turning around to face my assailant. I found myself looking directly into James' eyes.

Oh, fuck.

"What the fuck is McBride talking about?" he questioned fiercely.

"James, I-" I croaked.

"Is it true?"

"James, please, I don't-"

"Kenzie! Is. It. True?" He shook me slightly.

"I- yes." I nodded slowly, a solitary tear trickling down my face. "Okay? Yes. He's telling the truth."

"You mean you guys actually had sex?" Seth exclaimed disbelievingly. "What the \_fuck\_?"

"You fucking cheated on my brother?" James spat at me, and he abruptly released me, causing me to stumble back a few steps.

"It didn't mean anything, okay!" Jay was quick to defend us, pulling

me away from the group. We both stood there as James, Seth, Jonah and Craig all gaped at us. I could see the judgement in their eyes. I hated it. Danny was in the background, just smirking. I hated him.

"It was a mistake!" I bawled, bursting into tears. "Weâ€|we never, ever intended it to happen!"

"So why the fuck \_did\_ it happen, then?" I had never seen James look so angry before.

"We were wasted!" Jay said, putting his arm around me as I stood there howling, tears and snot dribbling attractively down my face.

"Dave had been away for a week promoting one of his movies," I sobbed, gulping in an attempt to catch my breath. "And it was the anniversary of the day my mom died, nine years ago. I wasâ€|I was feeling so miserable that I'd just been drinking all day. Whiskey, vodka, scotch, brandy; you name it, I'd been drinking it since ten that morning. I was just crying and drinking, and Jay called me up to surprise me. All I was doing was crying down the phone at him, so-" I dissolved into even uglier sobs, losing the ability to form a coherent sentence.

"So I asked her to come and see me," Jay continued for me. "I didn't know how drunk she was until she actually got out of her cab and fell into the doorman."

"Weâ€|we went up to Jay's suite," I snivelled. "We had a few more drinksâ€|and thenâ€|it was all just moving in the very wrong directionâ€|and the next thing we knewâ€|it was morning, and it had happened."

They were still all just looking.

"Fuck, guys, it isn't like we wanted to do it!" Jay snapped, but he looked so guilty. So ashamed.

"But you fucking did!" said Seth. "Both of you fucking lied."

"You don't think we don't know that?" I said angrily. "Iâ€|\_hate \_myself for what we did!"

"Does Dave know?" demanded James. I shook my head, unable to even make eye contact with him. "Wow. I had no idea you could be such a fucking heartless bitch, Mackenzie." Mackenzie. Not Kenzie. Not Mack. Mackenzie. James never, ever used my whole name. No one did. Not unless they were well and truly pissed with me. And right now, from the look on James' face, he had surpassed 'pissed at me' a very long time ago. Right now, I'd put a wager closer to he hated me.

"Don't fucking talk to her like that, Franco!" Jay said protectively.

"You're just as fucking bad, Jay!" said Seth, pointing an accusing finger at him.

"I hope you're fucking happy now, Danny," I snarled.



"I could not be fucking happier if I tried, my beautiful little Kenz," he taunted. "Oh, and by the way, just for the record, I'm \_choosing \_to leave now. You're not kicking me out. You guys had already said that I could come back in, and I'm the one that said I'm not coming back in." He half-turned around and opened the door. "Don't be cocky." And with that, he backed away into the dense smog outside, flipping us off with both hands until he disappeared.

"Get the fuck out of here," James spat, slamming the door shut.

Seth turned to Jay and I. "So this really is all true?"

Jay hesitated for a moment. "Yes."

"Jay? Mackenzie?" Jonah suddenly piped up after being silent this whole time, and we both turned to look at him. "I know this is probably my fault since I put Jay on a pedestal, but you should not be dishonest with your friends and cheat on your boyfriend. You really let me down."

My eyes dropped to the floor, and I watched as my tears splashed on the hardwood. That had been the last thing I wanted to hear someone say.

Jay, however, reacted in a slightly different way. He pulled his arm back and let it snap forward, punching Jonah clean in the jaw.

"Jay!" I shrieked. "What the fuck, man?!"

Seth just glared at us, before turning on his heel and walking off.

"It's all fucked, isn't it?" Jay grumbled, looking at his bleeding knuckles before he too stalked away.

"Jonah, you okay?" James asked him.

Jonah took a deep breath, like he was breathing through the pain. "Yeah. His insides hurt worse than my outsides."

"James, can I talk-" I began, but he just glowered at me.

"No," he snapped. "I'm sorry Mackenzie, but I just don't want to talk to you." He, Craig and Jonah soon dispersed after that so they could go to bed, leaving me on my own in the middle of the room.

"I'm so sorry," I whispered into the emptiness.

\* \* \*

><p>Needless to say, I cried myself to near-sleep that night. This was the very worst I'd felt throughout the entire of the apocalypse, and that really was saying something. The atmosphere in the house was just soâ€|so <em>hateful<em>. James refused to speak to me, Seth refused to speak to Jay, Jonah and Craig didn't know how in the fuck to respond to what was going on, and I just felt so goddamn alone.

I tossed and turned on the sofa, cocooned up in my duvet. The boys were all asleep in their rooms, dick tents or sofa dens. Jay and I

were still in the living room. He was fast asleep; he was fine. I was the one who felt like she was trapped in perdition, never to be raised from.

I rubbed furiously at my heavy eyes, just praying for sleep to come. I just wanted today to be over. I could try to deal with the fallout in the morning. But of course, God wanted to punish me just that little bit more, so sleep was just not gonna happen. I looked at my phone, which was clinging on to its last ten percent of battery. 3.33am. Jesus fucking Christ

A sudden male scream echoed from upstairs. "No!" Shit! It sounded like Jonah! I jumped up and over the back of the sofa, stumbling slightly as I lunged for the stairs. I could hear scuffling noises coming from his bedroom, but they were muffled. What was going on?!

I burst into the room, shouting, "Jonah!" He was sitting in the middle of his bed, his duvets all twisted up around him. His face was totally ashen, and he was panting like he'd been running a marathon. "Bro, what the fuck happened?!"

"Iâ€¦itâ€¦Iâ€¦nothing," he said quickly, drawing his covers up tighter around him.

I frowned. "Are you okay, man? You look kinda sick."

"I just had a bad dream," he replied, not meeting my eye. "Nothing serious."

I leaned on the doorframe, staring at him. "Well, if you insist. I thought I heard you scream, but I guess it was my imagination." I waved somewhat awkwardly at him. "Night then."

"Yeah. Nighty night, Mackenzie," he said with an overly-done yawn, stretching his arms over his head. That was when I saw the three deep scratches raked down his forearm.

"Jonah?" I said quietly, pointing. "What are those?"

"What's what?" he asked innocently, bringing his arm down to look at it. "Oh! Umâ€¦I uh, fell out of bed and caught my arm on the side of the bed."

"Three times?"

"Erâ€¦yup."

I narrowed my eyes at him. "You know I don't believe a word you're saying, right?"

"Look, Mack, I'm \_fine\_," Jonah insisted breezily. "But I can tell you're not. You've got bags under those pretty brown eyes of yours. You need your beauty sleep, you know that."

"Yeah, well, I'd probably find it easier to sleep if James hadn't ostracised me from his life and made me feel like the scourge of Los Angeles," I muttered, but I wasn't loud enough for Jonah to completely pick up on what I had said. "Anyway, let's take two on this. Good\_night\_, Jonah."

"Goodnight, my sweet little Mackenzie."

\* \* \*

><p>"So we're all officially fucked," I said to the now-titled Confession Cam. Well, I'd titled it, anyhow. "We have no water, and I mean <em>none</em>. McBride fucking wasted all the emergency stash before he fucked off outside into what looks like the middle of Mount Vesuvius. So we're rapidly dehydrating, and I'm pretty sure I saw Craig drinking his own urine a little while ago. Yup, we've stooped to piss drinking. That's how dire this situation has become."

I sighed heavily, running my hand through my knotted and greasy hair. "And d'you know what? That isn't even the worst of it. Danny decided to tell everyone about me and Jay sleeping together. That is truly the worst thing that has ever happened to me. James won't speak to meâ€|hell, he won't even look at me. And why should he? I cheated on his little brother. It was a one-time, one-off totally drunken mistake that both Jay and I regretted instantly, but it's still come back and bitten us on the ass."

I paused, thinking I could hear someone hovering outside the door, eavesdropping on my confessional. When I turned and saw no one there, I continued, "I hate myself. I really do. I love Daveâ€|I always have and always will. He's the love of my life. For fuck sake, we've been together for nearly six years. Why was I stupid enough to risk all this just because I was wasted and upset and needed to feel close to someone? I'm starting to think it might actually be better if he is dead. At leastâ€|at least then he won't ever find out just how much of a total whore his girlfriend is. Oh my God, I can't believe I just said that. I'd say I should go to Hell for that, but the truth is, I'm pretty sure I'm already in Hell."

I looked up at the ceiling and let out a scream. "You know what, God? Congratu-fucking-lations. You win. Okay? You win. Kill me. Just let me die. Send one of your decapitation monsters in here and let it chop my head off. Let me choke on the ash outside. Or better yet, save yourself some time. Just let the ceiling above me come crashing down and crush me to death right here, right now. Because I can guarantee that nothing you do to me will cause me as much pain as what I'm experiencing already. Fuck you, fuck your angels, and fuck Heaven. I'm done."

\* \* \*

><p>We were dying. There was no use pussyfooting around it. If we didn't find more food and water, we were rapidly all going to starve and dehydrate. But there was no food left anywhere in this house. So one of us had to go outside to look for some.<p>

We gathered around the small white table like we had so many times before, and Seth produced that same box of matches from a few days ago.

"I think we all remember how this works," he said, lighting one and hastily wafting it out. "Whoever gets the burnt match has to go to one of Franco's neighbours houses, get us some food and some water."

"No-ho-ho!" Craig quickly said. "No, I'm not going first!"

"I'll g-" I tried to volunteer, but James cut across me.

"I'll go first," he said, raising his arms like it was a big deal that he was potentially sacrificing himself.

"Thank you," said Seth, holding the matches to him. "Very mature of you. Thank you."

James didn't even look as he chose his match, but he was fine; the tip was red. He punched the air and exclaimed, "Yes!" He then composed himself and quickly said, "Sorry."

Seth clapped him on the shoulder and said, "Good job." He looked over at Jonah, who apparently hadn't recovered from his rough night as the poor man looked like death warmed up. "You okay, Jonah?"

"What's that?" Jonah mumbled absent-mindedly.

"You okay?" Seth repeated.

"Yeah," Jonah said, but his tone was vacant of emotion. "Just bad sleep. Crazy dream."

"Here, Jonah." Seth held the matches out to him, and he silently plucked one from the bundle. This one was red too, and when Jonah saw he quickly dropped the match down on the table.

"Mackenzie," was all Seth said to me when he handed me the match bundle. So he was still pissed with me too, not that he really had much of a reason to be mad with me, mind. Still, I reached out and took one of the matches, turning it around to look at the end. Red.

"Thank you, God," I muttered, and I was unsure if I was being sarcastic or genuinely thankful. It should have been me.

Seth, Jay and Craig all squirmed uncomfortably, with Craig loudly exclaiming, "Shit!" It was now the final three; one of them was going outside.

"Craigers, you feeling lucky?" Seth asked him as he passed over the matches. "Will history repeat itself?" Not today, apparently, as Craig's match emerged red.

This left Jay and Seth. I really had no idea who to root for at this point; I didn't want either of them to go out there into that wasteland!

James certainly knew who he was rooting for though, as he slapped Seth on the back and said, "You got this, dawg." He was on Seth's side. Shocker.

Seth held out the two remaining matches to Jay, who squeezed his eyes shut as he reached for one of them. He opened them just as his hand darted out and pulled out his choice match. This one was red too.

"Seth, no! Not you!" cried James, throwing his match down in anger.

The rest of us just remained silent, unsure really how to comment on it. None of us wanted Seth to go out there, of course we didn't. But at the same time, it had to be one of us, and no one wanted it to be their self.

Seth blew out a sigh. "I'm not going."

"What?!" Jay and I both demanded in unison.

"What the fuck are you talking about?!" I added irately.

"I am not going!" Seth asserted. "I'm bowing out. I'm declining to go!"

"What?" Jay said again.

"Er, let me break it down for you," Seth said sarcastically. "I'm not fucking going!"

"You are definitely going!" Jay insisted. He looked around at the rest of us. "Tell him he's fucking going!"

"Tell you what," Seth snapped. "Why don't you fucking go, Mr Self-Righteous? You're constantly saying what assholes we are, how good you are. You go get us some fucking water!"

"Shut the fuck up and back off, Seth!" I shouted.

"No, Mack, he's right," Jay said. He snapped his match in two. "I will go," he said firmly to Seth. "Because I have something called 'honour.'"

"That's good. Yeah, you're very honourable," Seth said sardonically. "Fucking another guy's girlfriend, that's real honourable, right?" Of course. We just had to go back to that. When all else fails, bring up 'Jay and Mack Had Sex'.

"I'll go with you, Jay," Craig gravely offered.

"Really?" Jay said, sounding disbelievingly touched. "Is it because of our pact upstairs?" He pointed up.

"Nah," Craig replied. "'Cause you got them skinny-ass arms. You couldn't carry enough to feed a hamster."

"I'll come too!" I suddenly volunteered. "I'll help as well." Fuck it. I was close to death anyway; why not just potentially shorten the process?

"Oh yeah, gotta make sure you can protect your boyfriend, huh, Mackenzie?" sniped James, speaking directly to me for the first time in about twelve hours.

Something inside me broke then. I was so fucking fed up of him treating me like this. It was none of his business, what had happened with me and Jay. It was between me, Jay and Dave, and nobody else. I got that James was angry on behalf of his absent brother, of course I did. But he didn't need to keep treating me like I was something disgusting that he'd stepped in.

I might have been a heartless, cheating bitch, but I still had feelings. And at this precise moment in time, that feeling was indignant fury.

"Fuck you, James!" I spat. "I'll stay here, then, and be totally useless like you bunch of assbutts! That's totally fucking fine with me! Happy?" I flipped him off and stormed over to the sofas, where I sat with my back to everyone, drawing my legs up to my chest and wrapping my arms around myself.

I effectively tuned out anything else the guys were saying. I honestly just did not care anymore. It was only when I looked around and saw Jay and Craig about to embark on their journey that I actually stirred. I uncurled myself and stood up, hurrying over to them.

"Please keep safe," I begged them, taking their hands in mine. "Or at least, just don't die. Please. I'm internally broken enough already."

Craig chuckled. "Ain't no motherfuckers taking a pop at this." I decided to neglect reminding him that something out there had already tried to 'take a pop at that.'

I laughed without a trace of humour and put my arms around him, earning myself a classic Craig Robinson bear hug.

I then turned to Jay and fiercely wrapped my arms around his neck, and he hugged me back tightly. I didn't care how this looked, didn't care how everyone knew what had happened at the Four Seasons; Jay was my best friend, and nothing anyone said was going to change that.

"Don't die," I whispered in his ear, and he held me out at arm's length. "Promise me, Jay. You die, and I'll die. That's how this will work. So promise me, Baruchel. Please."

"You've always been so overdramatic," he said, giving me a small smile. "But yeah. I promise that we won't die." He turned to Craig, tightening his grip on the baseball bat he'd just picked up.

"I know where the nearest house is," James said, coming up behind us.

"Awesome. Let's get that money," Jay said, trying to sound confident.

"Let's do it," Craig agreed. Jay reached out and opened the door, smoke pouring into the house instantly.

"Out and to the left," James told them. They both nodded, and the next thing, they'd slipped out the door, which James shut firmly behind them.

\* \* \*

><p>And then there were four. This could not have been anymore awkward if it tried. James hadn't said a word to me since his earlier outburst, and Seth was barely speaking to me because I hadn't told him Jay had been in LA. And Jonahâ€|Jonah just seemed off, all pale

and sweaty and distracted and shit.<p>

Jesus Christ, the last thing we needed was for him to develop the flu in the middle of all this bullshit. Antibiotics were a thing of the past. But even if it wasn't flu, something definitely wasn't right with the man.

I was sat on the sofa, picking away at the last of my French manicure and inspecting exactly how much damage my poor nails had endured over the last week and a half. The tips were ragged and broken, the skin around the nails bitten, red raw and bloody. I hadn't bitten my nails since I was about nineteen, but all this stress had caused me to relapse.

Jonah was wandering around in a total daze; going into the kitchen, pausing, coming back into the living area, pausing, then heading into another room and coming back a few moments later. James and Seth, meanwhile, had disappeared upstairs.

"Jonah? Bruh?" I called to him after about five minutes of him doing this, as I was starting to get a little worried. He paused, halfway to wandering back into the kitchen. "What's going on with you, man?"

He didn't say anything. Instead, his face drained of what little colour was left, and he suddenly collapsed, hitting the floorboards with a sickening thud.

"\_JONAH\_!" I shrieked, leaping up and sprinting over to him, dropping to my knees by his head and looking for signs of life.

"JAMES! SETH! HELP! PLEASE!" I screamed at the stairs, hoping and praying they would hear me and not just brush me off.

Thank God, they did listen, and both of them came barrelling down the stairs about twenty seconds later.

"Oh fuck!" shouted Seth.

"Is he okay?!" asked James, panicked.

"I don'tâ€¦I don't know!" I said frantically, running my hands through my hair. "One second he seemed okay, and the next he justâ€¦he just collapsed!"

"Dude! Jonah!" Seth exclaimed as he and James reached me and Jonah's slumped form. "What the fuck! What do we do?! Do you guys know first aid or anything?!"

"No!" James replied.

"I know how to check for a pulse!" I said, remembering some of the first aid training I'd undertaken in the eleventh grade.

"Well, fucking get on it, then!" Seth yelled.

"Don't yell at me!" I wailed, and I pressed two fingers to Jonah's neck, probing for that flicker of life. As I did so, James and Seth were clapping and clicking in Jonah's face, trying to get him to awaken.

"Here!" I announced desperately, feeling a feeble throbbing under my fingers. "I've found a pulse! But fuck, it's so weak! I thinkâ€¦shit, you guys, I really think he's dying!"

"Wait! Low blood sugar!" Seth suddenly proclaimed. "LBS!"

"LBS?!" James repeated.

"He's having an LBS episode!" Seth explained.

"Quick! Someone get the Milky Way!" I shouted.

"I'll get the Milky Way!" yelled James, running off to the kitchen.

"You get the Milky Way!" Seth also shouted. "Jonah! Stay with me! Stay with me!"

"I got it, I got it, I got it, I got it! Open his mouth!" James came speeding back, the brown-wrapped Milky Way clutched in his hand. "Open his mouth! Open his mouth, I'll get this in there!"

I reached out and clasped Jonah's chin, wrenching his mouth open. "Come on, Jonah! Wake up! It's Milky Way time, buddy!"

James started prodding the chocolate bar at Jonah's mouth, but obviously Jonah was not biting it. "Jonah. Milky Way, Jonah!"

"It's not fucking working, man!" Seth shouted hysterically. "What the fuck?!"

"How do we get it in there?!" James demanded.

"Chew it and spit it in!" I suggested.

"Yeah! Yeah, Mack's right!" Seth said in agreement. "Chew it up and spit it in his mouth like a baby bird!" Oh, so now I was being useful I was back to 'Mack' again.

James nodded and took a bite, positioning himself over Jonah's head. However, a few seconds later there was the distinct sound of James swallowing.

"You just swallowed it, man!" Seth said disbelievingly.

"It's so good!" James defended.

"Give me a bite!" Seth demanded, seizing the bar and taking off a chunk. "Mmm! The second it hits your mouth is, like, amazing!"

"Guys!" I shouted. "You're missing the fucking point of eating the goddamn Milky Way! Give it to me!" I snatched the bar from James' hand and bit off a hearty chunk. I chewed it into mush, then positioned my mouth three inches above Jonah's. Seth held Jonah's mouth open, and I allowed a dribble of Milky Way spit to drool out of my mouth.

However, before I could get the spit into Jonah's agape mouth, his



head suddenly twisted around to face upwards, and he began to recite something in a language I didn't recognize, in a voice that sounded like it was doubled up—like two people were speaking. James, Seth and I all shrieked, leaping to our feet and taking a step back.

Jonah lie spasming on the floor, spitting out words that none of us could understand in the slightest.

"What the fuck was that?" Seth whispered.

"That's Hebrew!" said James.

"That was not Hebrew!" I answered scathingly. "Moron. I think it was Latin or some shit like that!"

"Yeah, I went to Hebrew school for six years!" added Seth. "That's not Hebrew!"

That was when Jonah's head snapped up, his eyes springing open and revealing murky-green irises. "You will drown in a river of blood," he hissed in that same deep, doubled-up voice. "The End of Days is here. You will quiver in the shadow of Kingdom Come. Judgement Day is upon you. The apocalypse is nigh!" His head slumped back down, his eyes closing.

James, Seth and I all looked at each other with wide, panicked eyes. Oh. Holy. Fuck. This shit had just gotten so, \_so\_ much more complicated.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN- Demon possession. Always a fun time, no? Well, shit is about to well and truly hit the fan in our favourite actors' lives. Once again, I just want to say a huge, almighty thank you to every single one of you who reviewed! I've never appreciated feedback so much in my life! You made me feel all fuzzy on the inside! So please review again, I'd love to know what you thought of the fallout of last chapter's revelation! Much love to you all! Xx Gee  
xX\*\*

\*\*References:

>The whole "Trapped in perdition, raised from" thing is probably classed as a <strong>\_\*\*Supernatural \*\*\_\*\*reference, and "assbutt" definitely is.\*\*

## 11. And Nobody Screams

\*\*A/N- I'm loving the feedback, guys! You are all so awesome! Mucho gusto thanks to Im Kind Of Important, LunaEvanna Longbottom, MyNigg5 and Morgan for reviewing!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter Eleven- And Nobody Screams<strong>

\_Harley yawned heavily and rubbed at her eyes. She hadn't worn make-up or gotten properly dressed for days; she was just so tired. But she couldn't sleep. How could she? Dean, Kris, Jesse—|they'd all

been asleep when they died. And she was next. She or Nancy or Quentin. Krueger was coming for one of them.\_

\_Hearing Nancy's mom tell the three of them how they all gone to pre-school together, how theyâ€|how they had all been abused by that man had made Harley feel like her entire life had been a lie. Freddy Krueger was coming for them. He wanted revenge against the children who had gotten him killed.\_

\_Eleven of those children were deadâ€|and there were three to go, just barely. Nancy had almost died in the bath, Quentin had nearly been drowned in the school pool, and Harley had almost been electrocuted when her radio 'fell' into her shower.\_

\_She just wanted to sleep. Why was this happening? Why her!? She headbutted the window of the Jeep. "What's taking Quentin so long?!" she grumbled, peering out the glass to see if she could spot him in the store. Nancy didn't reply. "Nance? Nancy?" Still no reply. "Nancy! Don't! Fall! Asleep!" she said, much more loudly, kicking the back of the passenger seat.\_

\_Nancy jerked with a shivery gasp, clutching the sides of her seat. "Harley?!" she cried out. "It was Krueger! He's here!"\_

\_Harley unclipped her belt and slide into the middle seat so she could look at her best friend. "Babe, we gotta stay awake! Come on! We can do this!"\_

\_Nancy ran her hands through her hair, hyperventilating. "It's too hot! I'm too hot!" she exclaimed, ripping her cardigan off.\_

"\_Nancy, please calm down!" Harley begged. "You've been awake too long! I've been awake too long! We are gonna end up losing it if we're not careful! But we just need to stay up a bit longer. Okay? We are gonna stop this motherfucker if it's theâ€|we're gonna stop him." She had nearly said 'if it's the last thing we do,' but the reality was that it really could be the last thing they do.\_

"\_I can stay awake," Nancy replied. "I know how." And before Harley could stop her, Nancy's hand darted out and pulled out the car's cigarette lighter, which she pressed down into her forearm.\_

"\_What the fuck are you doing?!" Harley shrieked, wrenching the lighter from Nancy's hand and shoving back in its holder. She'd been too late; the lighter had scalded a deep burn into Nancy's arm. Nancy was sobbing, looking at the smoking burn.\_

"\_I had too!" she cried. "Krueger's here!"\_

\_Harley slapped her in the face, twice. "Nancy, please! You're scaring me! He isn't here! It's the micro naps! I promise, he isn't here!" \_

"\_He is!" Nancy insisted. "We need to warn Quentin!" And without waiting for Harley to reply, she shoved the passenger door open and climbed out, hurrying towards the store.\_

"\_Nancy!" Harley shouted after her, but she ignored her. "Nan- oh, goddamn it!" She wrestled with her own door until it opened, and she

practically fell out in her haste to exit the car.\_

\_That was when she heard the laughter. Deep and menacing. It was all around her, coming from every angle, thudding in her ears, suffocating her. She twisted her head around, desperately trying to find the source of the laugh.\_

\_He was standing by the hood of the car. Krueger. He was grinning at her, a yellow, rotten grin. His shoulders shook as he laughed at her. "Shouldn't you help your friend?" he taunted.\_

"\_You're not real," Harley said, backing away from him. "You're not here. You're not real!"\_

"\_Oh I'm real," he replied menacingly, advancing on her. "I've always been real."\_

"\_No," she whimpered. "You aren't real! I don't believe in you!" Her back pressed up against the glass window of the store. Krueger was right in front of her, his dead eyes level with hers.\_

"\_My Harley girl," Krueger said softly, running his hand through her hair in a way that made her puke in her mouth a little bit. "You never were as good as Little Nancy." Harley twisted her head away, tears pouring down her face. "Look at me!" he suddenly roared, causing her to cringe.\_

\_Reluctantly, Harley looked at him, dead in the eyes. "Go fuck yourself, Krueger!"\_

\_Krueger didn't even say anything. Instead, he seized Harley by the lapels of her denim waistcoat and lifted her up three feet clean off the ground. \_

\_She began screaming then, struggling against Krueger's superhuman grip on her. "Get off me! Get the fuck off me, you motherfucker!" There it was again. That laugh. It made Harley's blood run cold.\_

"\_Sorry to crash the party so late," Krueger jeered, and he slammed Harley into the window, sending her smashing through the glass into the shop in a pile of blood and glass splinters. The glass tore through Harley's wrists and the inside of her elbows, slashing her veins. She bled out in seconds.\_

\_To most of the people in the store, it had looked like the crazy girl outside had committed suicide by jumping through the window out of her own free will. But as Nancy and Quentin clutched at their dead friend's corpse, Nancy sobbing her heart out, slowly going into shock, they both knew that this meant they had very little time to end Freddy Krueger once and for all.\_

\_A Nightmare On Elm Street, 2010\_

\* \* \*

><p>Something brown and slimy started to leak out of the side of Jonah's mouth. James, Seth and I all stood around him, dithering around like a bunch of fucking dickheads, totally unsure what to do

to help him.<p>

"What \_is \_that?" asked Seth disgustedly, looking at the brown stuff. James reached out and touched it, smearing some on his fingertip. "What is that? Is that bile?"

"I don't know," muttered James, inspecting his finger. "It's cold."

"Sniff it," Seth suggested.

"No!" James replied, holding his finger out to Seth. "You sniff it."

Seth did just that, recoiling from it almost instantly. "It smells like puke!"

"Ew!" James started wiping his finger on Seth's t-shirt.

Wait. Bile-like consistency. Cold. Pukeish smell. I'd seen this before—like in every Hell-based horror movie ever. Oh, \_shit\_! "Guys, I know what—" I started to yell, when Jonah suddenly sat up and sprayed a fountain of green vomit over the three of us.

We began screaming, futilely attempting to keep the puke off us by shielding our faces with our arms. For obvious reasons, that really did not work. We still ended up coated in the stuff. By the time Jonah had stopped vomiting I was scraping sick out of my eyes, my nose, my mouth.

"The \_fuck\_ did that just happen!" I screeched, shaking my arms in an attempt to shake some of the muck off me.

"It's in my eyes!" James was shrieking, wiping his face.

"I think it's in my nasal cavities!" I cried, pinching my nose.

"Dudes!" Seth suddenly shouted, pointing down. "He's gone!"

"What?!" I spluttered, following his finger. He was right; Jonah had vanished. "What in the fuck?!"

"Where is he?!" demanded James.

"He's fucking gone!" Seth howled.

"Oh shit!" I shrieked. "Shit shit shit! This is not good! You guys, that stuff coming out of his mouth—I think it means he's been possessed!"

"Possessed?!" they both shouted in confusion.

"Yeah, possessed!" I repeated impatiently. "As in, fucking demon possession, possessed! I don't know if you douchebags picked up on it, but that was \_not\_ Jonah's normal voice! There were two voices overlapping each other; the demon is using Jonah as a vessel, talking through him!"

"Are you fucking kidding me?" James said doubtfully. "Demon

possession?"

"Do not doubt me, Franco!" I said stiffly. "I've pretty much dedicated my life to horror films- I've seen \_The Exorcist\_ about eighty times! \_And\_ \_I'm from Amityville! I'm like a demon possession expert!"

"Fuck! Jonah!" He began to yell Jonah's name repeatedly, as did Seth and I, looking wildly around us. Where the fuck could he have gone?!

"Jonah, stop this!" ordered Seth. "Please!"

"Jonah, where the \_fuck\_ are you?!" shouted James.

"Why did you puke on us?!" I hollered, and the next thing I knew Jonah had popped up from nowhere and seized James by the top of the arm, picking him up and sending him flying down into the sofa area. Jonah leapt after him, and I think he began to physically bite James.

"Jonah!" I shrieked. "Stop it! This isn't you! I know you're still in there, you have to fight it!"

"Bad Jonah! Stop!" shouted Seth, like he was berating a misbehaved dog. "Stop eating him!" Jonah looked up at him and hissed. Like, actually hissed. He hissed like a snake. Suddenly, he was back on his feet, lunging for Seth.

"Watch out!" James warned in a panic. "He's super strong!" But it was too late: Jonah shoved Seth over with such a force that Seth went skidding along the floor and almost ended up falling head-first down the hole to the basement.

I wanted to help him, I did, but I was in the process of attempting to help James get back up on his feet. However, I was still dripping with vomit, as was James, meaning the floor around us was slick with the icky substance. As I went to haul James up, my bare feet slipped in the mess, and I went crashing down next to him, cracking the back of my head on the hardwood. I saw stars, and I blinked hard to steady my vision.

"Shit, Mack, are you okay?!" he asked me, leaning up on his elbow.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine," I said quickly, and the two of us used each other to steady ourselves as we stood up.

Seth and Demon Jonah were wrestling by the hole, and I'm pretty sure I heard Demon Jonah ask Seth if his man-titties were big Bs or small Cs. Fuck, not only did we have a demon on our hands, but a sassy demon at that. But however freaked out Seth was, he managed to look past it as his fist flashed up and he punched Demon Jonah in the face, sending him sprawling.

"I'll get you something to help!" James shouted, whilst I ran over to attempt to provide Seth with some back-up. I kicked Demon Jonah in the ribs about five times, not that I'm entirely sure how this helped anything.

"Stay down, you fucker!" I grunted, booting him a sixth time, but I had done literally no damage whatsoever because he was just rolling around on the floor. Meanwhile, James and Seth were screaming in the background. James threw Seth a stool to beat down Jonah with, but of course Seth was incapable of even the simplest of tasks and recoiled away when the stool hit him. This gave Demon Jonah enough time to scramble to his feet and grasp hold of Seth and throw him up to the top floor of the house, sending him smashing through the wooden railings.

"Seth!" James and I shouted, quickly running up the stairs to check he was okay. He was lying on the floor, groaning, but thank the baby Jesus, he didn't seem overly harmed. He managed to struggle to his feet just as Demon Jonah let out an inhuman roar.

"Fuck this shit!" I screamed, running past James and Seth in my attempt to get away.

"We're getting crazy!" James yelled, sprinting after me.

"We need to hide!" I shrieked. "Where the fuck can we hide?!" Fucking hell, I really hoped Jay and Craig were still okayâ€¦

We ended up in James' bedroom, the three of us bent double, bracing ourselves on our knees as we tried to regain the use of our lungs.

"We gotta hide! We gotta hide!" James was whimpering.

"I literally just said that!" I snapped.

"He's coming, he's coming, he's coming!" James continued in the same tone.

"We know he's coming!" exclaimed Seth, unnerved. "I don't know what the fuck to do!"

"I don't know-" James began, when Seth suddenly ran past us both. "Where are you going?!"

"Shit!" was all Seth said as he wrenched open the doors of James' closet.

"Good thinking, Batman!" I said, James and I both following after him. We positioned ourselves behind the railings of clothes, making sure they covered our faces. Well, they covered my face. Seth and James were both a good three or four-ish inches taller than me, so their eyes peeped out over the top of the rails.

They shut up instantly, and through the clothes I could see that Demon Jonah had wandered into the room and was looking around. Looking for us.

"Please go away!" snivelled Seth.

"He's sniffing," James whispered.

"I'm so scared, guys!" Seth whimpered.

"Be quiet!" James ordered.

It was silent for about three seconds, when suddenly a sound like a small leaf-blower started up. I frowned. "Who the fuck is vacuuming at a time like this?!" I hissed as quietly as I could.

I twisted my head up to look between James and Seth, and saw that Seth was breathing as loud as humanly possible out of his open mouth.

"Seth!" I hissed.

"You're breathing really loud!" James whispered to him.

"Am I?" Seth replied.

"Don't breathe through your mouth!" James said.

"Okay," Seth answered, snapping his mouth shut. Then the weird vacuum-breathing noise started coming out of his nose.

"Can you just breathe like a normal person?" I whispered at him irately. "Now you're nose-breathing too loudly!"

"I'm sorry!" he hissed. "I can't help it! I don't know where else to breathe from!" He started to alternate between nose-breathing and mouth-breathing. "Is that-"

"Seth!" James whisper-snapped to get him to shut up.

"Jesus H. Christ," I muttered, trying to be as quiet as possible since Demon Jonah had just snapped his head around to look directly at the closet. Oh man. Oh man. Oh man oh man oh man oh man. We. Were. Fucked. We tried to hide ourselves more with the clothes as the demon got ever closer, but I could just tell it wasn't going to work.

"Oh shit, don't move!" Seth hissed.

"Shit, he's coming over!" I whimpered. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Demon Jonah was creeping closer, his hand outstretched for the closet door handle, when Seth suddenly lunged forward with a scream, knocking the demon down to the floor. James and I sprinted after him, James kicking the demon back down and me standing on its gut.

The three of us fought with each other to get down the stairs first, none of us relenting at all. We ended up in such a tangle that we all tripped at the head of the steps, sending all three of us rolling down the stairs. We landed in a groaning heap at the bottom, vaguely concussed and very in pain.

"Oh, fuck my life!" I moaned.

"You guys okay?" James asked us as we struggled to sit up.

"Yeah. Yeah, it's all good!" I said, taking the hand he'd offered to me and climbing to my feet. "We gotta get out of here!"

"Let's go!" James said, helping up Seth, who was just repeatedly saying the word, "Okay!"

We were about halfway to the door when it suddenly burst open, a

screaming Craig and Jay falling through it. Seth, James and I all started screaming at them in return. Jay and Craig began to barricade the door shut, still yelling.

"What the fuck?!" shrieked Seth. "What are you doing?!"

"There's a fucking demon chasing us!" shouted Craig.

James, Seth and I all looked at each other, then back at the two of them. "A \_demon\_?!" we exclaimed in unison. So this really was Hell on Earth. Jonah really had been taken over.

"What the fuck happened to you guys?!" asked Jay, gesturing at our vomit-decorated attire.

"That!" Seth said hopelessly, pointing at something to the side of us. We all turned, and saw Demon Jonah lurching towards us like a zombie.

"It's Jonah!" shouted James.

"He's been fucking possessed!" I added, hastily backing away. Jay, however, wasted literally no time swinging his baseball bat around and cracking the demon right around the face with it.

"Oh, fuck!" exclaimed Seth. "You brained him!"

"Is thatâ€¦I was supposed to do that, right?" Jay asked hesitantly.

"Well, even if it wasn't, it's a bit fucking late now!" I retorted, when Demon Jonah suddenly hissed up at us. Jay smacked him straight in the nose again, and this time the demon stayed down.

"Motherfucker," Jay spat.

\* \* \*

><p>After James, Seth and I got changed out of the puke clothes (Seth borrowing some of James' stuff and me swapping the tank top of James' I'd been in for my stained orange camisole and leather jacket), Seth and James dragged Demon Jonah's unconscious form up to the bedroom he'd been residing in the lastâ€¦however long we'd been trapped in this hellhole. I gathered up a frying pan, the little hammer and the baseball bat, plus a load of James' belts for us to tie Jonah to the bed with.<p>

James, Seth and Craig were all strapping him down to the double bed whilst Jay and I stood at the foot of the bed frame, primed with the bat and a very large atlas I'd taken out of James' library.

"Fasten, goddamn you, bastard!" Jay was yelling.

"He is gonna be fucking bad news when he wakes up!" shouted Seth.

"He's fucking strong!" agreed James.

"My side's good," confirmed Craig, just as the demon began to



stir.

"Oh, shitmuffins!" I screeched, holding the atlas high above my head, ready to beat down some motherfuckers.

"Alright, I'll fucking hit him!" declared Jay, standing in a fighting stance with his bat raised up, but the other guys were already running out of the room, and James grabbed hold of his wrist and dragged him out with me following, dropping the atlas as I did so.

We ended up in James' library, sitting in a circle and trying to come to terms with what the fuck had just occurred.

"This shit's cray-cray, guys," Seth said quietly. "I meanâ€¦it's like, the real, like, apocalypse. It's like, the book of Revelations. Like, that means there's a God. Right?" Jay was nodding. Of course; he'd been right this whole time.

"I haven't led my life as though there's a God this whole time," Seth admitted.

"None of us really have," I mumbled, leaning my forehead on my hand.

"I mean, who fucking saw that coming?" he continued. "That there's actually a God?"

"I'd sayâ€¦ninety-five percent of the planet," replied Jay, and I shot him a glare that said, 'this is not the time for your smug wisecracks.'

"Jesus fucking Christ, man," blew out Seth,

"You might want to stay away from saying that," Craig suggested gravely.

"Jesus fucking Christ?" he said again. "Why?" The rest of us objected at him, with Jay actually making the sign of the cross over himself. This was a new world; we could not be saying shit like that anymore.

"Hello?" I said obviously. "It's one of the Ten Commandments. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. That's like, third grade stuff."

"Jesus isn't the name of the Lord," Seth protested. "God is the name of the Lord."

"Jesus, God, it's all the same," Craig told him.

"It's the Trinity," added Jay, holding up three fingers.

"It's the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," I concluded.

"It's like Neapolitan ice cream," James put in.

"I don't even know what the fucking Commandments are," Seth said.

"Guys, I think this is sort of bullshit," James suddenly said. "Because we're all good people. I can look at each one of you in the eye, I know you're good. Well, maybe there are some exceptions." He looked pointedly at me, and I looked to the ground in pure mortification. So now we'd half-dealt with our demon problem, it was back to Mack-shaming. And with it, James was basically saying that I deserved to be here, trapped on Hell on Earth. And he was right. I mean, even this was one of the fucking Commandments.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

"I'm good," Seth quickly said.

"We're five actors!" James carried on. "We bring joy to people's lives!"

"Yeah, but we don't do it for free," Jay reminded him. "We get paid handsomely; much higher than the average profession."

"It's not like it was just handed to any of us," James defended. "We've worked really hard to be here."

"Yeah, pretend like it's hot when it's cold," chipped in Craig. "You sitting on the beach, it's freezing, you in your drawers, talking about something, everybody's surfing."

"I think God may have just fucked up," Seth whispered. "Made a mistake, and left us behind by accident. I mean, He's got a lot of shit on His plate."

"He's God, jackass!" I said heatedly. "God doesn't make mistakes! He's omniscient and all that!"

"Mack's right," said Craig. "It's not an oversight, it's not a mistake, okay? We gotta face facts. We're here, and there's a reason we're all here."

"Why are you so sure?" demanded James.

"I...I've done things, man," he said solemnly. "Iâ€¦I gouged a man's eyeballs out."

"What in the name of all that is holy?!" I exclaimed.

"What the-" said Jay.

"Fuck off." That came from Seth.

"Craig!" James practically reprimanded.

"I was a kid, man," Craig explained. "It was a fucking bar fight. It was a bad foosball game. He said I didn't call spinneys, and I fucking called spinneys. He got all in my face and I-" cue violent gesture. "-smashed a bottle across his face. The first eyeball was an accident, but then I was like, fuck it, and I went for the second one. It was fucked up. But you know what? That shit happens. I'm saying, that'sâ€¦I think that's why I'm here."

"I gotta admit somethingâ€¦" James began. "Iâ€¦umâ€¦" He hesitated, then just came straight out with, "I fucked Lindsay Lohan!"

None of us even spoke. Everyone's eyebrows just shot three inches up their face. What in the fuck.

"She was fucked up, she was high!" James confessed. "It was at the Chateau Marmont and she kept banging on my door. She kept calling me Jake Gyllenhaal."

"That's fucked up," Seth grimaced.

"Yeah. I said 'call me the Prince of Persia.'"

"Well, all my dirty laundry has been well and truly aired," I said sourly. "As has Jay's. We got nothing to admit."

"See, that's what I'm saying, man!" said Craig. "We've all done bad shit, y'know? We've done more bad shit than good in our lives, and" he trailed off, sighing. "It's time to pay the piper."

There was a sudden electronic fizzling sound, and the lights completely shut off. Everyone cried out variations of, "what the fuck."

"Oh, brilliant," I grumbled. "Because a power cut is exactly what we need right now."

"God did this," James whispered dramatically, holding a lit Zippo up so his face was illuminated. "He gave us light, and then He took it away."

"You hear that?" Jay asked rhetorically as a load of inhuman roars started emanating from upstairs. "It's the soundtrack of us going insane."

"Damn, I wish there was something we could do to help him," Craig said sadly.

A metaphorical light bulb suddenly flickered to life over my head. Of course. How had I not thought of this as soon as I realised what had happened.

"I know what we can do!" I said at the same time as Jay. I looked at him, and he looked at me. It was clear that we'd both had the same idea.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN- Honestly, that might be one of my favourite parts of the whole movie. Love me some demon activity. Yes, I'm a freak, I'm more than aware. But anyway, let me know how you liked it! Your reviews are making me feel so validated! Keep 'em comin'! Xx Gee  
xx\*\*

## 12. She Couldn't Survive Her 15 Minutes

\*\*A/N- Getting closer to the end now! There's only one more chapter after this. Sad, really, isn't it? I know I think it is. So I'm giving many of the thanks to LunaEvanna Longbottom, Im Kind Of Important, Ansolos, bitchinh0es and Firework's Feelings for

reviewing!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter Twelve- She Couldn't Survive Her 15 Minutes<strong>

"\_So, er, who are you?" Zack asked the stunning brunette in front of him, trying not to openly stare at her boobs.\_

\_She smiled. "My name is Lolabelle Waters."\_

"\_Hi Lolabelle," said Miri, rolling her eyes at Zack. "What do you do?"\_

"\_Oh, I'm a porn actress," she replied, smiling again.\_

"\_Oh, you're an actual porn star?" Zack sounded like he could barely believe his luck.\_

"\_Yeah, I started out when I was nineteen," she said. "I couldn't pay any of my utilities bills, and they were gonna evict me so I needed an easy way to make cash."\_

"\_Huh," said Miri. She looked at Zack. "Now where have we heard that one before?"\_

\_They called Lolabelle offering her a role in their movie four days later. Despite the freezing cold outside, she turned up at the scripting (half an hour late) in a cropped top, micro miniskirt and, as a concession to the cold, knee-high boots and a cardigan.\_

"\_Hey Miri!" she said enthusiastically, bounding through the doors, not actually apologising for her lateness. "Hi Zack!"\_

"\_Hey, Lola," Zack said, grinning at her.\_

"\_Lolabelle," she corrected, taking a seat next to Delaney. "Not Lola."\_

"\_Oh, right," he said. "Fuck, my bad."\_

"\_So, as I was saying before Lolabelle got here," Miri said loudly, looking at Lolabelle in a vaguely irritated fashion. "Here are the scripts, so everybody take one."\_

"'\_Star Whores'?" said Lester, reading the title off his.\_

"\_Yeah!" said Zack eagerly. "Funny, right?"\_

"\_What does it mean?" asked Lolabelle, frowning at Zack and Miri.\_

"\_Star Whores?" Miri prompted. "Like Star Wars but sexy? No? Seriously?"\_

"\_What's Star Wars?" Lolabelle looked so confused.\_

"\_You know what? Never mind," Miri said quickly. "See, we figured this opens us up to an even bigger sales market beyond the people we

went to school with. People who like comics and sci-fi."\_

"\_So horny nerds?" piped up Lolabelle.\_

"\_Yeah, horny nerds," replied Zack. "Stuff like Spider-Man and shit, you know? There's always a shitload of Star Wars nerds at those comic-book shows. So \_\_we\_\_ sell them a Princess Leia they can really fucking jerk off to."\_

"\_That'd be me," said Miri. "Princess Lay-Her."\_

\_Lester raised his hand. "Who am I playing?"\_

"\_You, my friend," said Zack. "Are the lead role of Lured Guy-Baller."\_

"\_Aw, man, he's gonna be balling dudes?" Delaney groaned. "I thought you said this shit was boys on girls."\_

"\_If I have to fuck a guy, okay, but I'd rather fuck a girl," said Lester.\_

"\_What's wrong with you, boy?" Delaney asked him.\_

"\_Uh, we'll change the name to Sky-Baller," suggested Zack. "I will be Hung So-Low. Delaney, my friend, you are On-Your-Knees Bend-Over."\_

"\_Man, I can't be in no porno!" protested Delaney. "My wife will kill me!"\_

"\_Hump me, On-Your-Knees Bend-Over," Miri said seductively. "You're my only hump."\_

"\_On the other hand," he said. "Fuck my wife."\_

"\_Unfortunately, On-Your-Knees Bend-Over does not have any sex in the movie," said Zack. "But!" He handed Bubbles and Barry their scripts. "The droids do, I-C-U-P and R2-T-Bag." He moved over to Stacey. "And Stacey over here is gonna play Darth Vibrator."\_

"\_I'm the bad guy?" she frowned.\_

"\_She's not a guy, Zack," pointed out Lester.\_

"\_I know that," Zack replied. "Because I'm not a fucking idiot!"\_

"\_Who am I? Who am I?!" asked Lolabelle, practically bouncing in her seat.\_

"\_You, Lolabelle, are going to be playing," Zack answered, giving her a script. "Darth Sexy-Puss, the girl working with Darth Vibrator, completing their quest to fuck the galaxy."\_

"\_Oh my God! \_\_That's so clever!" she laughed, clapping. "Waitâ€¦I don't get it."\_

\_Zack and Miri Make a Porno, 2008\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>\*cue dramatic, if slightly clichÃ©, organ music\*<strong>

**\*\*THE EXORCISM OF JONAH HILL\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Me being the horror nerd I was, I knew the entire exorcism chant from <em>The Exorcist<em>. Jayâ€|well, he mostly knew the whole 'power of Christ compels you' shit. But, hey, y'know, it was a start. We meant business with this shit, so Jay put his hoodie on and drew the hood up over his head, and I stepped back into my high heels. Well have \_you\_ ever seen anyone perform an exorcism bare-footed? Didn't think so.

Jay grabbed the Bible that he'd been reading non-stop since the apocalypse hit, and I bound together a spatula and some salad tongs with bandages to form a crude cross. The five of us headed upstairs to the bedroom, and James gently slid the door open.

"Urgh, the fucking stench," he groaned. We all stepped into the room, leaving the door behind us open in case a getaway was required. God, James was right; it fucking reeked in here, like death and soiled boiled eggs.

Demon Jonah was still tied to the bed, writhe around and roaring. Jay and I approached it/him, whilst the other stood to the side, holding candles.

"Jonah Hill?" Jay addressed. The demon continued to writhe and roar. "Jonah?" The demon laughed. "Jonah Hill?"

"Jonah Hill is no more," the demon sneered. Shit. It had anchored itself in there good.

"Demon?" Jay now tried.

"Yes?" the demon replied.

"Fuck!" whispered Seth. "That's not good. \_That\_\_\_'\_\_\_s not good\_."

"Jay, you fool," the demon hissed, and I clutched my cross tighter, holding it closer to the demon as Jay launched into the exorcism.

"I say unto thee, the power of Christ compels you!"

"Oh does it?" jeered the demon. "Does it compel me?"

"The power of Christ compels you!" Jay repeated.

"Does it, Jay?"

"The power of Christ compels you!"

"Is the power of Christ compelling me? Is that what's happening?" Jesus Christ. I didn't care if it was Jonah's body; right now, I was thirty seconds away from decapitating this fucker.

"The power of \_Christ compels you\_" Jay said yet again.

"Guess what?" the demon said, sounding bored. "It's not that compelling."

"Oh for fuck sake, \_move\_" I snapped, pushing Jay behind me.

"Be silent!" I shouted at Demon Jonah, and he just smirked at me. I stepped up on to the trunk at the end of James' bed, held the makeshift cross out in front of me and declared, "See the cross of the Lord! Be gone, you hostile power! Oh Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry come unto thee! The Lord be with you!"

"Let your cry come?" the demon inside Jonah jeered. "You mean just like Jay made you cry when you came?"

I faltered for a moment. How could- how could it know that? I almost whacked my forehead in realisation. Of course. The demon was picking into me, clawing through my memories. I couldn't let it hurt meâ€¦I couldn'tâ€¦that gave it powerâ€¦

"Jay, Mack, are you serious right now?!" Seth suddenly interjected. "This is your fucking plan? You're gonna repeat lines from \_The Exorcist\_?!"

"I would assume they did their fucking research!" Jay retorted.

"It's a movie!" Seth shot back.

"It's a pretty fucking accurate movie!" I snapped. "It's like a fucking demon-exorcising manual!"

"Well, it isn't fucking working!" Seth exclaimed.

"It will! It is! Just ignore the fucking thing!" I took a deep breath. "I CAST YOU OUT, UNCLEAN SPIRIT!" I screamed, thrusting the cross at the demon. "IN THE NAME OF OUR LORD-"

"Jeez, it hurts a little bit!" Demon Jonah said uncomfortably. "It's like, this little sting!" Yes! Yes, I was doing it! I could hear the demon burning!

"-JESUS CHRIST! IT IS HE WHO COMMANDS YOU! HE WHO FLUNG YOU FROM THE HEIGHTS OF HEAVEN TO THE DEPTHS OF HELL! BE GONE FROM THIS CREATURE OF GOD!" I cried.

"Seriously, fuck off!" the demon barked at me.

"BE GONE!" I cleared my throat; exorcising really took it out of your voice. "In the name of the Father," I continued, not as loudly. "and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit! By this sign of the Holy Cross, of our Lord Jesus Christ! Jonah Hill! I speak for you, and I free you from this demon of Lucifer!"

Jay stepped up to stand next to me. "The power of Christ compels you!" he proclaimed again. "The power of Christ compels you!" I stepped down now; I'd done my part.

The demon let out another uncomfortable squawk, and the bed suddenly began to rise up and shake, just like Regan's in the movie.

"Jay?" James called nervously, but Jay just started exorcising more vehemently.

"The power of Christ compels you!" The bed began to shake even more violently, creaking under the force of it.

"Holy shit!" shouted Seth.

"Jay, stop it!" I exclaimed fearfully. "We're not helping, we've just royally pissed it off!"

"Just stop it!" yelled Seth.

"THE POWER OF CHRIST COMPELS YOU!" Jay continued. The flames of the candles were flickering, the bed was thrashing around, the demon was screaming, we were screaming, Jay was screaming that the power of Christ was compelling the demon. It was pandemonium.

"Get the fuck down!" Seth abruptly shouted, seizing hold of Jay mid-exorcism and forcefully yanked him down from the bed.

"What the fuck!?" exclaimed Jay, pushing Seth, who then pushed him back. "Don't fucking push me, asshole!"

"Fuck you!" Seth spat at him.

"Boys, stop it!" I cried, forcing my way between them and placing a hand on both their chests. "Easy, easy!"

"Fuck you!" Jay retorted at Seth.

"You're the fucking asshole, you liar!" Seth said heatedly.

"Still?!" Jay said exasperatedly.

"Yes, \_still\_" replied Seth angrily.

"Guys, I don't know if you've noticed, but we have a very possessed Jonah here!" I exclaimed, trying to drag them back to the reason we'd all gathered in this stinky room in the first place. "Do we have to argue about this right now?!"

"Let 'em fight," the demon suddenly piped up, sounding awfully relaxed for something that had nearly been killed.

"We have got an exorcism to finish!" Craig put in. "Hello?"

"Do you wanna know why I didn't stay with you?" Jay said in a low voice.

"Because you were too busy fucking my brother's girlfriend?" muttered James, and I turned and scowled at him. He just stared back at me, a hard expression on his face.

Jay ignored him, looking dead at Seth. "You fucking changed. You're a fucking sell-out."



"Jay, stop it!" I warned him, still not taking my hands off either of their chests.

"You did fucking sell out," the demon chipped in, sounding like it was thoroughly enjoying this. "Everyone says."

"At least I did change!" Seth retorted. "You act like you're fucking eighteen years old still, Jay!"

"Grow up, Jay!" the demon mockingly said. "That's why he's yelling at you!"

"Seth, back the fuck up!" I shouted.

"Oh sure, you would stick up for Jay, wouldn't you?" James said scathingly. "Honestly, Mackenzie, did you ever actually love my brother?"

"You know what, Franco?" I suddenly screeched, finally letting go of Seth and Jay as I stepped forward to face James. "I am so fucking fed up of you treating me like shit! I made a fucking mistake, okay? Do you know how it felt to live with myself afterwards, seeing Dave every day and knowing what I'd done to him?! No, you fucking don't! I am in love with him! Okay? I love him more than anything and everything in this world! I fucked up! And being honest, it is none of your fucking business!"

"You've been holding me back this whole time!" Seth suddenly shouted at Jay in the background, and he reached out and pushed him again. This time, because I wasn't there to stop them, Jay retaliated, and a fight broke out between the two of them.

"You fucking made it my business when you cheated on my little brother, you little slut!" James was meanwhile shouting at me.

"You motherfucker!" I screamed, and I threw myself at James, grabbing hold of his shirt and slamming his back into the wall. James pushed me back to get me off him, and I shoved him back, slamming my hands into his chest.

So Seth and Jay were busy throwing punches, James and I were wrestling with each other as I attempted to knock Franco's teeth out, and somewhere in the middle we ended up in one massive whirlwind of fists, the four of us falling back into the walk-in wardrobe. Jay and Seth both fell into a stack of cupboards and collapsed, knocking the door clean off one, just as James extracted my viper-like grip on his throat and knocked me down to the ground next to Seth and Jay.

"Everyone, fucking break apart!" James yelled as Seth and Jay continued to have it out, and I was about to try to kick James in the ankle when Craig suddenly let out a disbelieving exclamation.

"Yo! What the fuck is all this, Franco?!" He was looking at the broken cupboard, and Jay and Seth even stopped fighting. We all followed his stare. There, nestled in the cupboard, were cans of beans, foil-wrapped crackers, some chocolate bars—what in the fuck?!

"It looks like food!" James cried in a falsely surprised tone. "How'd that get there?!"

"How the fuck long have you been hoarding this shit, Franco?!" I demanded furiously, gesturing at the cupboard with my hand.

"What?!" said Seth, sounding scandalized. "You have more food?!"

"You knew he had extra food?!" Craig exploded.

"Er—he gave me one cracker!" Seth rapidly backtracked.

"But you still fucking knew!" I shouted, incensed.

"I would have sucked a dick for half a cracker!" Craig exclaimed hysterically.

"Alright, well maybe I didn't want you to suck my dick, alright?!" James shouted back. Suddenly, a roaring sound came from the room Demon Jonah was in, but it wasn't demon roaring. It was the same kind of sound that came when something went up in flames. The sound was followed by a burst of yellowish-orange light, and that was when I realised: it fucking was fire! SHIT!

Craig and James were still arguing about crackers and sucking dicks, completely oblivious to what had broken out behind them.

"Er, guys?" I began, probably much more tentatively than was needed for the situation.

"Guys!" Seth tried to get their attention, pointing. "Guys, guys! Fire!"

Thank God, Craig shut up and turned around. "SHIT!"

James did the same, before shouting at the three of us still on the floor, "Jonah's on fire!" Seth, Jay and I scrambled to our feet as Craig and James ran into the bedroom, James frantically blowing on the flames to little avail. The rest of the guys— somewhat moronically— followed suit, but it didn't make any difference; the fire spread across the width of the bed, the entire duvet engulfed in flames.

"Put it out!" the demon cried as we all screamed at the fire. "Use your mouth! Put it out!"

"Smother the fire!" I yelled, so Craig picked up a fake-fur blanket from the floor and threw it over the demon. However, the blanket must have actually been polyester or some other flammable material, because in seconds that was completely on fire too, and as a result, Jonah went up in flames with it.

"Real fucking smart idea, Mackenzie!" shouted James.

"Don't buy cheap fucking flammable knockoffs then!" I shouted back, just as the demon pulled out of his restraints and rolled out of bed, knocking into the wall. The room was now steadily catching fire with every step Demon Jonah took towards us, so needless to say we all very rapidly vacated the room, stumbling over each other in our

haste.

We were running as fast as we possible could, but the demon was hot on our heels (no pun intended), setting fire to everything in its path. Why, oh \_why \_did I decided that now was a good time to wear my heeled boots? Because just as we passed the gap in the railings that the demon had thrown Seth through earlier, I tripped, and went catapulting through the gap, landing with an extremely painful thunk. I attempted to get back up, but a sudden hot, shooting pain travelled up my leg as soon as I put weight on my ankle, and I immediately fell back down again.

Fan-fucking-tastic, I'd sprained my ankle.

I could see the carnage continuing above me as I tried to get my ankle to support me, each attempt bringing tears of pain to my eyes. The entire top level of James' house was on fire, and as the guys came sprinting down the stairs, the demon jumped straight down from the upper level, landing literally three feet away from me. The rug we were both on caught fire now, and Jay quickly grabbed hold of my arm and yanked me to my feet.

"FUCK!" I screamed as all my weight went to my injured ankle. "Jay! Stop! I've sprained my ankle, I can't walk! I'll only weigh you down! Just leave me here! It's okay!"

"No, it fucking isn't!" he insisted almost angrily, taking hold of me and lifting me into his arms the way someone would carry a baby. Burning debris was falling all around us, setting fire to the sofa, the other rugs, justâ€|everything, and we rejoined the group in heading for the front doors.

The fall had slowed the demon down, as it was army-crawling towards us as James, Craig and Seth tried to tear down the remaining boards blocking up the door. It was snarling and growling, clearly in pain, but that didn't stop it trying to reach us. But finally, the guys got the doors open, and we stumbled out of them, Jay almost dropping me in the process. But we looked back into the house just in time to see the demon get fatally crushed by a flaming ceiling beam, blood spurting out around it.

"Jonah," I whispered, my voice breaking as tears slid down my soot-coated face.

There was screaming, just so much screaming as the remaining five of us made it outside, watching James' house completely collapse.

"No! My fortress!" he wretchedly cried.

"Guys, I just want to point out," Jay gulped, setting me down to my feet but keeping one of his arms around my waist to support my weight. "Umâ€|we're out in the open now!"

"Oh fuck!" I shouted as we all looked around at the burning wasteland surrounding us.

"Shit, shit, shit!" hissed Craig.

"Hey, hey, hey!" James suddenly exclaimed, scrabbling around in his pants pocket. He triumphantly held up a set of car keys! "My Prius!"

He pressed a button, and the familiar click-click of a car unlocking echoed out. I almost collapsed with relief- we had a way out of here.

Or not.

Because as we all turned to look where the car was parked, a huge, scaly winged demon landed on top of the shelter the car was under. It let out a huge squealing roar, looking right at us.

"What is that?!" exclaimed James.

"Demon!" I squawked. "Demon! Demon! \_Demon\_!"

"No fucking way!" breathed out Seth.

"Well, that's it," I sighed, defeat dripping from every syllable. "We're screwed. Goodbye, you assholes. It's been nice knowing you all."

The demon let out another roar. Then Craig spoke. "I got this." All of our heads whipped round in disbelief.

"\_What\_?" said Jay.

"I'll distract the thing," Craig replied. "I'll run over there, screaming and shit, and that should give you enough time to get to the garage."

"Well yeah, but that thing can kill you!" Seth said quietly.

"Maybe I deserve it," said Craig. "I've been shitty my whole life, being selfish, only doing shit for me. Maybe it's only right that the last thing I do, on this planet, \_isn't\_ for me." He looked at us all. "It's for you guys."

"Craig, you don't have to do that-" Jay began, but Seth cut across him with, "Thank you very much, Craig. I appreciate that."

"Seth!" I shouted angrily at the same time Jay muttered, "You spinelessâ€¦!"

"I love you guys," Craig told us, looking close to tears. "You're my best friends."

"You're a real mensch, Craig," James said in a low voice.

"See you on the other side," Craig said, and his tone had an air of finality to it. He really was going to do this. Tears were falling thickly and freely down my face now, and Jay placed his other arm around me and gave me a comforting squeeze. It didn't really help all that much.

Suddenly, Craig began to run off, screaming obscenities at the demon as he did so. He was waving his arms and his towel around frantically, trying to get the demon's attention. As much as I really didn't want it to, Craig's plan worked, as the demon very quickly turned its attention to the easy prey.

In the time the demon had its eyes locked on Craig and away from us,

James, Seth, Jay and I managed to sprint our way over to the car, Jay having to give me a piggyback due to my ankle. He dropped me down gently and we both climbed into the backseat, James driving and Seth taking shotgun.

"What's he gonna do?!" whispered Seth as we watched fearfully out the window. Craig was yelling something we couldn't hear, and he suddenly began to run towards the demon, spinning his towel around his head like it was a pair of fucking nunchucks or something.

"No, no, no, no!" I whimpered as the demon lunged. "Craig!" But suddenly, with no warning whatsoever, as the demon went to bite Craig's head off, a blindingly bright beam of blue light spurted down around Craig, sealing him in a cylinder of light. The demon jerked back as if scalded, flying off into the night.

"It worked!" gasped Jay.

"What's happening?!" asked James.

"The Rapture," I whispered, hardly believing my eyes.

"Craig!" shouted Seth. "Craig!" The man in question was slowly being lifted up above the ground, high enough for James to drive the car right under him. Jay and I looked out the back window to see Craig go shooting up into the sky, disappearing in another burst of light.

"Holy shit!" spluttered Seth. "Do you guys realise what this means?!"

"That Craig was an angel this whole time?" replied James, and I kicked the back of his chair with my non-injured foot. Moron.

"No, it means we can still be save!" said Jay.

"I don't fucking get it. Why does Craig get saved?" demanded James. "I mean-"

"Craig sacrificed himself for us!" interrupted Jay. "Which means there's still hope! That means we can be redeemed!"

"It means that if we're actually nice to each other, we can get sucked up into Heaven, too!" concluded Seth. "That's the deal!"

"Alright, I got it," said James. "Let's just head out to my place in Malibu, just survive long enough until we do enough good things and they accumulate, or do enough sacrifices, and we'll all go to Heaven together."

"That's a great idea, James!" said Seth, his voice overly chipper. "Seriously! Really, really good idea! Really, you're such a smart guy!"

"Thanks Seth!" James replied with a false laugh. "You're such a nice guy! You've got a great smile."

"Thanks man!"

"And an awesome laugh!"

"I've heard it's annoying!"

"How about that Jay back there, man?" Okay, now I knew that they were just doing this in an attempt to get Raptured.

"Come on," Jay said bashfully, and I looked at him disbelievingly. Surely he wasn't falling for this horse shit?

"You got a cool body," James told him. "You can walk around with your shirt off anytime."

"And then there's Mackenzie," said Seth, looking at me in the inside mirror. "You know, you're beautiful, you're hilarious. You're a great actress." I folded my arms, not even replying.

"All the guys want her," James put in, smiling at me in the same mirror in the most sarcastic way possible. Nice. Even now, I was still getting sniped at.

"It's not working," Seth suddenly said. "This isn't working."

"What, you thought we would be Raptured already?!" asked Jay incredulously.

"I thought it would happen already," Seth answered.

"You bunch of twats," I said scornfully. "We've been talking nice! How the fuck does that get you into Heaven?"

"Doesn't hurt to smile," said James, and that was when a huge RV smashed into the passenger side of the Prius. The speed the RV was driving at sent the car screeching back into a load of abandoned cars, totalling the Prius. When the car settled, James had smacked his head on the window, Seth had headbutted the dashboard and Jay and I had cracked our heads together with such a force I thought I was concussed for a moment.

"What the fuck?" mumbled Jay as we all struggled to sit back up.

"Urgh, you guys okay?" groaned Seth.

"Yeah, we fi-" I began, when suddenly an entire troop of people stormed the car, smashing on the windows, yelling at us, ripping open the doors and dragging us out of the vehicle.

"Oh my God! Get the fuck off me, you ugly bitch!" I snarled at the blonde chick who had me in a headlock, so she grabbed hold of the hair on my scalp and hauled me into a standing position, forcing all my weight down onto my injured ankle. I howled in agony, so the blonde punched me in the jaw.

The four of us were forced over into the middle of a patch of abandoned cars, the psychopaths around us continuously punching us, kicking us, scratching us. Blood was dribbling into my eyes from where the blonde had torn out a handful of my hair from the roots, and from a cut where some other random had cracked me in the forehead with a rock.

"Yo, cut his fucking head off!" one of the psychopaths yelled, and I heard the chilling sound of a chainsaw revving up. We began to scream more then, struggling even harder, when another voice penetrated the night.

"Stop!"

I was nearly sick when I realised I recognized the voice.

The RV door opened, and a chunky figure stepped out. He was wearing a torn up, filthy tuxedo, Nikes, a necklace of keys and sunglasses, and he had a crown made of half a skull on his head. In his hand he held a dog leash. Danny McBride.

"Danny?!" said Jay, looking and sounding disgusted.

"What the fuck?!" Danny exclaimed delightedly. "You guys are still alive?"

"Er, yeah!" I shouted.

"Holy shit, I didn't expect that!" He tugged on the dog leash and grunted, "Get the fuck out here!" Now I really was sick, spitting a mouthful of it on Jay's leg by mistake, because on the end of the lead was a half-naked man wearing a Mexican wrestler man.

"Shit, I can't believe you guys are here," Danny continued as the man started to hump his leg. "That's fucking crazy, and your timing couldn't be more perfect."

"What the fuck are you on about, McBride?" I said angrily, glaring at him. "If you think we're joining your fucked up cult then you \_so\_ have another thing coming."

"No, no, little Mackenzie," he chuckled. "You clearly misunderstand me. See, it's been a long time since any of us have eaten, and you four lookâ€¦delicious."

"What does that have to do with us?" demanded Jay.

"The fuck are you talking about?" spat James.

Danny laughed again, and the sound turned my stomach. "I'm a cannibal, hombre! We're gonna fucking eat your ass!"

"Fuck you, you can't eat us!" Seth exclaimed furiously. "Fuck that, man!"

"I do whatever the fuck I want, when I want!" Danny informed him. He pointed at Wrestler Mask. "I butt-fucked this dude!" He jerked the leash again, andâ€¦oh Godâ€¦I don't really want to go into detail about what the man did, but rest assured, it was not pretty. "See that? I fucking slide right in that shit. I do whatever I want! This is my gimp! Channing, introduce yourself!"

My eyes widened in revulsion. Surely he couldn't meanâ€¦noâ€¦that wasn'tâ€¦it couldn't be.

The man removed his mask. It was. Danny's bitch was Channing

Tatum.

"Hey, what's up, guys? Y'all cool?" he said nonchalantly, like it was perfectly natural for us to all be meeting up in this situation.

"That's Channing Tatum!" said James.

"That's Channing Tatum, dude!" added Seth. "What the fuck!?"

"Congratulations, Franco. Rogen," I said mordantly. "Way to point out the goddamn obvious!"

"Channing fucking Tatum!" Danny said with sadistic glee. "I found wandering on the freeway. I collected him, made him my bitch! Get off my dick," he added, brushing Channing off. "I call him Channing Tate-yum!"

"Hardcore, man," said James, grimacing.

"I got him trained good," said Danny. "Watch, he does tricks!"

As Danny demonstrated his new pet to us, James whispered, "Alright. I'm gonna create a diversion."

"Yeah?" Seth whispered back.

"You, Jay and Mackenzie make a run for it," he hissed.

"Wait, what?!" I whisper-cried.

"Danny's gonna eat you!" Seth reminded him.

"Listen," James whispered. "Full-on sacrifice for you, dawg. Like the ending to \_Pineapple 2\_."

"James, you can't!" I said tearfully. "Please! I'm sorry for everything I've done, I am! I love you, man, you're my brother! You can't just die! I need you!"

"Hey," he said gently, squeezing my hand. "It's gonna be okay. I'm sorry too. I was just so fucking angry, Kenzie. You're right, it wasn't any of my business. I shouldn't have got involved. I love you too, little sis."

"James, please-" I started, but Danny's voice cut through me.

"That's Channing fucking Tatum, dawg!"

We looked back as Channing removed his mask again. "I love him," he said, sounding completely mentally broken.

"Fucking GI Joe, dudes," Danny said smugly. "Fucking loves me."

"Danny!" yelled Seth. "We're friends! You can't eat us!"

"I'd love to catch up," Danny said sarcastically, "But we're fucking



starving, soâ€¦|LET'S EAT!"

The cannibals swarmed on us, revving chainsaws and brandishing hammers. James suddenly yelled, "Fuck you!" and seized hold of a brick on the floor, smacking the nearest psycho in the face with it. "Run!" he shouted at us, taking on the rest of them.

So that was what we did. Jay, Seth and I ran as fast as we could as James stayed behind taking on every single cannibal in Danny's cult. My ankle was giving me hell, but I pushed myself as hard as I could, breathing through the pain that was making tears leak from my eyes like a faucet was on.

"Man, we should go back!" Seth was saying as we slowed to a stop. "We should go back and help him!" But suddenly, the blue beam of the Rapture engulfed James, the light illuminating everything around it.

"Holy shit!" cried Jay.

"It worked!" gasped Seth.

James was lifted up about a metre from the ground. We could hear him shouting something, but at this distance it was incoherent. Then we saw him raise both his hands, which were set to flipping Danny off. Then he made an ejaculating gesture.

The light suddenly vanished as abruptly as it had appeared, dropping James straight back into the middle of the cannibals. No!

"Oh, shit!" hissed Seth.

Danny started to advance on James, crouching down next to him as the cannibals around him began to get restless. He suddenly lunged, and even from here I could see that he had sunk his teeth into James' face.

"James!" I screamed, my heart shattering apart. "\_James\_!" The rest of the cannibals mobbed him, and James began screaming in sheer agony.

\_A full-out sacrificeâ€¦|like the ending of Pineapple 2â€¦|\_

\_I think Mandy should have like a total change of heartâ€¦| she sees Saul going to sacrifice himself and like steps in at the last minute to try to save himâ€¦|\_

James was right. This was the ending of \_Pineapple Express 2\_. I didn't even have time to reconsider this.

"James!" I screamed again, and I started sprinting towards the cannibals, seizing a ragged strip of metal that was lying on the ground by my feet before I did so. My sprint was more of a rapid hobble, sending pain shooting up my leg so often I thought I was going to explode.

I could hear Jay and Seth yelling behind me to get me to go back to them, but I ignored them completely, clutching my crude weapon even tighter. I could hear the sickening squelchy noises as the cannibals bit into James again and again, and I was finally there, battering

away the cannibals as much as I could, feeling a sick sort of pleasure as I felt the ragged end of the metal tear through their skin.

"Have it, you motherfuckers!" I screeched, feeling blood splattering against my face with every blow I delivered. A pair of hands suddenly seized me, and I felt myself being lifted up, then thrown violently to the ground. I landed right next to what was left of James.

I couldn't even recognize him. He was missing his nose, an eye. Bits of his cheeks had been torn clean away, and part of one of his eyelids was gone too. This isn't even mentioning the state of the rest of him. I didn't look for long enough, because my stomach was churning so violently I was about to puke again, but I think one of his legs was gone, as was most of his abdominal area.

I looked at hisâ€¦um, I guess I could call it his face, and he looked at me with the eye he had left.

"Kenzie," he wheezed, and his eye glazed over. He was gone. James Franco was dead. I'd been too late.

"NO!" I howled, just as Danny came into my eyeshot, grinning down at me.

"So you decided to join the party after all, Kenzie!" he exclaimed with childish amusement. He looked around, taking in the sight of his followers. Most were up, very much alive and moving despite the deep cuts to their chests and faces, but I'd managed to straight up kill two of them, slicing one's throat and full-out decapitating the other.

Danny frowned at me, tutting. "Look at that, Kenzie, you've killed two of my best men."

"You motherfucker!" I hissed at him. "You killed James, Danny! You fucking ate him! How could you?"

"Very easily," he replied mockingly. "Just like it will be easy to eat Jay and Seth when my people catch up to them. Maybe I'll make you watch."

"Please," I scoffed. "Like you'll keep me around long enough for that. You're just gonna eat me now, aren't you?"

Danny laughed darkly. "No, Kenzie, I'm not. See, Channing over there is getting a bit boring now, a but same-old, same-old. I need to get myself a new little plaything." He crouched down, kneeling over me, his face barely five inches from mine.

I gagged. "You keep the fuck away from me, McBride, or I swear to God-

Danny laughed again. "Yeah, because God's been sooo helpful to you. Come on, Kenz." He pressed himself down on me, his weight keeping me pinned down. "You know I've always had a thing for you, and I know you secretly always have for me." I spat upwards, hitting him straight in the eye.

His face contorted in anger. "You shouldn't have done that,

babydoll!" His hands dropped to my shorts, and I could feel his stubby fingers grappling with the zip.

"No, no!" I cried, thrashing about underneath him. "Stop it! Get the fuck off me! Stop!"

"Don't be selfish, Kenz," he chided me. "You gave it up for Jay, now it's my turn!"

I squeezed my eyes shut as I felt Danny tear my zip open. "I'm sorry James," I whispered. "I'm sorry Jay, I'm sorry Seth! I'm sorry I couldn't save you!" Danny's hands were at the waistband of my shorts, beginning to pull them down, and my eyes snapped open when that great beam of blue light shot down from the sky, knocking him twenty feet away from me.

Oh my God! Yes! YES! I'd done it! I was being Raptured! I didn't know if it was for my attempted saving of James, or my heartfelt apology, or what! But I'd done it! I was going to Heaven! As I felt myself being lifted up from the ground, I looked at Danny, who was gaping at me and screaming in fury.

The urge to scream abuse at him and flip him off was so, so high, but I had a feeling that was exactly why James had been left behind, so I kept my mouth firmly shut. I hovered about five feet above the ground for a few moments, and suddenly I shooting upwards, towards a big, white hole in the clouds. A burst of white light overwhelmed me for a moment, and then—then there was darkness.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN- Yay! She got Raptured! Finally, something good has actually happened to poor old Mack! This chapter turned out way longer than intended. So, what did you think? I'm especially curious about what you though about my take on the exorcism, with Mack's added knowledge, and also what you thought about how she was actually Raptured. If you were ever gonna leave a detailed review, I'd love it to be now! Much love, and I'll be cranking out the final- yes, \*\*\_\*\*final\*\*\_\*\*- chapter as soon as I can! Xx Gee xX\*\*

### 13. Wake Up, The Party's Over Now

\*\*A/N- So here it is. The chapter of the finale type. But this is not the time for sorrow. That's for the end A/N. Instead, lots of lovely final thanks to ShyKitten, Im Kind Of Important, Morgan, LunaEvanna Longbottom, Xxhope4thebestxX and Firework's Feelings(x2)!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter Thirteen- Wake Up, The Party's Over Now<strong>

I yawned and stretched, rolling over in bed and keeping my eyes shut against the sunlight. Holy fuck, what a weird-ass dream. I mean, an apocalypse? Demons? Possession? James and Jonah dying? That's some whacked shit.

Still, I'd had weirder dreams. There was that one about clowns stealing my kitchen so they could make some soup—but you don't need

to know about that. I threw my arm out, groping along the mattress so I could give Dave a thump and wake him up too. But instead, all my hand found was something that felt fluffy, powdery, watery and solid, all at the same time.

I opened my eyes.

I was looking up at a picture-perfect blue sky, the kind that stretched over Miami on a perfect summer's day. There were no clouds in this sky. I sat up suddenly, gripping at the mattress underneath me, realising why there were no clouds in the sky. It was because I was \_sitting \_on the clouds.

It all came flooding back to me like a punch to the face. There really had been an apocalypse. There really were demons. James and Jonah were really dead. And Dannyâ€|Danny was a sick bastard who deserved to be trapped down on Earth for the rest of his miserable fucking existence.

I placed a hand on my forehead, feeling for the cut one of the cannibals had inflicted me with to see if it was still bleeding. I probed and probed and probed, but I realised that it wasn't there. It hadâ€|healed. I looked down at myself, looking for the rest of the abrasions I'd received on Earth.

Instead, all I saw was white. My clothes were entirely white, and repaired too. My tights were white and ladder-free, my camisole white and stainless. The zip on my white shorts was fixed like Danny's assault had never happened. Even my white leather jacket had been repaired. The only thing that was strange was my boots. White was only splattered up them, the tops still black. What, had they ran out of whiteness for me?

I gingerly climbed to my feet, still waiting for that fiery pain when I put my weight down on my sprained ankle, but it never came. Even that was fixed. I held my hands out in front of me, and the nails were rounded out, the skin around the beds smooth and new. Even my hair was clean and silky when I ran my hand through it. I truly was a new woman.

I stepped forward, then I took another step, and another, walking through the thick shroud of white mist in front of me. A gate gradually emerged in the haze, big and tall and golden. And clichÃ©. I approached it frowning, unsure really where to go from here. Was I supposed to knock? Wait for the gates to open? Locate the reception desk?

I stood there in front of the gates, dithering for a good few minutes. Then I decided to just take the initiative: I reached out and pushed the gate open. It didn't take much force; once I pressed even mildly on the gates, they just swung open by themselves.

I took a couple of steps inside, craning my head around to see if I could catch sight of \_anything \_other than the thick smog I was standing in. Then I realised something. I could hearâ€|music?

"What the fuck?" I muttered, trying to squint through the mist and seeing absolutely jack shit. "HELLO?!" I shouted.

"Kenzie?" I heard a voice calling me, though it was hazy, and I

couldn't completely recognize it. All I could hear was that it was deep and male, with a vaguely throaty quality to it. "Kenzie? Is that you?"

"Um, I want to say yes, but I can't actually see whoever you are!" I called in the direction of the voice.

"Kenzie! It's me!" The voice was closer, and I saw a person-shaped shadow moving through the fog towards me. Oh my actual God! I suddenly knew why I recognized the voice! Oh my God, it had been so long!|!

"Dave!" I cried, beginning to run towards the shadow.  
"Dave!"

"Kenzie!" he shouted again, and I saw the shadow start to run too. We met in the middle, taking hold of each other by the shoulders, just looking at each other like we couldn't even comprehend that the other one was actually there. He looked just like he always had, decked out in white jeans and a white t-shirt.

"Is it really you?" I breathed, hardly daring to believe my eyes. I removed one of my hands from his shoulder and placed it over his face, pressing around like I was kneading bread.

Dave laughed and kissed my palm. I could feel him grinning. "Yeah, it's really me, Kenz."

"No!" I shouted, horrified, stumbling away from him. "Please, babe, do not call me 'Kenz' ever again!" Just the mere thought of anything that would remind me of Danny McBride made me feel sick. I could still hear his voice as he'd tried to rape me.

Don't be selfish, Kenz. You gave it up for Jay, now it's my turn.\_

"Woah, Mack! What's wrong?" Dave asked anxiously. A golden halo was positioned above his brown wavy hair, glinting in the sunlight. He was an angel. And I wasn't just being all sappy with a pet name, he was genuinely an angel. Did that mean|?

I reached up above my head, and sure enough, my hand came into contact with a smooth, metallic object. It was icy but hot at the exact same time. I couldn't describe it, but it felt incredible.

"Some, um, fucked up shit went down on Earth," I explained, dropping my hand to brush my hair out of my eyes. "Wait. Surely you saw what it was like down there? How long did it take for you to be Raptured?"

"I wasn't left behind for long," he replied. "We were about to start filming again when all the earthquakes hit. One of the producers had brought their kid on set, and she was trapped in a trailer that had been knocked over. I busted open one of the windows to get her out. A tree nearly fell on her but I pushed her out of the way. That was when those weird blue lights came down."

"Well, it's nice for some." I couldn't stop myself from sounding snappish. "I've been trapped down there in your brother's house for

almost two weeks! I've almost lost my mind!"

"Fuck. Yeah, of course. You were at James' party," Dave said. "Where is he? Is he still on Earth?"

Shit. "Daveâ€¦I don't know how to tell you this," I said gently, biting my lip uncomfortably. "James isâ€¦he's dead, babe."

"\_What\_?" Dave spluttered, looking aghast. "What the fuck happened!?"

"Okay, the first thing you gotta know is that things were fucking \_insane\_ down there!" I said quickly. "Okay? Now me, James, Seth, Jonah, Jay, Craig and Danny had been trapped like rats for fuck knows how long. We basically \_hated\_ each other by the end! But we chucked Danny out of the house, and he resented thatâ€¦"

"Kenzie," Dave said urgently. "Please just tell me what happened to James."

I sighed. "Okay. The house burned down, we were out in the open, Danny and his crew of psychopathic cannibals turned up and basicallyâ€¦Dave, Danny ate James."

"Oh my God." Dave looked like he was going to be sick.

"I'm sorry, babe," I said helplessly. "I tried to help him, I really, really did! I ran back, I- I beat the cannibals away. But I was too late. I was just too late."

He didn't cry. That was the first thing I noticed. I didn't know if it was a man thing or what, but Dave just didn't cry. It was like he'd gone into shock or something. I pulled him into a tight hug, putting my arms around his shoulders as he put his around my waist. It only then occurred to me that I was still wearing my four-and-a-half-inch Louboutins; I towered above my boyfriend.

I impatiently kicked off the shoes, letting my feet settle into the odd consistency of the clouds. \_Oh shit\_. A realisation hit me. I had to tell Dave about me and Jay. I couldn't let it stew away until it blew up in my face again. Butâ€¦I'd just told him about James. I couldn't dump this on him \_now\_; how heartless would that be?

But at the same time, I'd be hurting him if I kept it from him. I had to tell him. There really was no choice.

"Dave, there's something else I need to tell you," I said hesitantly.

"What is it?" His voice was astoundingly calm, considering his big brother had died.

I inwardly sighed. \_Time to burst that bubble.\_

"Right, but I'm begging you," I said, not making eye contact with him. "Just don't start yelling and screaming at me. I totally understand if you end up hating me after this, but just don't shout. Please. I got enough of that when I was trapped down in that hellhole."

"Kenzie, just tell me."

I took a deep breath. "Okay. So, a couple of months ago, when you were away promoting, I had one of my episodes."

Dave knew exactly what I meant by that: we often referred to the outbursts I had when I was angry/stressed as my 'episodes.' It had started in 2008, after I got so high and wasted because of the stress of my workload that I smashed up my neighbour's car with a brick, resulting in my community service.

Dave and I had only been together for about a month or so, and it was a side to me that he had never seen before. I'd scared him- a lot. So much so that he booked me into therapy, which I undertook for the rest of that year. I didn't want to refer to what had happened as a 'psychotic outburst,' so Dave started to say that I'd had an episode.

I'd had two more episodes since then. One was in 2011, after I discovered that I had miscarried Dave's and my baby at six weeks pregnant. The fallout from that one was so nuclear that I'd ended up flying home to my dad in Amityville, leaving Dave behind in LA for a week.

The other was in 2012, during the filming of 21 Jump Street. It was during a kind of prickly patch in our relationship, and I- totally unreasonably- became convinced that Dave was cheating on me with the actress playing Molly. Irony, right? Obviously, I confronted him about it, despite the fact there was zero evidence to support my paranoia.

The result was a screaming match between the two of us which was so violent that the scene Jonah and Channing were filming had to have 'cut' called because all they could hear was us, and Dave and I didn't speak for two whole days. That was made even more awkward by the fact that on both of those days, Dave and I had a lot of scenes together, including a sex scene.

But this had been my first episode without Dave there to calm me down. He'd even been there in 2012. I'd tried to deal without him, but I just hadn't been able to cope.

"Oh God," was all he said now, because he knew that whatever I was about to tell him would be pretty bad.

"You didn't know, I get that," I said. "But you were out of town on the anniversary of Mom dying, and you know how I get on that day. I was drinking from like, half nine that morning. By eleven, I was totally slaughtered. I was upset, I was angry, and I'd already broken three plates and snapped Nebula's water bowl in half." Nebula was our girl kitten. We had her, did have four cats in total, and the three boys were named Star-Lord, Parker and Castiel. As you can tell, my fangirl side took over.

"Then in the afternoon, Jay called me," I continued. "He was in LA, and he wanted to surprise me. I started crying at him down the phone, and he got all concerned and shit and asked me to go down to the Four Seasons to see him. He didn't know how utterly fucked up I was until he saw me. We went up to his suite, and he was trying to calm me down. But I don't know, I guess I must have forced him to

have some drinks with me, because soon he was almost as wasted as I was, and weâ€|weâ€| "

I wanted Dave to finish my sentence, for him to give some indication that he'd worked it out so I didn't have to say it aloud. But all he did was stand there almost impassively, his hands shoved in his pockets. So I had to say it.

"We slept together."

There was a pause, a pause so long I thought Dave had gone deaf or something that had prevented him from hearing me. "\_What\_" he finally said, and his tone was hard as nails.

"Please don't make me say it again," I whispered.

"You had sex with Jay when I was in New York?"

I nodded once, launching into a rapid, tearful explanation. "I'm so, so sorry, Dave! You can't even begin to imagine just how sorry I am! It was a total, complete mistake! I regretted it as soon as it happened! Both of us did!"

"That didn't stop it from fucking happening!" he shouted at me, and I cowered away from him.

"I know! Okay! I needed someone to hold me and tell me it would be alright! But you weren't there! You weren't there, Dave! And I know that doesn't make it right! Nothing can make this right! Butâ€|butâ€|Jesus Christ, I just need you to know how truly sorry I am! I love you so much, Dave, more than I can ever tell you! I hate myself for doing this to you, I have for the last two months! I totally understand if you want to break up now, because I'd want to dump me too, but I just want-"

Dave very effectively cut off my babbling by putting his hands on my hips, pulling me towards him and kissing me. I instantly shut up with a, "mmph!" noise. I closed my eyes and laced my hands together at the back of his neck, leaning into the kiss that carried on for a good forty-five seconds.

"What was that for?" I murmured when we surfaced, neither of us letting go of the other.

"You fucked up," Dave replied. "You really fucked up. I'm pissed that you let that happen, but I still love you, Kenzie, and as far as I'm concerned, what happened on Earth, happened on Earth. Let's just forget about all that shit and start again."

"Really?" I whispered. "How can you still love me after that?"

"Because you're my dream girl," he said with a grin, quoting one of the Funny Or Die videos we'd been in.

"And you're my dream boy," I said, kissing him again. "So. Why don't you show me what the rest of Heaven looks like?"

\* \* \*



><p>Well, they certainly missed out this little fact during Religious Studies at school. Heaven was one big motherfucking party! There was music blarin', drinks flowin', people dancin' and weed blazin'. I looked around, but I couldn't see any of the people who had been at James' party and fallen into the hole. Fuck, it looked like they really were chilling with Satan.<p>

"Y'know, I was really expecting more white feathery wings and choirs," I said to Dave as we pushed our way through the crowd hand-in-hand. "A blonde chick with feathered hair twerking to \_Turn Down For What\_ isn't quite what I was thinking."

"Nothing about this is exactly normal, is it?" Dave asked as we reached a small clearing in the throngs of people, bending down and scooping up a small grey cat. A very familiar cat.

"Oh my God!" I shrieked. "Parker?! Dave, how-?"

"It's Heaven," he reminded me, scratching Parker behind the ear. "You can wish for anything and it's yours. I fucking wished for our cats." I looked down and saw black-and-white Star-Lord and brother and sister gingers Castiel and Nebula slinking around our ankles.

I reached down and scooped up Cas, kissing him on the nose. "We can really wish for anything?"

Dave nodded. "Yup. Anything. Well, I'm pretty sure you can't wish death on someone, but you get the idea."

"Then can I be honest with you?" I asked him.

"Isn't that what keeps relationships healthy?" he quipped, and I kicked him in the shin.

"There's something I want more than anything in the worldâ€|" I said. "But if I wish for thisâ€|don't freak out? Okay?"

"Um, okay?"

"Promise?"

"Yeah, I promise. Kenzie, what is it?"

"This." I squeezed my eyes shut, and I wished, begged and prayed. There was a small popping noise at my feet, followed by a puff of smoke. Nebula and Star-Lord got freaked out and ran away, and Castiel and Parker hopped out of mine and Dave's arms and followed them.

A wailing suddenly started up; small, high-pitched and tender. I looked down, crouching as I did so. I looked into the wicker basket at my feet, taking in the sight of my baby son.

"Holy shit," I heard Dave mutter as I reached into the basket and gently took the baby out, clutching him close to me, tucking his little blue blanket around him.

Dave looked at me, then looked at the baby in my arms. "This is what you wished for?"

"I wished for us to be a family," I said quietly, looking at him

through my lashes. "Are you mad?"

Dave shook his head. "No." He moved behind me, looking at our son over my shoulder. He reached out and stroked his little nose, and the baby blinked his big brown eyes at his daddy. "He's beautiful."

"Yeah," I said, tenderly kissing the baby's forehead. "Our son. What shall we call him?"

"What do you want to call him?"

I thought for a few moments. Then, as I looked back at Heaven's gates, inspiration struck. "I want to call him Noah."

"Noah?" Dave repeated, grinning. "I like it."

"Yeah!" I said, looking at my son's curious face. "Noah James Franco."

\* \* \*

><p>"I'm really starting to think I should have used a different wish!" I said ten minutes later, totally frazzled. Noah just would not stop crying! From the size of him, he wasn't even newborn! He looked about three months old!<p>

"Sing to him?" suggested Dave, looking just as done in as I felt.

"Let him have his first taste of weed," came a deep, sassy voice behind me. "Really loosen him up."

"Craig!" I squealed, turning around as Noah wailed in my arms. "You are here!"

"Yes siree," he said smugly, taking a drag on the joint in his mouth.

I was going to reply, when Noah started crying so hard I thought his head was going to pop, he went so red.

"My God, we should have done this the conventional way!" I said desperately, cradling Noah so his head was resting on my shoulder, gently jiggling him up and down. "At least we'd've had nine months to prepare!"

"Wait," said Craig. "Y'all mean this is your kid?"

"He is," I replied, moving Noah round so he was facing Craig. I did this as gently as I could, because he had finally stopped crying and was beginning to yawn. "Craig, meet Noah Franco."

"What's up, little man?" Craig tapped Noah's tiny, scrunched up fist with his own. Suddenly, an almost deafening shimmering-like sound erupted around us, shaking the ground. Whilst the Heavenites around me didn't react at all, Dave and Craig included, I was totally caught off guard. I let out a scream, and Noah started crying again.

"What the fuck was that?!" I cried, kissing Noah on the forehead and

gently, "Shh"ing him a few times as I rocked him.

"Here, I'll take him," offered Dave, so I handed Noah over. "It means someone's been Raptured," he explained as he played peek-a-boo with his son, who was giggling up a storm. Yup, he definitely was not a newborn.

"Really?" I frowned. "They need an announcement for that?"

"Someone has to go and meet the person," Dave said.

"It's our boys," Craig piped up. "Seth and Jay."

"How in the fuck do you know that?" I exclaimed.

"Because I'm a motherfucking angel," he shot back, grinning. He waved his hands in the direction of the gates. "Y'all coming or what?"

"Damn straight, we are!" I said, also grinning, taking a now-finally-sleeping Noah from Dave's arms and cuddling him close.

The four of us meandered our way through to crowds, soon finding ourselves in the dense shroud of mist Dave and I had reunited in. The gates stood tall and glimmering, and as soon as we approached them, they sprang open.

Jay and Seth were stood right outside them, both wearing dazzling white versions of the clothes they'd been wearing when they were Raptured. They looked dumb-foundedly delighted, neither of them able to drop their expressions of glee.

"Welcome to Heaven, motherfuckers," Craig smirked at them.

"Craig!" they both cried, barrelling over to us, laughing like crazy people. "Mack, Dave!" There was a lot of cheering as we all embroiled in a large group hug.

"Hey, hey!" I warned, placing a hand on Noah's chest, though thank God, he remained asleep. "Watch my son, please, we've only just got him to sleep."

"Son?" Seth and Jay both repeated.

"Yeah," I said. "It's a long story, cannot be bothered to go into all the details right now. But he's called Noah."

"Noah," said Seth, grinning at him.

"Are you all angels?" Jay asked us instead, and he and Seth stared in rapture (see what I did there?) at our halos.

"Yes sir," answered Craig.

"That's so cool, man!" Seth said excitedly. "Congratulations!"

"Oh! Fellas!" Craig pointed above Seth and Jay's heads and clicked, and with a ping, they both had halos too. They spent a few moments pointing and gaping at each others, and trying to see if they could

look at their own, finishing up by rubbing their halos together.

"Dude, this is soâ€¦what do we do now?!" asked Seth.

"Why don't you step this way?" I suggested dramatically, standing to the side. We led them back to Party Central, making light, easy conversations. I was worried Dave would say something to Jay, and though he was initially a little frosty with him, they were soon talking just as normally as ever.

As soon as we hit the centre of Heaven, the eternal party was in full flow, and the five of us joined in with the dancing, though I had to be very, very careful not to wake Noah.

"Woah!" Seth suddenly exclaimed, clocking Craig's joint. "They got weed in Heaven?"

"You tell me," Craig said mysteriously, and with another \_ping\_, an identical joint appeared in Seth's mouth.

"Holy shit!" cheered Seth as Jay made various noises of appreciation. "That's awesome!" He reached up and pressed the joint to his halo, lighting it and taking a drag. "That's insane, man!"

"No, no, no. That's Heaven," corrected Craig. "Anything you could think of is yours."

"How do you think we got our perfectly little family?" I said, turning my head to give Dave a kiss, who grinned at me.

"So, anything?" Seth said.

"Anything," I confirmed. Seth looked like he was thinking really hard about something for a moment, then \_ping\_. He was standing on a Segway.

"Holy shit, this is awesome!" he said again, spinning the machine in a circle.

"Segway!" cheered Jay.

"I've always wanted to ride one of these things!" Seth laughed.

"Go ahead, Jay," Craig said. "Make a wish."

"It can be anything you can think of," I said quietly, nuzzling Noah.

"Anything?" Jay thought for a second. Then-

"\_Everybody.\_"

"\_Rock your body.\_"

The music cut off completely, aside from one backing track. Everyone gasped, turning in the direction of five men who purposefully strode their way through the crowds of angels.

"What!" exclaimed Craig.

"No. Fucking. Way," said Seth, his Segway disappearing.

"\_Everybody. Rock your body right.\_"

"This fucking song!" I muttered.

"Is that-" began Dave.

"\_Backstreet's back, alright!\_" The tempo really kicked up, and the Backstreet Boys settled in a large opening in the middle of the party.

"\_Oh my God, we're back again. Brothers, sisters, everybody sing.\_" Everybody broke out in spontaneous dance moves around the group. Even I said "to hell with it" and started to join in.

"\_Gonna bring you the flavour, show you how. Got a question for you, better answer now, yeah.\_"

"\_Am I original? (Yeah) Am I the only one? (Yeah) Am I sexual? (Yeah) Am I everything you need? You better rock your body now.\_" Craig, Jay and Seth were really solo-ing it up, break dancing and making it rain. Dave and I started dancing together, and even Noah woke up in the middle of it and started laughing.

"\_Everybody (Yeah). Rock your body (Yeah).\_" Suddenly, it was one huge flash mob. Every single angel in Heaven was dancing in synchronized movements. We all knew the dance moves, though how, I can't tell you.

>"<em>Everybody, rock your body right Backstreet's back alright, alright."<em>

"\_Alright. Backstreet's back, ALRIGHT!\_"

Huge confetti cannons fired off from God knows where, and everyone was dancing and laughing and just generally having an awesome time. I looked at Dave, who had taken Noah from me and was tickling him and kissing him, and I realised something. I hadn't died down on Earth.

I'd been born again in my own little slice of Heaven.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN- And it's all over! I want to thank y'all for your support and feedback! This fic has definitely been the most fun to write, even if it did take the smallest amount of time to do so. So please, leave a final review, let me know how you've liked it! Go on my profile, check out the finished Polyvore collection, and hopefully I'll see you soon! I'm currently in the process of rebooting my deleted \*\_\*\*Kick-Ass \*\_\*\*story, so hopefully that'll be online soon! Byeee! Xx Gee xX\*\*

\*\*PS- I found a song that is just \*\_\*\*perfect\*\_\*\* for the Mack-and-Dave situation. It's called \*\_\*\*My Favourite Thing\*\_\*\* by Tonight Alive, and I think it fits so much that I'm posting the lyrics here. Let me know what you think!\*\*

\*\*I fall at the thought,\*\*

><strong>Of us falling apart.<strong>  
><strong>But I swore never to use my head,<strong>  
><strong>Before I use my heart.<strong>

**\*\*And then you'll keep me breathing,\*\***  
><strong>Grant me peace through the night.<strong>  
><strong>My dear, I hope your dreams are sweet as real  
life.<strong>

**\*\*'Cause this is, my favourite thing by far,\*\***  
><strong>And you define everything I've ever known<strong>

**\*\*But why?\*\***  
><strong>Do you believe in fate?<strong>  
><strong>Do you believe in destiny?<strong>  
><strong>Would you believe me, if I told you,<strong>  
><strong>You, complete me?<strong>  
><strong>Whoaaa.<strong>  
><strong>I don't say this lightly.<strong>  
><strong>Whoaaa,<strong>  
><strong>So don't take this lightly.<strong>

**\*\*This is, my favorite thing by far,\*\***  
><strong>And you define everything I've ever known.<strong>

><strong>But why, why me?<strong>  
><strong>When you could have had anybody.<strong>  
><strong>Hi, nice to meet you,<strong>  
><strong>Was it nice to meet me too?<strong>

**\*\*Don't tell me the things,\*\***  
><strong>That you think I want to hear.<strong>  
><strong>Just tell me the truth, and the whole truth,<strong>

><strong>Your thoughts, and your hopes,<strong>  
><strong>And your dreams and your fears.<strong>

**\*\*'Cause I don't have time to waste,\*\***  
><strong>If all that you're looking for is to chase,<strong>

><strong>Don't make me be just another mistake.<strong>

><strong>But still it's a chance that I'm willing to take for  
you,<strong>  
><strong>For you, it's all for you.<strong>

**\*\*This is, my favorite thing by far,\*\***  
><strong>And you definr everything I've ever known.<strong>

><strong>But why, why me?<strong>  
><strong>When you could have had anybody.<strong>  
><strong>Hi, nice to meet you<strong>  
><strong>Was it nice to meet me<strong>

**\*\*This is, my favorite thing by far,\*\***  
><strong>And you define everything I've ever known.<strong>

><strong>But why, why me?<strong>  
><strong>When you could have had anybody.<strong>  
><strong>Hi, nice to meet you<strong>

><strong>Was it nice to meet me too?<strong>

#### 14. A Bit of an Announcement

**\*\*Hello, hello, hello, everyone!\*\***

**\*\*Sorry if anyone got their hopes up, but no, this is not a new chapter. It's just a little announcement! Over the last few days, I've been making a trailer for \*\*\*\*\_To Hell With It\_\*\*\*\*, inspired by my good FanFiction friend, Starfire Tamaran. It's linked on my profile, it would mean a lot if y'all would check it out, like it and maybe even leave a little YouTube comment?\*\***

**\*\*Peace, love and have a great New Year!**

**>Xx Gee xX<strong>**

End  
file.